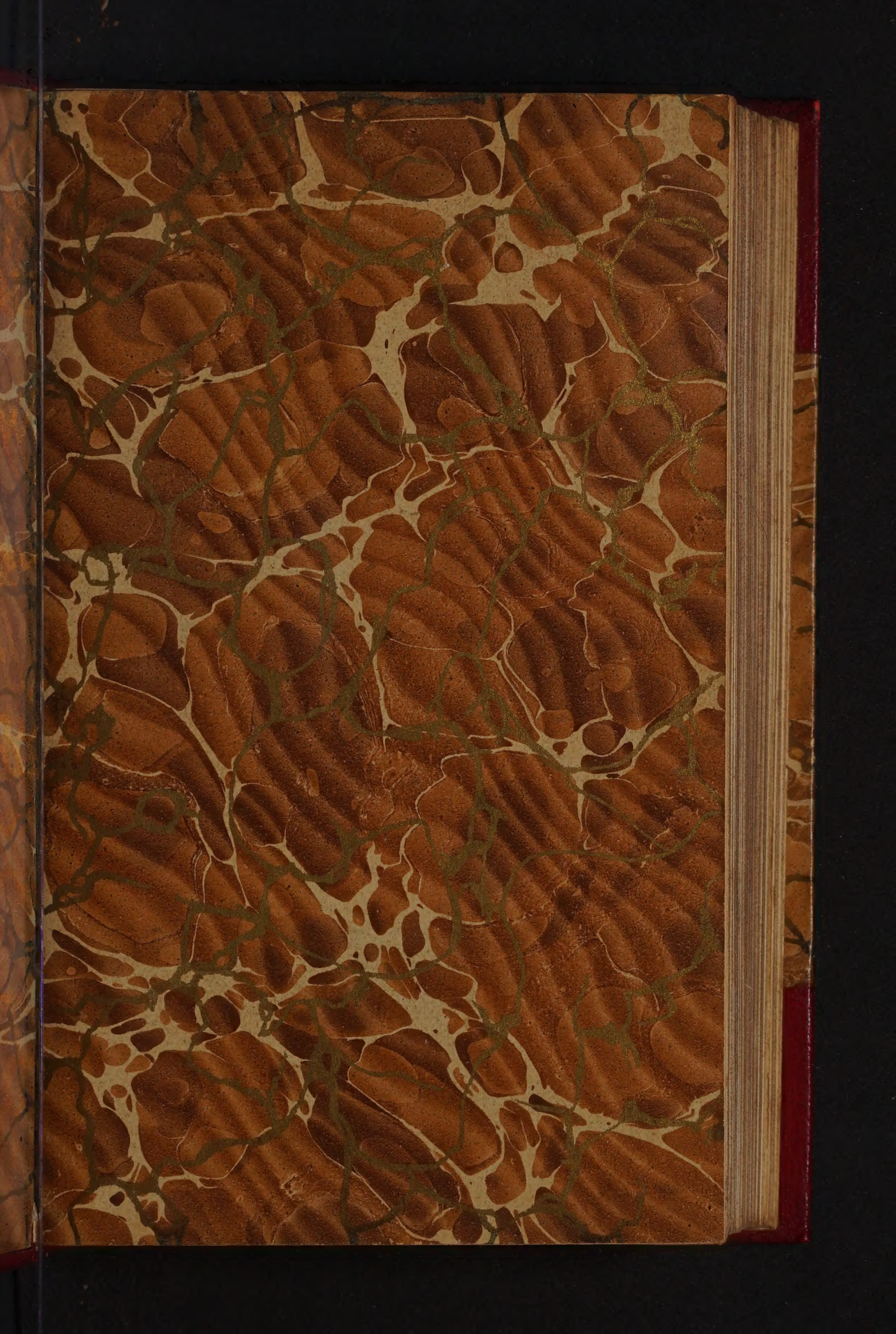
FORGET
ME NOT
1844



1844

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EMILY.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXLIV.

APPEALING, BY THE MAGIC OF ITS NAME,
TO GENTLE FEELINGS AND AFFECTIONS KEPT
WITHIN THE HEART LIKE GOLD.

L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

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PREFACE.

FORGET ME NOT!—how universal and how deep-rooted the feeling which this name expresses! In every corner of the world, at least wherever the dwelling of civilized man is to be found, this sentiment has a home. FORGET ME NOT! whispers the lover, when obliged to quit the object of his heart's fondest adoration. FORGET ME NOT! exclaims the friend, at parting, to the friend who has been to him as another self. FORGET ME NOT! murmurs the expiring father to the agonized partner of his life and their sobbing children. FORGET ME NOT stimulates the efforts of the patriot and the hero, the poet and the philosopher, the man of science and the

projector, who are each cheered in their labours by the confident hope that they shall live in their glorious deeds, in the creations of their minds, in their beneficent inventions, in their splendid discoveries, and not be forgotten when they "go hence and are no more seen." FORGET ME NOT, in short, is a desire implanted by the God of Nature himself in the human breast, and, if I mistake not, of kindred origin to that "longing after immortality," which is the parent of the sublimest virtues, of the highest and holiest emotions. Obdurate, indeed, and thoroughly depraved must be that heart, which is sensible of no claim and conceives no wish to be remembered in absence or in death by those who are left behind!

From the commencement of this work, it has been my ambition to make its tendency correspond with its expressive title, to procure for it an intrinsic merit that may preserve it from being forgotten, and to exclude from its pages whatever is unworthy of being remembered. I trust that I shall be forgiven the vanity of

believing that these endeavours have not been wholly unsuccessful, and of attributing to approval of the manner in which I have fulfilled this duty the free-will offerings with which the present volume has been honoured, through the kindness of persons distinguished as well by the nobility of genius as by superiority of rank. I venture to hope that the example of those contributors to whom I owe this grateful acknowledgment may be imitated in future years by many other gifted writers, who may discover in the object and the consistent conduct of this publication a claim to that kind of countenance and support.

It may be right to observe that, owing to circumstances which it were needless to explain here, two or three of the pieces introduced into the volume now before the reader, and written expressly for the work, have been in my possession for several years. Among these is that entitled The Maid of Larne. If, in the awful crisis to which Ireland appears to be hastening, this narrative shall prove a warning to but

one warm-headed and warm-hearted enthusiast against engaging in enterprises of violence and blood, and compromising not merely his own worldly welfare, but also the happiness, perchance the very existence, of an entire family, I am persuaded that its author will rejoice with me in the accident which has delayed its appearance till this seasonable moment.

F. S.

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FORGET ME NOT.

LOVE'S SIGNAL FLOWER.

How much there is of the heart's eloquence
In but a simple Flower! — Oh, Flowers were made
For Love's interpreters! —

L. E. L.

She flung her on his breast,
And she wept those bitter tears
When the present is all grief,
And the future is all fears.

And the Knight's dark eye was fill'd
With the tears he strove to quell,
Albeit too proud to show
How much he felt farewell.

There were flowers in her hair,
Like an April diadem;
There were azure violets,
But she took not one of them.

There too was the red rose,
Queen of the scented hour;
But from out the sunny wreath
She took a small blue flower.

"Be this," she sighed, "through all
The chance that waits thy lot
Our love's remembering sign —
Keep this FORGET ME NOT."

He kiss'd the flower he took
From the Maiden's snow-white hand:
One last low-breathed farewell,
And the boat has left the strand.

She watched the vessel glide,
Till she no more could see;
Till the Knight's white plume seem'd mix'd
With the white foam of the sea.

And then the Maiden sought
Her bower, to weep alone.
Alas, that ever Love
Should mourn o'er what is gone!

Oh, who is it can say
That memory is all joy!—
When was not pleasure mixed
With much of grief's alloy!

For pleasures are like flowers—
  Destroyed by a moment's rain;
But grief is like the boughs,
  That blighted and bare remain.

With green turf round it spread,
  In the shade of a lime-wood,
Covering the shrine of a virgin saint,
  A little chapel stood.

And never one single day
  The Maiden her task forgot,
To deck the shrine with a wreath
  Of the blue FORGET ME NOT.

And her lover—where was he?—
  The first of the martial throng,
Where the scimitar flashes in light
  To the trumpet's glorious song.

His lance was first in the charge,
  His steed was first in the line:—
But alas that Fortune's sun
  Loves rather to set than shine!

In a dungeon dark and deep
  A captive the Knight is laid.
Shame on the faithless slave
  Who the gallant band betrayed!

Oh worse than death to feel
  Time steal on day by day!—
To feel our youth and strength
  Passing like shadows away!

The light of the glorious sun
  Through the iron bars came dim;
It was as if it shone
  For all on earth save him.

There were but the dark walls,
  There was but the small damp court,
Which seemed as if only made
  For the newt's and bat's resort.

But one day—was it a dream?—
  He saw, mid the sullen mould,
As planted by magic, a flower
  Its small blue leaves unfold.

He knew the FORGET ME NOT:
  It was as a hope from Above;
It seemed like a messenger
  Who came to tell of his love.

That night he heard light feet,
  Like silver music's fall,
And he saw a lamp's red light
  Upon his dungeon-wall;

And he heard a gentle voice,
  Like the south wind steal on his ear;
He looked, and the phœnix Hope
  Sprang up from the ashes of Fear.

His own Maiden stood by his side—
  What will not Love essay?—
And, touching the lock of his chains,
  Whispered "Away!—away!"

The Knight and the Maiden stand
  Again by their own fair stream;
And the Knight gazes round as all
  Were but a beautiful dream.

Then told the Maid how she wept
  O'er many a phantom fear,
That in an absent hour
  Like twilight shades appear;

How, garbed as a Minstrel-boy,
  His prison she had sought,
And by her patient love
  Had his deliverance wrought.

She told how she had flung
  The seeds of their signal flower,
In trust that its glad sight
  Would cheer his prison hour.

Next morn came a sound of lutes
And song from a fair array,
And flowers were scattered round,
To hail their bridal day.

There was not a summer bloom
In their many wreaths forgot:
In the bride's hair was only one,
Her own FORGET ME NOT.

L. E. L.

THE NOONTIDE DREAM.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

"A perfect form in perfect rest."
A. TENNYSON.

Who had such a wildering glance,
Who so airy in the dance,
Whose sweet laugh so gay and light,
As the lady's yesternight?
Yet she leaves her stately home,
Through the forest dells to roam,
Longing, in romantic mood,
For a perfect solitude.

Not her garden's smiling bowers,
With their wealth of sunny flowers,
Not her own peculiar room,
With its silken curtains' gloom,

Nor the galleries, old and grey,
Suited with her thoughts to-day;
So she seeks this rocky seat,
In the wild wood's green retreat.

Long the poet's winning page
Did her musing mind engage,
Mingling with a subtle art
In the feelings of her heart,
Echoing thoughts that, undefined,
Hover round her gentle mind;
Thoughts too fervent to be glad,
Yet too happy to be sad.

Yesterday her heart was free,
Full of merry maiden glee;
With companions young and fair,
Twined she roses midst her hair,
And upon the grassy lawn
Tripped as lightly as the fawn—
Yesternight, oh, marvel strange!
On her mood hath wrought this change.

'Midst her crowd of worshippers,
One dear eye hath looked on hers,
Never gazed upon before,
Ne'er to be forgotten more:
Through her soul hath thrilled a tone
All responsive to its own,
And the first delicious part
Of a love-dream shades her heart.

Who hath known a dream like this,
With its vague unmeasured bliss,
But hath longed to be away
From the searching glance of day,
And the voices, all too loud,
Of a careless, worldly crowd,
Unto secret musings, fraught
With one hidden cherished thought?

No companions can she brook,
Save that witching silent book,
And the little faithful friend,
Who, where'er her footsteps bend,
Follows still, too glad if he
Thus may nestle on her knee,
And a watchful vigil keep
Whilst she sleeps that gentle sleep.

Yes, the lady pondered long
O'er dawning hopes and poet's song,
Till a dreamy influence stole
O'er the mirror of her soul,
Caught from every thing around
In that solitude profound;
Waving shadow, softened beam,
Mingle in her noontide dream.

Breath of woodland buds and flowers,
Visions of celestial bowers,
Peeping fragments of the skies,
And one pair of cloudless eyes,

Music, such as lightly swells
From fairy harps or ocean shells,
And the murmur of a stream,
Mingle in that noontide dream.

Look upon her forehead fair—
What a perfect calm is there!
What untroubled, soft repose
On those lips of summer rose!
Yet, like some lake, whose quiet flow
Is o'er palaces below,
Sleep doth outward wardship win
O'er a gorgeous world within.

Weary thought, that dreams so sweet
Are as rainbows, bright and fleet! —
Sadder that her dream of love
May as false and baseless prove,
And, in passing from her mind,
Leave a shadowed void behind;
That, on wakening, it may seem
Idle as a noontide dream!

Cork, August 8, 1843.

FUNERAL OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.[1]

BY EDWARD QUILLINAN.

Crossthwaite Tower sends forth a knell;
Skiddaw knows its meaning well;
And the Mountain veils his head,
As they bear away the Dead;
Scawfell hides his towering Height;
Glaramara shrinks from sight;
All the solemn Steeps around
Hide their faces at the sound;
Derwent hears it; Greta hears;
And, while the Clouds supply their tears,
The troubled Rivers, as they swell,
Hoarsely chide that funeral bell.
Herbert's Haunt, on Keswick-Mere,
Feels the Ghost of Genius near;
Lodore sends a deeper wail
To the rough heart of Borrowdale;
Stream and Lake, and Force and Fell,
Sylvan Isle and rocky Dell,

1 Mr. Southey was buried on the 24th of last March in the north-west corner of Crossthwaite Churchyard, Keswick, about half a mile from Greta Hall, the house which had been his home for forty years, when he there breathed his last.

Their part in this day's sorrow bear,
And heavier make the gloom they share:
For our human feelings give
Sympathies that in them live.

Where a hedge of blackthorn blooms
Close beside the place of tombs,
As the Bearers bear the Dead,
Pacing slow with solemn tread,
Two feathered Choristers of Spring
To the dark procession sing:
Heedless of the driving rain,
Fearless of the mourning train,
Perched upon a trembling stem,
They sing the Poet's Requiem.
Some sacred frenzy has possest
These Warblers of the russet breast
To honour thus, with friendship brave,
A Poet's passage to his grave.[2]

Poet, what avails it now
That the laurel graced thy brow? —
What availed it years before
The Angel Death thy summons bore? —
When thy noble mind o'erwrought
Stranded lay, a wreck of thought? —

2 The writer, who was present at the Funeral, can apologize for the introduction of so trifling, but not unaffecting, an incident as that related of these birds, by assuring the reader that their prolonged singing in the situation and under the circumstances alluded to is a fact which attracted his own notice.

Thy bruised spirit, all that while,
Was blind to Fame's approving smile.
Deaf and careless wert thou then
To the plausive tongues of men,
As now to notes — more sweet than words —
Flowing from the hearts of Birds;
As now to the sepulchral bell
Which smites the Vale that loved thee well.

Honour, built on Virtue's rock,
Nor disease nor death can shock.
Poet, Virtue's Priest wert thou!
So still the laurel decks thy brow.
This avails thee now and ever,
Guerdon of thy high endeavour;
Love and honour ne'er forsake thee,
Till the trump of doom awake thee.

Tolls the bell for vanished worth —
Earth to earth surrenders earth.
Life has lowered Death sublime
Down the shallow pit of Time;
Thence, when ripened in that mine,
A gem on Heaven's brow to shine:
Hid, till then, its precious light
By the jealous Miser Night,
And yet played on all the while
By the deep supernal Smile
That can pierce the stone and lead
Which o'erlay the virtuous Dead —

Just as well as it can reach
  Planets in their gulfs of air,
Lending brightness due to each
  In its duly portioned share:
To the Sun its light creative,
  To the Moon its borrowed force,
To the Stars a lustre native
  From the One Eternal Source!

Rydal Mount, Sept. 1843.

ALICE STANLEY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"They sin who tell us Love can die."
SOUTHEY.

There is an ancient Manor-House in a certain English county, where I have spent many days; yet the place, and its master, and its amusements, resemble more the things we read of in old books than matters to be met with in modern habitations.

It is impossible to see Mr. Stanley without an involuntary feeling of respect; his voice, one of the most unerring tests of high breeding, confirms the impression; and his well-chosen words, always few in number, convey his ideas so distinctly, that you know at once exactly what he desires you should know, and no more. He never was flatly contradicted in his life but once: it was by an American, and, ever since, no one has cared to

mention America in his presence. Not that he was ever guilty of flying into a passion. Mrs. Brande, the venerable housekeeper, who has lived (to quote her own quaint words) "in his honour's service half a century and two years," told me she never heard him raise his voice. "Madam," quoth Mrs. Brande, "his honour never did; when he is angry, he only *looks*, and remains silent. I never saw any one who could abide that look *twice*. It's dangerous, madam — the lightning without the thunder: it's the only warning he ever gives; but no servant bides it twice."

You would never dream of calling Stanley Pleasaunce a "Liberty Hall;" and yet I have seen people happy there; perhaps because more orderly than at some of those new-fashioned "Liberty Halls," where the host and hostess meet you in the drawing-room, for the first time in the day, ten minutes before dinner, and consider they have performed all the rites of hospitality when they inquire "How have you spent the morning?"

There are a Bible and a timepiece in every room at Stanley Pleasaunce; and a variety of bells are rung at regular hours, or, I should rather say, minutes, to call to prayers, breakfast, and so on; and the head and chief of all this punctuality is the old gentleman himself. Every thing in and about the house may be described by the term "punctuality;" but, though the meeting and eating hours are the same all the year round, the intermediate hours are filled up in many varied ways.

Mr. Stanley has numbered more than seventy years; yet his politeness is perfection. From being a strict lover of forms, his first attentions are paid to those whose

positions in society demand them; but he has the happiest manner of preventing his humbler guests from feeling, or even perceiving, that the slightest difference exists in the circumstances of any partaker of the hospitality of Stanley Pleasaunce.

His walls are hung with tapestry, or old pictures; his hall, noble and lofty in its proportions, is a perfect museum of old English implements of sport and war; stag-hounds, and a pair of genuine English mastiffs, act as sentinels at the porch; and his stud is unrivalled. He keeps a falconer; and the hawks are the best trained in England. His preserves are filled with game; and, conceiving it to be his duty to provide for the amusement of "his people," as he is old-fashioned enough to call and consider his tenants, the maypole is as carefully preserved as his Dutch flower-garden, the village bowling-green as his park, and the statute fair is as clearly a matter of interest to the lord of the manor as to the peasants. He caters in every possible way for the amusement of his visiters; but when he tells them how they ought to be amused, he expects that they will be so. He thinks that England is the world; that is, that all the perfections of the four quarters of the globe are congregated therein. He always listens to the accounts of modern improvements with a polite smile of disbelief, and would as soon think of taking his seat in a balloon as on a railroad. He loves to keep up old customs; has a misletoe hung in the hall, an ox roasted whole, and a hogshead of "humming beer" broached for the entertainment of the villagers at Christmas, and turns the two first couple to the tune of Sir Roger de Coverley, at the accustomed

ball on New-Year's eve, then resumes his seat — a carved, high-backed chair, raised by a single step above all others, and looks gravely on at the festivities.

It would be difficult to determine why Mr. Stanley sees so much company, and why he gives himself so much trouble, which every one says yields him no pleasure. His habits, manners, words, and smiles, are all the result of a species of duty, which he thinks as firmly entailed as the family estates. The society of the distinguished, whether for rank or talent; the compliments of the polite, nay, the very blessings of the poor, the widow, and the fatherless, on whom he is ever conferring benefits, do not reach, much less warm, his heart.

If there needed proof how little wealth, station, and high birth have to do with happiness—that bright fountain of light, which is to itself a sun in the dark places of the earth, warming and illuminating all within the circle of its rays—the master of Stanley Pleasaunce would be the example of all others I should select to show the incompetence of what is most coveted to yield the rich fruitage which is the object of our labours and ambition.

It is said that George the Fourth was so much charmed by the manner and appearance of Mr. Stanley, that he caused it to be communicated to him that, if he pleased, he might be elevated to the peerage.

"I thank his majesty," answered the gentleman; "but I have no son."

"But, sir," replied the nobleman who conveyed the gracious message, "you have a nephew."

A deep shadow passed over Mr. Stanley's face; and, lest his voice should betray any emotion, he paused be-

fore he answered: "One, sir, unworthy to bear my name, much less to be honoured by his majesty."

Mr. Stanley, though Providence had crushed his ambition by denying him children by his first marriage, and ordained that, during the lifetime of his third wife, he should follow two noble boys to their grave, had still a child of his second marriage to watch over and companion his old age, though she knew she had not the power to render it happy.

But if Alice Stanley had not the power of making her father happy; if the feeling that his principal estate was so strictly entailed that it must go to the nephew, whom, justly or unjustly, he hated with a bitterness that lent its flavour to every portion of his existence, Alice Stanley both possessed and exercised the power of cheering every other heart and brightening every other eye. She had passed the age when women are considered either young or handsome; the latter, strictly speaking, she had never been; yet, after spending a few hours in her society, every one declared they had forgotten her features in her fascination.

Although her mother's noble fortune had been settled upon her, and it was well known that her father had used every method which law could devise to impoverish the entail and make his daughter passing rich, at forty—Alice Stanley, beloved, blessed, and endowed with the highest personal as well as mental accomplishments, at forty, Alice Stanley was unmarried: there could be no doubt of her preferring to remain so; and there was a dignified composure in her manner, an avoidance of the dress and habits of youth, a resigning herself, long before most

women consider "the time" arrived for such resignation, to the customs of elder life, which proved, more than words could prove, that Alice Stanley would neither be wooed nor won.

It could not be supposed that this was the result of apathy, or a want of the affections of our nature: if nothing seemed to touch her father's heart, every thing appeared to vibrate upon hers. It was a treat to see her leaving the village church on a Sunday afternoon: her father always accompanied her, or rather she accompanied him, on the Sabbath morning. The Stanleys went regularly to church, from time immemorial, in a carriage drawn by four greys, and were invariably seated in the old family pew before the church bell had finished ringing; but Mr. Stanley would have considered it as wrong to go in the afternoon as it was right to go in the morning. He held it, that women, to whom every courtesy should be shown, even to the standing up when a lady went in or out of a room, were, for all that, not of sufficient importance to make their going or not going to afternoon prayers a matter of consequence: so he permitted his daughter to do as she pleased; and it was a treat to see her leaving the village church; to note the shrivelled hands lifted in silent or half-uttered prayers for the blessing of their lives; to watch the children crowding round her path; to catch the smiles she so willingly exchanged for theirs, and to listen to the words of kindness, consolation, or advice, which fell from lips that were as eloquent as her father's were silent.

In the stately receptions in which Mr. Stanley's desires,

rather than his words, had required that she should bear so distinguished a part, she managed to combine the nameless and numberless formalities of the old school with the ease of the new: it was not that she seemed to do or say a great deal, but, if absent from illness or any other cause, something, the most important of all things, was immediately discovered to be wanting, not by one person, but by all.

"I have served many ladies in my time—and seen many," said the old housekeeper, one day, in a confidential tone, and yet one of aged exultation. "I was own maid to the first Mrs. Stanley; a lovely creature *she* was, and well the master loved her, until, when they had been three or four years married, finding she had no children, his love cooled, and she soon died. He married, at the end of a year and a day, just such a lady as Miss Stanley was—no matter how long ago—only more gay like; and the birth of her daughter and her own death were within one hour of each other. My master met me at the door, just as all was over. 'She is in heaven, sir!' I whispered: he drew back, covered his face with his hands one minute, and then inquired, 'And the child?'—'A sweet daughter, sir,' I said. 'Lost her life for a daughter!' muttered my master, stalking away like a shadow; and that was the sting, poor gentleman — a daughter! Then there was another wife, self-willed, and a beauty; she left him two noble boys, and though, when my master followed the last of them to his grave, he was only five and thirty, he said, 'I am too old, I will marry no more; there is a curse over the inheritance.' But of these three ladies, and of all that ever came to and went from this house, there

never was any like Miss Stanley; there are none like her, and there never will be!"

"What a pity she never married!" was the natural observation.

"A pity!—ay, it is indeed a pity; it is such as she who ought to be wives and mothers. She'll never marry now, she knows better: it's a cast of a die any time—but it's no business of mine. She's too good for—an angel even!" quoth the old housekeeper, as she hobbled off; for the next day was Miss Stanley's birthday, and, of course, to be kept with all the pomp which evidently the lady would not have herself bestowed upon it.

The morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells, and Mr. Stanley had, as usual, invited a large party, to do honour to the occasion. "It was an old family custom," he said, "and should never be neglected."

The guests who were staying in the house observed that the lady was not in her usual — one could not exactly say "spirits," for she was always calm and even — but her manner was abstracted, and she, always so ready to return the slightest courtesy, was silent, even to sadness. The day passed on — the dinner in the hall was perfect. The venerable man who proposed Miss Stanley's health had been her father's friend, that is, they assimilated in politics and religion, and all county matters, for fifty years; and when Mr. Stanley returned thanks, he spoke so well, and looked so handsome, that few would have believed he was in the seventy-second year of his age.

At the proper time the visitors withdrew, and the old man and his daughter stood side by side, alone in the stately drawing-room.

"Are you very much fatigued? dear father!" inquired Alice, tenderly winding her arm within his.

"No, my dear, not at all, particularly as I have observed that you have something to say to me."

"Thank you, dear father," she answered, "I shall not, I hope, detain you long; but the servants want to put out the lights. Will you go to your library or dressing-room?"

Mr. Stanley led the way to the library, and, having placed a chair for his daughter, seated himself opposite to her, waiting with well-bred attention for her words.

"You will bear with me, dear father, will you?" she inquired, or rather whispered, while her frail, slender frame trembled with emotion. "You will bear with me, will you not?"

"I have never had any thing to bear," replied the old gentleman most truly. "You never contradicted me in your life; you never angered me but once — never *but once*, Alice, *never but once!* I do not think you would do it a SECOND TIME."

"God knows I would not! — father, but you will bear with me?"

Mr. Stanley was not a father either to caress or be caressed, yet Alice pushed an ottoman close to his feet, and crouched rather than sat down upon it, as if she had been a little child. Her dress, of the richest silver-grey satin, fell in massive folds around her; her hair, which was streaked with white, was partially concealed by a dark velvet head-dress. She had endeavoured to conceal her agitation, but, as she drew closer, her father perceived that her features were almost convulsed; and she trem-

bled so violently, that she grasped the arm of the chair upon which he sat with both her hands, as if that would impart strength to her quivering frame.

"Alice, my child!" exclaimed her father quickly, "you are ill, I never saw you thus before!" He would have rung the bell, but she prevented him by her gestures; and, when she had regained her self-possession, so as to enable her to speak again, she said, "If you only say you will bear with and hear all I have to say, I shall be well presently."

"I will, Alice, I will; my own, patient, gentle child," answered the old man; and while he spoke, he fondled her head, passing his hand over the silken and silvered hair: she seized it, and kissed it eagerly.

"Thank God, my dear father, for all your kindness! My birth and my whole course of life have been a disappointment to you — I know that; but you love me, my own dear father, I know you do."

"Alice," answered Mr. Stanley, "that I wished for a son, when Divine Will thought fit to send me a daughter, I do not deny: that afterwards, when you were again my *only one*, I desired to see you wedded to him who bears our name, but whose delight has been to mar my dearest wishes, and who dared to spurn the alliance which the highest coveted — when I was thus insulted through my child, I—but that is past ....."

The old gentleman paused: he had never in his long life permitted his daughter to perceive that he was much moved by any occurrence; while he spoke, he did not venture to look at her, but kept his eyes fixed upon some object at the other end of the room. She was unconsci-

ous of this, having covered her face with her hands. By a strong effort, Mr. Stanley conquered the evidence of his feelings, and continued, "You refused the only revenge, which, as a woman, was in your power—you would not marry the man it would have galled your cousin to see you married to—instead of this you paled and pined."

"Father!" interrupted Miss Stanley, removing her hands, and gazing steadily at her proud father, "do me not injustice. That I loved my cousin, beyond all power to tell, is true. When, after cherishing from girlhood the belief that he loved me, I found he loved another — when he insulted me by the parade of her most wonderful and rare beauty, I loved him still. When, wrought by bitter broils between you and him, he scornfully spurned his cousin, she still loved him. Do not look so sternly on me, father!" said Alice, as she rose, half-kneeling, from her lowly seat, "I have been punished for that love. I angered you by refusing to wed in deep revenge, as you truly say, one, whom it would have galled my cousin into madness to see me married to. I loathed the man — you were angered at this. I paled, it is true—revenge and love struggling within the heart of a young girl were enough to make her pale: but though love was stronger than revenge, or the dread of your displeasure, Alice Stanley did not *pine*."

She pushed back the hair which had escaped from its confinement, and walked rapidly up and down the room. Again her father became alarmed either for her life or reason, and did not venture to speak. At last, she resumed her seat, and, much calmed, said: "I cannot think why what occurred full twenty years ago should so un-

nerve me now. Yet, though the flesh shrinks and the colour fades, and the poor toil-worn frame aches for the quiet of the grave, the springs of love are stronger in some hearts than those of life."

"Not in yours, I hope," said her father. There was something approaching to sarcasm in the tone of his voice which made her shudder; but the cause she had to plead gave her strength, and she continued.

"My cousin married..."

"He did," said Mr. Stanley; "he married—and had no children. There was *great* comfort in that—he had no children!"

"His wife died..." continued Miss Stanley, as if she had not noted her father's interruption.

"When?—where?" inquired the old gentleman—"and how did you know any thing about him, when *I* have not heard for years?"

"You would *not* hear, my father," she answered; "you would not hear: his imprudence impoverished him."

A thought, the most painful that could be formed by such a man, suddenly crossed Mr. Stanley's mind; but, though it changed the expression of his countenance, he did not give it words.

"It was disgraceful," Miss Stanley said, "for your nephew, your future heir, to need aid from strangers."

"Go on," said Mr. Stanley.

"You have been most liberal to me, father."

"I pray you to go on—and quickly," muttered the old gentleman.

"I transmitted him money through a bank, without his knowing who it came from."

"Oh, you did!—but his wife was dead; and he in time found out, of course, and is most grateful."

"The fair and beautiful, whom the whole world admired, was dead; but, a few months after her death, he married again."

"And you knew this?"

"Of course, I did. He married a young English lady....."

"Rascal as he was, I am glad he did not wed a foreigner," thought Mr. Stanley.

"He married, and has left one child—a boy."

"Alice," inquired her father, "what do you mean by left? You said he has left one child—a boy—what do you mean by *left?*"

"Need I tell you—*must* I tell you, my dear father," she replied, "the dull, cold words—he is dead! I knew it only this morning."

"Dead!—dead!" repeated the proud old man. "Why, he was but a boy. The Stanleys live to a great age, but he was unworthy of the name—turbulent, self-willed, proud, selfish."

"My father, if any living have a right to heap heaviness upon his grave, it is I...I... he was my blight. And yet *he* could no more love me than I could love another; and out of your resolve that we should wed sprang all this whirlwind of sorrow. But for it, he would have been to you as a son: he *was* the child of your beloved brother, and you remember he has not died childless."

"And what is *that* to me?" inquired the old man, with more than his usual sternness.

"Much—much! In a few years, when our days are

numbered, that boy must be here—master of this house, of the Stanley entailed estates. I asked you to bear with me," she said, grasping both her father's hands in hers, and kneeling at his feet: "God grant it may be many years!—but it *must* be in the end. Let us teach him, by care and tenderness, to look for it as a loss and not a blessing—let us make him our own by loving care. He can hardly remember his father; and his mother now is a fair young girl, who loved and tended him — loved in sorrow and in sickness: for *that* I love her ...."

"For THAT YOU LOVE HER!" repeated the old man, looking down upon the weeping face that was upturned to him — "for *that!*"

"Oh yes, dear father. Let her be to me a sister—let *her* know you as you really are! Now that the cause of all your seeming coldness is in the silent grave, forgive him ..... and to his child...oh be to him what you have been to me!"..... She sobbed bitterly. "His father," continued this unchanging woman, "is dearer to me in his lone, foreign grave than all the world besides ... save only you...it is no sin to say it now."

"Alice," said Mr. Stanley, his coldness, his pride, his very hatred of his nephew yielding to an influence so new and so powerful, "do you remember clearly and distinctly ALL the past?...Do you remember that Edward Stanley said that he loathed your very name? ... that he would go to his grave by his own hand rather that take yours in marriage?"

"Yes," she answered, "I remember it well: it was burnt into my heart and brain. His proud and restless mind would not be commanded either by his father or

his uncle; he would not yield to interest; for *that* at least I honoured him: but," she added, in a trembling voice, "it would not have been so had he not loved elsewhere. I can understand what it is to have a marriage forced upon one whose heart and soul are given to another ... and upon one with such proud, hot blood as Stanley's rushing through his veins! ... It was hard for me to bear, but it was natural for him to feel. It is now a story of the past ... a lesson in life ... a dream, whose strongest features can never be forgotten."

"And were you not jealous and indignant?" inquired her father, for the first time questioning her upon the subject.

"He did not know I loved him," she replied. "And few men, I believe, understand either the height or the depth of woman's love, shut up, as it is, as the world and the world's Maker ordain that it should be, in their seared and silent hearts. I do not think I was jealous of his wife. She was a bright triumphant beauty. Long, long before she died, I mingled her name with his in my prayers."

"And if she had lived, and been the mother of this boy you plead for, could you have entreated for her as you do now for her successor?" persisted Mr. Stanley.

"I would," answered his daughter. "I should have done so then, perhaps, with some pain; but now I love them both. May they not come, father? Will you not receive the boy? *He* has never—never angered you!"

The old man raised her to his bosom; and then, holding her from him, gazed into her face. "I will ask her no more questions," he thought: "it is useless!—I will

not remind her that, if I loved this boy, it might lessen her inheritance. No common interests have power over her."..."My noble, faithful child," he said aloud, "I bless God that I have known you at last. Do as it seems best to you. Bring the boy here. When *you* have forgiven, *I* ought. It is very, very strange, and hard ... hard to understand a woman's love!"

The child and his mother have been now nearly three years at Stanley Pleasaunce; and Alice, dear Alice Stanley looks younger and happier than she did for the last twenty years of her life. The old gentleman's figure and deportment are as stately as ever. But his mind is failing, or changed — very much changed — or you could hardly fancy him watching with so much interest his little nephew's gambols; pushing his ball along with the end of his stately, gold-headed cane, or twisting the long curls of fair Saxon hair round his white but attenuated fingers, while the old housekeeper hobbles up and down after the young gentleman, lest the sun should be too hot or the wind too cold, muttering: "It's all along of Miss Stanley — it's all her doings. I always said there never was any one like her."

OLD SONGS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Old Songs! Old Songs!—how well I sung
Your varied airs with childish tongue,
When breath and spirit, free and light,
Caroll'd away from morn till night;
When this beginning and that end
Were mystically made to blend,
And the "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill"
Gave place to her of "Patie's Mill!"

Old Songs! Old Songs!—how thick ye come,
Telling of Childhood and of home,
When home forged links in Memory's chain
Too strong for Time to break in twain,
When home was all that home *should* be,
And held the vast rich world for me!

Old Songs! Old Songs!—what heaps I knew,
From "Chevy Chase" to "Black-Eyed Sue;"
From "Flow, thou regal purple stream,"
To "Rousseau's" melancholy "Dream!"
I loved the pensive "Cabin Boy"
With earnest truth and real joy;

My warmest feelings wander back
To greet "Tom Bowling" and "Poor Jack;"
And oh, "Will Watch," the Smuggler bold,
My plighted troth thou'lt ever hold!

I doted on the "auld Scots sonnet,"
As though I'd worn the plaid and bonnet;
I went abroad with "Sandy's Ghost,"
I stood with Bannockburn's brave host,
And proudly tossed my curly head
With "Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled!"
I shouted "Commin through the rye,"
With restless step and sparkling eye,
And chased away the passing frown
With "Bonnie ran the burnie down."

The tiny "Warbler" from the stall,
The fluttering ballad on the wall,
The gipsy's glee, the beggar's catch,
The old wife's lay, the idiot's snatch,
The schoolboy's chorus, rude and witty,
The harvest strain, the carol ditty—
I taxed ye all, I stole from each,
I spurn'd no tutor that could teach:
Though long my list, though great my store,
I'd ever seek to add one more.

Old Songs! Old Songs!—ye fed, no doubt,
The flame that since has broken out.
For I would wander far and lone,
And sit upon the moss-wrapped stone,

Conning "Old Songs," till some strange power
Breathed a wild magic o'er the hour,
Sweeping the pulse-chords of my soul,
As winds o'er sleeping waters roll.
'Twas done—the volume was unsealed,
The hallowed mission was revealed,
The die was thrown, the spell was cast,
I burst my earthly bonds at last!
"Old Songs" call'd up a kindred tone—
An echo started!—'twas my own.
Joy, Pride, and Riches swell'd my breast—
The lyre was mine, and I was blest.

Old Songs! Old Songs!—my brain has lost
Much that it gained with pain and cost:
I have forgotten all the rules
Of "Murray's" books and "Trimmer's" schools;
Detested figures—how I hate
The mere remembrance of a slate!
How have I cast from Woman's thought
Much goodly lore the Girl was taught!
But not a word has passed away
Of "Rest thee Babe," or "Robin Gray!"

Sweet "Rest thee Babe"—oh peaceful theme,
That floated o'er my infant dream!
My brow was cool, my pillow smooth,
When thou wert sung to lull and soothe
By lips that only ceased the strain
To kiss my cheek—then sung again.

I loved the tune; and many a time
I hummed the air, and lisped the rhyme,
Till, winking 'neath its potent charms,
The kitten slumbered in my arms.

Old Songs! Old Songs!—how ye bring back
The fairest paths in mortal track!
I see the merry circle spread,
Till watchman's notice warned to bed;
When one rude boy would loiter near,
And whisper in a well-pleased ear—
"Come, mother, sit, before we go,
And sing 'John Anderson, my Joe.'"

The ballad still is breathing round,
But other voices yield the sound;
Strangers possess the household room;
The mother lieth in the tomb;
And the blithe boy that praised her song
Sleepeth as soundly and as long.

Old Songs! Old Songs!—I should not sigh—
Joys of the earth on earth *must* die;
But spectral forms will sometimes start
Within the caverns of the heart,
Haunting the lone and darken'd cell
Where, warm in life, they used to dwell.

Hope, Youth, Love, Home—each human tie
That binds we know not how or why—

All, all that to the soul belongs,
Is closely mingled with "Old Songs."
Ah, who shall say the ballad line,
That stirs the heart, is not divine!
And where the heart that would not dare
To place such "Song beside the "Prayer!"

THE GLEN OF ROSLIN.

BY DELTA.

Hark! 'twas the trumpet rung!—
  Commingling armies shout;
And, echoing far yon woods among,
  The ravage and the rout!
The voice of triumph and of wail,
  Of victor and of vanquished blent,[1]
Is wafted on the vernal gale:
  A thousand bows are bent;
And, 'mid the hosts that throng the vale,
  A shower of arrows sent.

For Saxon foes invade
  The Baliol's kingless realm!

1 The celebrated battle of Roslin was fought on the 24th of February, 1302, during the guardianship of Scotland by Comyn, after the dethroned king had been conveyed by the messengers of the Pope from his captivity in England to his castle of Bailleul in France, where in obscurity and retirement he passed the remainder of his life.

Aware we are that our Scottish historians, Fordun and Wyntoun—both of whom give accounts of this battle—are entitled patriotically to be a little partial; but it is curious, as Mr. Tytler remarks, (Hist. vol. i. p. 440, Note N., p. 196) how far Lord Hailes, "from an affectation of superiority to national prejudice," passes over or disallows many corroborating circumstances admitted even by the English chroniclers themselves, Hemingford, Trivet, and Langtoft.

Their myriads swarm, in yonder shade,
The weak to overwhelm:—
'Tis Seagrave, on destruction bent;
From Freedom's roll to blot the land,
By England's haughty Edward sent;[2]
But never on her mountain strand
Shall Caledonia sit content—
Content with fettered hand.

Not while one patriot breathes—
Not while each broomy vale
And cavern'd cliff bequeathes
Some old heroic tale!

2 Sir John de Seagrave was appointed Governor of Scotland by Edward the First, and marched from Berwick towards Edinburgh about the beginning of Lent, with an army of twenty thousand men, consisting chiefly of cavalry, and officered by some of the best and bravest leaders of England. Among these were two brothers of the Governor, whom Hemingford designates as "*milites strenuissimi*," and Robert de Neville, a nobleman who had greatly distinguished himself in the Welsh wars. This powerful force was divided into three sections, one of which was commanded by Seagrave himself, the second by Ralph de Manton, and the third by Neville; and, on approaching Roslin, as no enemy was met with, each encamped on its own ground, without any established communication with the others. Sir John Comyn and Sir Simon Frazer, who were at Biggar with a small force of eight thousand cavalry, marched from that place during the night, to take the enemy by surprise, and attacked Seagrave with his division on the Moor of Roslin. The commander, with his brother and son, as well as sixteen knights and thirty esquires, were made prisoners, and the Scots had begun to plunder, when the second division appeared. This also was routed with great slaughter, and Ralph de Manton taken captive. No sooner, however, was this second triumph achieved, than the last division, under Neville, appeared in the distance. Worn out with their march and two successive attacks, the first impulse of the Scots was to retreat; but the proximity of the enemy rendered this impossible, and a third conflict commenced, which, after being obstinately disputed, terminated in the death of Neville and the total rout of his followers. The carnage is said to have been dreadful, as the whole of the prisoners taken in the first and second engagements were necessarily put to death.

The Wallace and the Græme have thrown
The lustre of their deeds behind;[3]
The children to their fathers' own
Unconquered straths to bind;
By every hearth their tale is known,
In every heart enshrined.

The Comyn lets not home
To tell a bloodless tale,
And forth in arms with Frazer roam
The chiefs of Teviotdale.
In Roslin's wild and wooded glen
The clash of swords the shepherd hears;
And from the groves of Hawthornden
Gleam forth ten thousand spears:
For Scottish mothers bring forth men[4]
Of might that mock at fears!

Three camps divided raise
Their snowy tops on high;
The breeze-unfurling flag displays
Its lions to the sky:
While chants the mounting lark in air
Its matin carols of delight,

3 After the disastrous battle of Falkirk, in which Sir John the Grahame and Sir John Stewart of Bonkill were slain, Wallace, disgusted with the jealousy and treacherous conduct of the Barons, retired into privacy. It was during this sequestration from public affairs that the battle of Roslin was fought.

The tombs of Grahame and Stewart are still extant in the churchyard of Falkirk, having been severally more than once renewed.

4 Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males.

MACBETH.

The tongue of Mirth is jocund there;
Nor is it dreamt, ere night,
The sun shall shed his golden glare
On thousands slain in fight!

Baffled, and backward borne,
Is England's foremost war;
The Saxon battle-god, forlorn,
Re-mounts his raven car.
'Tis vain!—a third time Victory's cheer
Bursts forth from that resistless foe,
Who, headlong, on their fierce career,
Like mountain torrents go:—
The invaders are dispersed like deer,
And whither, none may know!

Three triumphs in a day!
Three hosts subdued by one!
Three armies scattered, like the spray,
Beneath one vernal sun!
Who, pausing 'mid this solitude
Of rocky streams, o'erhung with trees,
Where rears the cushat-dove its brood,
And foxglove lures the bees,
Could think that men had shed the blood
Of man in haunts like these!

A dream—a nightmare dream
Of shadowy ages gone,
When daylight wore a demon gleam,
And fact like fiction shone:—

A dream!—and it hath left no power
To blast these beauteous scenes around,[5]
Which look as if a halcyon bower
All gentlest things had found
Here, in this paradise, where flower,
And bird, and brute abound.

Yes! the great Mother still
Claims Roslin for her own,
And Summer, girt with rock and rill,
Here mounts a chosen throne:
Blue Esk to Gorton's listening woods[6]
Is meekly murmuring all day long,
And birds for sheltering solitudes
Pay tributary song:—
Check'd be each step that here intrudes,
To offer Nature wrong.

5 "It is telling a tale which has been repeated a thousand times, to say that a morning of leisure can scarcely be any where more delightfully spent than in the woods of Roslin and on the banks of the Esk. In natural beauty, indeed, the scenery may be equalled, and in grandeur exceeded, by the Cartland Crags, near Lanark, the dell of Craighall, in Angus-shire, and probably by other landscapes of the same character which have been less celebrated. But Roslin and its adjacent scenery have other associations, dear to the antiquary and the historian, which may fairly entitle it to precedence over every other Scottish scene of the same kind."—*Provincial Antiquities.*

6 Gorton lies between Roslin and Hawthornden, and on the same side of the river as the latter. It is celebrated for its caves, which are in the cliff facing the river, and so covered up with bushes and brambles that it is difficult to discover the entrance to them. They are cut in the form of a cross, and are supposed to have been the abode of Hermits. During the unhappy reign of David the Second, when Scotland was overrun by the English, they yielded refuge to Sir Alexander Ramsey of Dalwolsey and a band of chosen followers, noted for patriotism and gallantry.

St. Clair! thy princely halls
In ruin sink decay'd,[7]
And moss now greens the chapel walls
Where thy proud line is laid!—
What sees the stranger musing here,
Where mail-clad men no longer dwell?
A bleach-field spreads its whiteness near,
And smoke-wreaths round the dell
Show whence the Christian worshipper
Obeys the Sabbath bell.

Thus let it ever be:
Let human discord cease,
And earth the blest millennium see
Of purity and peace.
Die Sin away—as dies the mist
Before the cleansing sunrise borne—
And Pity, vainly watchful, list
For Misery's moan forlorn:
Bright be each eve as amethyst—
As opal pure each morn!

7 The Castle and Chapel of Roslin are too well known to the lovers of the picturesque to be more than merely alluded to here. The origin of the Castle is so remote that, says Chalmers, (Caledonia, vol. ii., p. 571) it is laid in fable: in fact, it is beyond the date of authentic record. The ruins, with their tremendous triple range of vaults, are still, from their extent and situation extremely imposing. The Chapel, which is still in tolerable preservation, and has been lately carefully repaired, is one of the finest specimens of florid Gothic architecture north of the Tweed. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, &c., High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. Indeed, as Godscraft says of him, his titles were such as might "weary even a Spaniard." The barons of Roslin, each in his armour, lie buried in a vault beneath the floor.

VINTAGE SONG.

FROM "OTTO OF WITTELSBACH," AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

The Feast of the Vintage, near the Rhine: a gay evening scene of a Rustic Festival, with a Vineyard in the background.

RUDOLF, CONRAD, BEATRICE, *and Male and Female Vintagers. A Dance, as the Drop-scene draws up.*

Rudolf. Thanks, pretty maids!
Conrad. Nay, keep the mirth astir.
Another measure, girls.
Rudolf. Rather a song,
A merry song, to crown the vintage. Conrad,
Thou hast a jovial strain. The chorus of 't
Begins, "Hail to the purple....." Nay, that's wrong.
"Hail!....." Why the words fly from me. One that trips
Merrily o'er the notes, and makes a quaint
And pleasant roundelay of jingling sounds
Of vine, and wine, and Rhine, enough to furnish
A travelling minstrel or gay troubadour
With rhymes for life. "Hail to the....." Fie! fie! fie!
My memory's older than I thought.

Conrad. I know
The strain thou mean'st.
Beatrice. Thou hast a newer.
Rudolf. Ha!
My pretty damsel! the new strain for thee,
As the new garment, or new lover.
Beatrice. Sing
The old strain, Conrad.

Song—CONRAD.

The Rhine! the Rhine! the Rhine!
The sun pours down his golden light
O'er the broad river, full and bright,
While the brown Vintagers in play
Close the glad labours of the day,
Beside the castled Rhine:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the Rhine!
Hail to the sun-kissed, wreathy vine,
The bursting grape, the lusty wine,
That glows beside the castled Rhine!

The Rhine! the Rhine! the Rhine!
No stream so fair that sun shall see,
Nor hear such glorious revelry,
As when, with dance, and sport, and song,
Each blue-eyed maiden bounds along
Beside the castled Rhine:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the Rhine!
Hail to the sun-kissed, wreathy vine,
The bursting grape, the lusty wine,
That glows beside the castled Rhine!

PRAYERS FOR ONE GONE TO SEA.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY,

AUTHOR OF "PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS."

One gone to sea! — It hath a solemn sound.
Gone, with the wealth of all his hoarded hopes,
Out on that fearful element, which keeps
False fellowship with man. It hath a smile
To lure him, and a might to do his will:—
Yet, when he least suspects, or with fond trust
Holds dalliance with it — as our mother gazed
Upon her Eden-tempter, pleased to mark
Its waving coils — uprears a changeful crest,
And sweeps him shuddering to its depths profound.

One gone to sea! — Perchance, the flush of youth
Upon his rounded cheek. Still shall he learn
To muse on thee, oh Deep, and to be sad!—
Full many a lesson hast thou, to subdue
Joy's effervescence, to unstring the nerve,
And stretch the strong man like the powerless babe,
And make the pleasure-hunters wonder why
They rashly trusted life and health to thee.

One gone to sea!—Perchance, he was the head
And glory of a household. Now, each blast
And howling storm shall turn her forehead pale
Who liveth but in him. Oft shall she start
On her lone couch, oppressed with fearful dreams
Of deadly iceberg or of wrecking bark.
And when the blackening tempest swells the main,
When round the quivering masts red lightnings wind
Their forked spires, and, reeling on her way,
Groans the lashed vessel like a wounded man,
Then thinks the mournful voyager of her,
And of his gentle babes; and from the pang
That voiceless mounts to the Eternal Throne,
Wrestling once more those blessed forms to see,
Learns what the agony of prayer doth mean.

One gone to sea!—Ay, whose'er thou art,
We'll pray for thee. The Mighty God, who saved
His servant from the lions, seal the mouths
Of the wild surges, that they harm thee not.
God speed thee on thy way, and safely bring
Unto the haven where thou fain wouldst be,
And let thee see thy home in peace again!

But if, with joy that ne'er was linked to words,
The first dim outline of thy native hills
Shall meet thine eye, and thine own waving trees,
And at thy threshold love, and in thine arms
Those little ones whom thou in deep despair,
Perchance, hadst said thou ne'er shouldst see again,

Make a thank-offering of thy heart to God;
And if thou e'er from His dear yoke hast shrunk,
Embrace it now, and be the life He spared
From those stern billows consecrate to Him.

LIFE'S ERRORS.

What if, in that sublimer state
To which our souls shall once attain,
The things of Earth, and Time, and Fate,
Shall pass before our eyes again,
Shall we review our Life's slow way,
Its wants and weariness beholding,
And by Heaven's purer noon survey
What Earth's dim twilight now is folding?

O what a wondrous change will pass
O'er all that here hath seemed or been!
Darkly we see, as through a glass,
What then shall face to face be seen;
The nothingness of all we prized,
The falsehood of the love we sought,
The priceless truth of hearts despised,
The worth of all we valued not!

Perchance, it shall not then be seen
That this, our earthly path of tears,
So desolate a waste hath been
As to the mourner's eye appears:

When clearer light around us breaks,
Our eyes shall read their course below,
A dreary line of long mistakes,
Atoned by many a needless woe.

Our Youth was passed in visions fair,
In lavishing the wealth of heart;
Our Manhood had the harder care
Of watching all those dreams depart.
What was there left for sad old Age,
Except in useless grief to rue
The errors of a pilgrimage
We could not, if we would, renew!

Yet in ourselves the evil lay,
Poor, weak artificers of woe!
Our idols all were made of clay,
But 'twas our hand that framed them so.
We needed some diviner call,
To teach our hearts alike to shun
The lovely fault of trusting all,
The bitter sin of trusting none.

Turn we not then with vain disgust
From love betrayed and faith deceived,
Nor let our hearts forget to trust,
When they are wounded, wrung, and grieved.
Take home this lesson — it is such
As turns Life's darkness into light:
O! we can never love too much,
If we will only love aright! M. S.

THE DELICATE POINT.

A NAUTICAL REMINISCENCE.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

> In companions
> That do converse and waste the time together,
> Whose souls do bear an equal yoke in love,
> There must be needs a like proportion
> Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

In one of the beautiful marine villas that skirt the coast of the British Channel on the Isle of Wight formerly resided Lieutenant-General Sir Capsicum Absolute, a veteran, who in earlier life had been inured to hard service, and whose last appointment was that of Governor of a West India island, over which he had exercised unlimited control—that is, in his own way. His figure was tall, and would have been majestic but for a certain stiffness he had acquired when adjutant of a regiment, and which, notwithstanding the lassitude incident to the atmosphere of a sugar colony, never forsook him. The common expression of his countenance was mild benevolence, especially when he was fast asleep; but it must be owned that there were times—and I am sorry to say they were rather frequent—when, like the cloth of old Beelzebub over the Table land at the Cape of Good Hope, his brow

and face assumed an aspect of darkness, through which the lightning of his eyes darted in vivid flashes. The veteran's disposition was on the whole humane and generous; but it cannot be denied that his temper, by its fiery irritability, too often frightened his disposition into compliance with its humours and demands: in fact, a more hasty and passionate old gentleman never held the rank of Lieutenant-General in the army, or flogged a nigger in the far West for wearing his master's clothes. He possessed an ample fortune, and was fond of displaying the luxuries of life, but never indulged to excess; and, though himself despising personal assistance, he kept up a large and handsome establishment, for the purpose of exercising his propensity for rigid discipline. With him, order was ever looked upon as "Heaven's first law;" and certainly it would have been a difficult matter to discover a more thorough practical expounder of the celestial statute.

Sir Capsicum was a widower. By what means he had contrived to persuade or induce any one to marry him must remain among those mysteries that puzzle the brains of philosophers: at all events, he did get married to a kind and gentle being, who humoured her husband's peculiarities, and managed to live tolerably happy with him, notwithstanding the wide difference in their natural characters; nay, more—she held a strong influence over his mind, through her constant and unerring obedience to command. But the unhealthy climate of the West Indies, operating upon a delicate frame, gradually destroyed health and ultimately life; a female child of tender years being left to suffer by her death.

It was at first supposed by many of the colonists that

Sir Capsicum, whose affliction at the loss of his lady was very great, would resign his command, and return to England; but those who thought so knew very little of the tough material of which he was composed: it is true resignation did follow the decease of his wife, but it was resignation to circumstances, and not the throwing up of his command, for he became a stricter disciplinarian than ever. But it is undeniable that the Governor deeply mourned his bereavement, and he was frequently heard to declare that "upon every 'delicate point' her ladyship set an example of subordination to the whole garrison." Still he exhibited no open manifestations of sorrow, but sternly concealed it within his own breast, except at those periods when, in the stillness of night, he bent over the couch and gazed upon his sleeping child: then Nature triumphed, and the strong man wept.

Emma inherited the best qualities of her mother, mingled with a few pungent and caustic spices of her father's temper. She was too young to feel much deprivation from her mother's death: the West Indies is not a place in which to indulge much feeling beyond that of selfishness. European ladies soon become enervated and helpless; and the overpowering heat and tormenting mosquitoes absorb all the better faculties connected with domestic enjoyment: even thinking becomes a trouble, except when memory is busy picturing scenes of home—that is, England: for, wherever an Englishman's lot is cast, he still calls the place of his nativity home. Emma had always experienced the utmost solicitude and tenderness from her maternal parent, nor was her father deficient in anxious wishes and kind exertions for her com-

fort and welfare; but, whilst with the former good counsel and care were administered with judgment, the General in his treatment of his daughter unceasingly adhered to his military principle that "obedience is the best test of duty."

Her mother's illness had prevented the necessary attention to the daughter, who was left to the unskilful management of a French governess and the debasing influences of negress slaves, who indulged the fair girl in every wish that she expressed, in order that they might in return do just as they liked. The demise of the lady speedily brought a change: the General was acutely alive to the facts; and, though so fervently attached to his child as to feel a strong desire to keep her with him, yet he saw the probable consequences of her remaining; and at once, with his accustomed promptitude, he resolved on sending her to England to a maternal aunt, who had recently become a widow; her husband, Sir Frederick Thomond, the gallant captain of a frigate, having died from the effects of severe wounds received during a sanguinary contest with an enemy's ship which he captured.

It was during one of the sharpest periods of the war with France that the General came to this determination, and he was sorely puzzled as to the best mode of carrying his design into execution. The republican cruisers and privateers were constantly on the alert; and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the English ships of war, they made many valuable captures, so that merchantmen and even packets were exposed to the risk of being taken. Reports were also rife that a French fleet was then in the West Indies, watching a suitable opportunity to make a

descent upon those islands which had been wrested from the possession of the enemy by British valour.

It so happened that, while the General was in this dilemma, the Diomede of fifty guns, commanded by the Honourable Captain Montgomery, anchored in the roads, under orders for England; and, as the Governor and he had been old schoolfellows, they now very naturally renewed former friendships. The difficulty of sending Emma home was soon obviated: Captain Montgomery readily offered to undertake the charge of her, and the offer was gladly accepted.

On the day previous to embarkation, the Captain brought with him to the Government House a fine, handsome youth, about two years the senior of Emma, whom he introduced as his son, one of the "young gentlemen" of his ship; and the gallant little midshipman, having in his intercourse with society rubbed off the bashfulness of the schoolboy, tried to render himself acceptable to the Governor's daughter, whom, however, he looked upon as a helpless, spoiled darling, about to be separated from her only parent. He strove to draw her into conversation; spoke of the noble accommodations of the ship she was to sail in, of her qualities as a sea-boat, and the pleasure he should enjoy in contributing to her satisfaction and amusement whilst she remained on board. He next described the beauties of English scenery and society, of which Emma remembered nothing, and continued his endeavours to remove as much as possible the painful sensations which, as he supposed, must be excited by the thoughts of leaving her father. But, though he cheerfully persevered for some time in his generous intentions,

the fair girl could not be induced to utter more than monosyllables, and even those were evidently constrained: the fact was that her black attendants had filled her heart with pride, and persuaded her that she would degrade herself by associating with "piccaninny midshipmen." Young Augustus Montgomery, finding that his efforts to please were unavailing, desisted; and Emma, who was really pleased at his attentions, experienced a disappointment that not only made her angry, but actually rendered her imperative and insolent to the youth, who merely bowed, and withdrew to converse with an officer of the staff well known for his suavity of manners and general intelligence.

On the following morning the embarkation took place. The anchor was hove up, the sails were set; the General gave his daughter a farewell embrace, and entered his barge as the first gun of a parting salute was fired; but the stern old warrior valued it not: his feelings as a bereaved father prevailed over all others, and the ceremony seemed a mockery of his distress. Emma watched the boat till it touched the shore. The tears were trickling down her pale face; she had no one to whom she could communicate her sorrows, for the attendants were too busy about their own concerns to heed her expressions of regret; Captain Montgomery was engaged in navigating his ship; every officer was at his proper station; and the fair mourner felt a desolation and a want of friendly greeting in her very soul. She could no longer see her former residence; the island itself was rapidly fading away in the distance; and, burying her face in her hands, she sobbed convulsively. It was at

this moment that a gentle pressure of the arm aroused her, and, raising her head, she beheld the mild and commiserating look of Augustus Montgomery fixed earnestly upon her. His eyes too were suffused with tears, which he dashed hastily away, and, bending down, impressed a kiss upon the cheek of the sorrowing child. Never did encouragement come more gratefully to the human breast in the period of affliction than that which thrilled through the fair girl at this unlooked-for kindness from one whom she had treated with disrespect. She indulged in no resentment for the familiarity — it was a pure and holy offering; and, throwing her arms round his neck, in the sudden impulse of one in tribulation who has unexpectedly found a dear friend, she clung to him as the only being in existence who seemed to care for her.

Augustus had been sent by his father into the after-cabin for a chart, and beheld what has already been narrated; but a sudden recollection of his duty returned, and, pressing her to his heart and promising to return, he hurried away to the quarter-deck, and, having executed his commission, requested and obtained leave to cheer the loneliness of the Governor's daughter. And well did he execute the task he had undertaken; for he soothed her distress, brought smiles upon her features, and Emma, if not altogether happy, felt relieved by the acquisition she had made in the brotherly regard of the young midshipman. During the voyage home, their frequent companionship endeared them more and more to each other; and when, on the ship's arrival at Portsmouth, they were about to separate, deep and heartfelt was the regret of both.

Lady Thomond strongly resembled her deceased sister in mildness and amiability: she most willingly received her niece; the General exercised the utmost liberality in his remittances; the Cottage in the Isle of Wight was taken; suitable teachers were engaged; and, having no family of her own, the worthy lady directed all her energies to advance the education and improvement of her niece, both of which had not only been much neglected, but Emma had also to unlearn the false tastes and imperious habits which she had acquired. At first, this was rather irksome; but her natural sweetness of disposition, aided by the judicious management of Lady Thomond, in time subdued her repugnance to manners and customs so widely differing from those which she had been used to as a Governor's daughter in a slave colony; and she eventually became contented and happy, increasing in loveliness, goodness, and truth. Augustus Montgomery embraced every favourable opportunity of visiting the Cottage: his affections for the fair girl grew stronger and stronger; and, though but little was said upon the subject, each felt the full effects of that deathless passion which sweetens the cup of human existence.

Years passed away, and the Honourable Captain Montgomery was gathered to the tomb of his titled ancestors, leaving his gallant son a few hundred pounds and a lieutenant's commission; the latter having, however, been gained by active servitude and daring acts of bravery. But, though the young man bore an unblemished reputation, and stood high in the respect and estimation of all who knew him, his noble relatives scarcely ever noticed him personally; and in no instance did the heads of this

extremely wealthy family proffer to assist him in his glorious career. They were proud to associate his name and actions with their own; but, though aware that he had nothing but his pay to rely upon, no one stood forward as his friend. Lady Thomond could not be insensible to the growing attachment of the young couple, but she saw no just reasons to check it; and Augustus was always a welcome guest at the Cottage whenever leisure admitted of a temporary absence from duty; and, as the lieutenant was appointed to a Channel cruiser, the opportunities were more numerous than they could otherwise have been. Even when he was not at Spithead, they could on many occasions still hold communion, for the ship was often seen from the island. Emma was well acquainted with her appearance; a summer-house on the cliff and an excellent Dollond facilitated operations. Augustus had taught her the use of signals; and though he could not venture to show any flags from the vessel, yet he managed a code of his own, and the glasses were often in requisition.

Thus affairs stood when the Governor was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and ordered home to England. He arrived safely at the Cottage, was greatly delighted with the improvement of his daughter, and manfully expressed his gratitude to Lady Thomond for her motherly attention and kindness to the child of his heart. Augustus came, and the veteran warmly declared his gratification at seeing him whenever he could get ashore: nay, more; he promised to act as a father to him, in lieu of the one he had lost. All this was delightful to the young officer, and bright prospects of fu-

ture happiness danced before his mental vision—Emma, the pride, the joy, of his very soul, would be his own; fair and honourable patronage, added to his personal exertions, would open to him the way to speedy promotion. He resolved upon the line of conduct he would pursue to win a glorious name, which, he flattered himself, would be taken as an equivalent for worldly wealth. It is true, the thoughts of his poverty brought a keen pang such as he had never felt before, but it did not last long: the open, candid, and generous behaviour of the Lieutenant-General calmed his apprehensions, and his breast swelled with fervent gratitude.

The arrival of Sir Capsicum brought many visitors to the Cottage, and numerous suitors to Emma, whose beauty and supposed fortune were great attractions. Several eligible offers were made, but, to the surprise and sometimes the anger of the General, she declined them all. Among others who came was Lord Frederick Milford, a nobleman of polished exterior and manners, heir to an earldom and one of the finest estates in England, and already Lieutenant-Colonel of a crack regiment of light dragoons. He also made proposals for the hand of the fair Emma; and so unexceptionable appeared to be his person and deportment, that the beautiful girl was not a little gratified and fascinated by his addresses: but the delusion soon vanished; the remembrance of her true-hearted sailor returned with stronger energy, and real love gained the victory. Lord Frederick received a polite refusal. But the nobleman was not to be so easily repulsed: his self-esteem was wounded; his character as valued by the fair sex was at stake. He

wormed himself into the entire confidence of the General, who sanctioned his persevering in his suit, and peremptorily commanded his daughter to look upon his Lordship as her future husband. Emma considered Lord Frederick's conduct, as well as her father's mandate, with grief and indignation; the proud and impetuous spirit inherited from her sire was aroused within her, and, but for her kind aunt, open rebellion would have been the consequence. Lady Thomond, aware of her niece's partiality for Augustus Montgomery, endeavoured to propitiate matters by delay, hoping that time would give a favourable turn to the young Lieutenant's views and wishes: she therefore persuaded Emma to appear to acquiesce in some measure in her father's injunctions, so as not to draw down upon herself his vehement anger; and meanwhile the good lady proposed to embrace every opportunity to appease the General, and try to reconcile him to that which now appeared inevitable. As to Sir Capsicum himself, he never for a moment entertained a thought that the affections of his daughter were pre-engaged.

The fair girl had, with the candour of her nature, confided to her aunt every thing that had won her affections for Augustus. It is true that he had made her no offer, nor had the warmth of passion led him at any period to make an open declaration of his regard; but the position in which they were placed was so well understood between them, that neither the one nor the other doubted for a moment the love which both so fervently cherished.

The Earl of Bestwood, Lord Frederick's father, was considerably advanced in life: he was a proud, austere, avaricious man; and, though his wealth was immense, he

still coveted more, and impressed earnestly upon his two sons the advantages of marrying large fortunes, to support the pomp and magnificence which had for ages characterized the family. Nor were the young men backward in following his instructions: the younger seeking personal aggrandisement as well as property; the elder, certain of rank, looking for a larger fortune to unite with his own, that he might the better indulge in licentious courses and dissipation; for his bland and gentle demeanour was but assumed, the better to carry on his designs. The General had known the Earl from the days of boyhood: this had led to a renewal of intimacy on the return of the Governor to his native land, and hence arose the visit of Lord Frederick; both father and son being fully apprised of the great *value* (in cash and expectations) of the heiress. His Lordship had heard nothing of her qualifications, either personal or mental; it was sufficient for him that she would be extremely rich on the demise of Sir Capsicum, and that he would be enabled to gratify his love of splendour and to indulge the inordinate propensities which had been carefully concealed from the penetration of his father. As a commanding officer, he was a perfect martinet, torturing the men by a discipline as harsh as it was unnecessary and cruel, and keeping his subordinates in constant hot water by a system of espionage upon their actions, which was as subversive of confidence and respect as it was mean and paltry. Yet he was high in favour at court; and the casual glance of royalty pronounced him to be a good officer and an exemplary young man, who well merited the station which he occupied.

But when Lord Frederick arrived at the Cottage, and beheld the beautiful girl whom he had previously felt sure of making his wife, stronger feelings than those prompted by avarice came over him, and, though vain of his own handsome appearance, a few doubts arose in his mind with respect to his rendering himself at once acceptable; but he never contemplated a total failure of success. After conversing with her, and finding that she possessed a cultivated mind, his line of conduct was quickly marked out and steadily pursued, so as to dazzle the object of his ambition; and proud was he at the progress which he had made. The attainment of his hopes seemed certain: judge, then, of his surprise, when offering his hand and rank, on receiving a decided but respectful refusal. The old Earl, who understood that every thing was going on swimmingly, was more than astonished—he was enraged—that his son should be rejected, and immediately wrote to the General, imploring his good offices in behalf of the future possessor of one of the oldest titles in the peerage. Lord Frederick acted up to his father's counsels in persisting to force his proffered regards on the fair Emma, who, following the advice of her aunt, reluctantly and distantly submitted to the infliction.

Augustus had been absent several months, on account of the removal of the ship to a more distant station, when intelligence arrived of her having fought a gallant and determined action with a superior force, in which the captain had been killed, and the command had devolved upon Montgomery as the next senior officer. The event, after a desperate struggle, was in favour of the British

flag. The French surrendered; but their fire had so shattered their diminutive conqueror that it was found impossible to keep her afloat, and, on the second day after the battle, she went down, the officers and crew barely escaping with their lives to the prize, in which, however, they had safely arrived at Portsmouth. Montgomery was promoted to the rank of commander, and appointed to a fine eighteen-gun brig, then newly launched and nearly ready for sea.

The news filled Emma with a delight which she could not disguise: all the fondest emotions of her heart were called into play, and the unrepressed gratification that sparkled in her full and brilliant eyes opened to Lord Frederick, who witnessed all, a new solution to the enigma of his first rejection; but he experienced no anger and displayed no resentment. He now considered himself as the accepted of the fair girl, though in good truth her coldness to his advances rather chilled his admiration; and, but for the promised honey, he probably would have quitted the hive. A suspected rival in the field, however, roused his self-estimation; he had now an additional stimulus to exertion, and he resolved to come off victorious.

In the full and free indulgence of every noble sentiment that actuates an honest, upright, and manly heart, Augustus visited the Cottage. On entering the grounds, he was met by her on whom the thoughts of his soul had so ardently dwelt, leaning on the arm of Lord Frederick Milford. They did not appear to see him; and, before a recognition took place, he had time to observe that his Lordship was speaking in the language of persuasion, and

his companion seemed to be attentively listening. An acute and unaccustomed thrill of vexation pained the young seaman for an instant, but it was soon forgotten; when Emma, having caught sight of her lover, promptly quitted the side of Lord Frederick and bounded towards Montgomery, with her hand extended and every feature of her countenance glowing with animated pleasure, which she did not strive to repress.

The gentlemen approached each other: Montgomery's look was expressive of mortified surprise; his Lordship's indicated the pride of triumph. A distant salutation passed between them, though it was evident, from the manner of both, that this was not the first moment of their acquaintance. Restraint, however, with Augustus had no long duration: he was too happy to be near the almost worshipped Emma to yield to the domination of unpleasant feelings, and their mutual cordial greetings were warmly given and as warmly received. Even his Lordship relaxed, and tendered his congratulations to Captain Montgomery on his good fortune in action and subsequent promotion, which the other coldly acknowledged, and Emma was completely mystified.

The General welcomed the young naval hero with enthusiasm. All his latent remembrances of fights and battle-fields were revived, and, taking the youthful commander by the arm, he insisted upon his sitting down at once and recounting every particular of the engagement that had won him his step; and Augustus, anxious to secure the veteran's good opinion, readily complied. Lord Frederick proposed a further walk to Emma, but this she declined, and was supported by the authority of

her father, who directed her to be seated near her old shipmate and friend till his narrative was concluded. The young noble withdrew, on pretence that he had letters to write; and shortly afterwards he mounted his horse and rode to Newport, the head-quarters of his regiment.

As soon as decorum would permit, Augustus and Emma wandered through the grounds alone, and, after a pleasant conversation on past enjoyments, he inquired "how long Lord Frederick had been at the Cottage?"

"He is an occasional visitor," replied the rather embarrassed girl; "he frequently rides over and passes a day or two with us here; in fact....." and she stopped.

"What were you about to say, Emma?" asked the young seaman, who conjectured what was likely to follow: he then quickly added—"But no, my love, I have no right to question you; the same spotless integrity that has ever characterized your conduct assures me that you remain unchanged."

"Indeed, indeed, Augustus, I know of nothing that merits severe reprehension," responded she, "unless it is a little deception that has been practised; and even that had its origin in ....." Once more she ceased, for delicacy forbade her to add "my affection for you." But she promptly continued, after a short pause—"in an earnest wish not to vex the General..... Another time I will tell you all about it, if my aunt does not anticipate me, and I would rather that she should."

"As you please, Emma," returned the Captain; "but may I ask whether you—that is, I mean the General—is much attached to the society of my cousin?"

"Of your cousin, Augustus!" repeated his companion,

with some degree of surprise; "I really cannot inform you; I was not aware that he was acquainted with any cousin of yours."

Montgomery gazed earnestly upon the countenance of the young lady; for a moment he was incredulous; but the calm serenity that sat upon her features assured him that, however strange it might appear, she was uttering the truth.

"And do you not know," said he, "that Lord Frederick is my cousin?—that my father, whom you must remember, was brother to the Earl of Bestwood? though he was not an Earl when you came over to England in the Diomede. Surely some one must have told you?"

"I was not aware of it, Augustus, till this moment," replied Emma; "but, if this is the case, why are you, as relatives, so distant to each other?"

"It is a long story, Emma, if related in detail," answered Augustus, mournfully; "it embraces mental suffering and bodily affliction; but it may also be briefly told. When I lost my revered father, I was left alone in the world." The fair girl looked at him reproachfully, and he comprehended the reproof. "Well, well! not exactly alone, Emma, for, young as you were at the time, you were then, as you have ever been, the chief solace and delight of my existence. Oh! that I could at once declare the unbounded love that is cherished in my inmost soul for you! But, Emma, I am now, as I was before, poor, wretchedly poor! My pay and some little prize-money are all that I can call my own; it is barely sufficient for my expenses. I cannot keep company with my brother-officers, for I must and will be

just before I am extravagant, or even generous. Emma, my dearest and best love, you know not, you cannot conceive, what it has been my lot to endure:" and bitter recollections caused him to cover his face with his hands.

The language of her lover thrilled with agony through the heart of his fair companion; but it was quickly succeeded by pleasurable emotions at his declaration with regard to herself. She already knew that she was beloved by him; she had often felt surprised that he was not more explicit in his avowals, but now the whole truth flashed upon her mind — it was his poverty that had deterred him, and, come what might, she was determined to share it with him, should her father refuse his consent to their union.

"You have disclosed, Augustus, within these few minutes, circumstances that have hitherto greatly puzzled me," said she; "but tell me—for I am deeply interested in the matter — tell me what cause of difference exists between you and Lord Frederick Milford?"

"I have already informed you, Emma," replied he, "that my father, at his decease, was unable to make any future provision for me. I was almost destitute; my noble relatives would have left me to struggle with every difficulty; in fact they did so: nay, more — the Earl refused to make over a small estate, that ought to have belonged by right to my father, because there were some imperfections in the deed under which he claimed it. There are other circumstances, Emma, which I will not shock your ears by mentioning, especially as no proof can be adduced — at least, none has been discovered — of the real facts of the case. Lord Frederick is wild

and dissolute, proud and revengeful; but, dearest, I heed them not; the dread of losing you is the all-engrossing subject that fills my mind."

"But why should you lose me, Augustus?" affectionately inquired the agitated girl. "And if Lord Frederick is what you represent him to be, I will have nothing more to say to him, but discard him at once."

"Discard him, Emma!" exclaimed the young officer, looking perplexedly in her face; "discard, dearest, is an authoritative word. What does it mean? surely he has not presumed—and, yet, why should he not do so? He has rank, however it may have been attained; he has riches in possession, and large additions in prospect. All must admire and esteem you, Emma; but," he added, dejectedly, "I cannot endure the thought of your becoming his wife."

"Nor will I ever be so, Augustus," replied she firmly; "oh! why do you think so contemptibly of me!" and she burst into tears.

Montgomery pressed her to his really aching heart. He was unacquainted with the extent of what had passed while he was away, but longed to hear from her own lips all that had occurred; nor was he disappointed; she candidly told him every thing, and an oppressive weight was removed from his spirit. But with returning consciousness of her unaltered regard came also painful apprehensions that the General would never receive him as a son-in-law. Still hope sustained him; he was in the service of his sovereign, and had been rewarded by him for bravery; his reputation was unblemished; the struggles with a gallant enemy opened the path to distinction,

honour, and glory; he resolved that nothing should be wanting on his part to achieve all three; and, though he despaired of being rich, yet he did not contemplate a life of wretched poverty. These alternate lights and shades were placed in full review before the General's daughter; and, before they returned to the Cottage, solemn pledges of love and constancy had been mutually given.

Several days passed on in the sweet interchange of affectionate solicitude and thought. Augustus would have spoken at once to Sir Capsicum upon the subject, but Lady Thomond advised the exercise of patience and perfect reliance on each other, especially as the fiery Governor had manifested symptoms of suspicion, for, in fact, Lord Frederick had anonymously intimated by letter the true position of affairs.

"I am thinking, Lady Thomond," said the General, shortly after receiving the epistle, which he made no secret of—"I am thinking that it is time for Emma to come to some decision respecting Milford. Zounds! I do not understand this shilly-shally work; my way has been to storm where the parties would not capitulate or surrender; and she shall have him before long, or I'll know the reason why. Ods blood! my lady, do you think legal commands are to be thus trifled with!"

"But, if there is no real attachment between the young couple, Sir Capsicum, I trust you would not press a marriage against poor Emma's inclination."

"There—there you go with your 'real attachments' and your 'inclinations,' as if a young and dutiful child, like Emma, was privileged to cherish either the one or the other in defiance of the orders — ay, written orders,

too — of a fond father. Nonsense, my lady; nature revolts at the idea. I have provided her a handsome young fellow — a Lord, too! and, though it is a rather delicate point insisting upon the thing, I say she *shall* be his wife."

"I fear it will never come to pass," answered the lady; "I have every reason to suppose that her affections are pre-engaged."

"Pre-engaged!" uttered the General, with vehemence. "Pre-and-fiddlestick! my lady — pre-engaged, indeed! the thing is impossible, utterly impossible; it would be sheer disobedience. And, pray, who do you imagine has dared to venture upon so hazardous an experiment?"

"I will not positively assert the conjecture as a fact, Sir Capsicum," answered Lady Thomond, "but there is a young man to whose society she has been accustomed from the period of her leaving the West Indies."

"Oh! is that all?" said the General, ironically; "but I tell you again and again it is all nonsense; and, though they have been so much together, which is certainly a delicate point, they would not dare to fall in love without orders. Besides, Montgomery has nothing but his pay, and Emma will be entitled — that is, if she behaves herself handsomely — yes, she will be entitled to a splendid fortune. No, no, Lord Frederick must be her husband."

"Have you no other objections to Augustus than his poverty?" inquired the lady.

"None — none whatever," answered the ex-Governor; "he is a bold, hearty, manly fellow, and I hope I shall live to see him an Admiral — shan't want for my help, either — but as for marrying my daughter without a

gilder in the world to bless himself — no, no, it would never do."

"Oh! that a little dross, that we can neither bring into the world nor carry out with us, should separate hearts that are fondly attached!" ejaculated the lady. "You have ample means for both, Sir Capsicum. Emma is averse to his Lordship, but she loves Augustus."

"I will not believe it, Lady Thomond," responded the General; "it would be a breach of discipline that I could never pardon."

"But, my dear Sir Capsicum, have you not indirectly encouraged their attachment by sanctioning their repeated interviews?"

"That's a delicate point, truly, Lady Thomond," replied the veteran—"a very delicate point, but not sufficient warrant to excuse a breach of discipline; but I do not believe a word of it, and, *àpropos*, here they come to answer for themselves."

This, however, was any thing but *àpropos* for the young couple or for Lady Thomond, as Augustus and Emma entered the room from the lawn through a glazed door, and were instantly addressed by Sir Capsicum. "So, Captain Montgomery, there's a pretty report made against you to head-quarters—nothing short of mutiny, sir: and you, too, Emma, are implicated in the affair. But, zounds! I know there is no truth in it: however, you shall have an opportunity of denying it yourself."

"I am not aware to what your allusions tend, General," replied the perplexed Augustus, "but shall deeply regret if I have said or done any thing to forfeit your good opinion."

"Right—right! I am well convinced of it, my boy," said the veteran, with pleased self-complacency; "I knew it was all a farce; you have never dared to fall in love, as they call it, with Emma? say so frankly and at once, and then Lady Thomond will be satisfied."

Augustus was silent, and the young lady, much embarrassed, looked inquiringly to her aunt, who smiled, but gave no other indication of understanding her meaning. Not a word was spoken for upwards of a minute, when the General again vociferated, somewhat more sternly than before: "Well, Captain Montgomery, I am awaiting your reply; have you presumed to love my daughter, or have you not?"

The young officer was rather confused by the suddenness of the question; but he resolved neither to deny nor to equivocate; and he felt that it would be the best, or, at least, the most honourable course, to make a candid disclosure.

"I am sensible, Sir Capsicum," said he, deliberately, "that it must be presumption in me to love Miss Emma, whose worth so far exceeds my poor deserts."

"A delicate point, and nicely distinguished," said the General. "Augustus, you are a worthy and sensible fellow—orders must be obeyed."

"But," continued Montgomery, scarcely waiting for the veteran to finish his disjointed sentences—"but it would be utterly impossible to associate with one so good and excellent without loving her; and, if to love her is a crime, it is one which I can never repent committing."

"Eh!—what! Zounds! young man, this to my face!" exclaimed the mortified and exasperated Governor,

"treason under my very nose, in my own house, ay, my garrison, as I may call it! And you, miss—what have you to say for yourself?—come, quick, and mind the word of command."

"I will confess the truth, my dear father," replied the beautiful girl, as the blushes suffused her cheeks, and the tears started to her eyes, "I will conceal nothing; Augustus and I have long loved each other....."

"And your sanction, General," said Montgomery, as he took the young lady's hand, and both bent the knee, —"your sanction, General, is all that we require to render our happiness complete."

The rage of the veteran was smothered for a moment, to burst forth with redoubled vehemence. "Out of my sight both of you!" roared he — "a most delicate point, truly! As for you, miss, the black hole and bread and water for a month, or till you marry Lord Frederick..."

"At the risk of incurring your greater displeasure, General," said the Captain, "I must appeal to your better feelings against so harsh a decree. I can never cease to love your daughter....."

"And," continued Emma, taking up the thread with a spirit worthy of the ex-Governor himself, "that daughter would die rather than give her hand to Lord Frederick Milford."

This was worse than all. Had a dozen shells exploded before the General he would have stood unshrinking and unmoved; but to be thus addressed by his daughter was beyond the endurance of human nerves. He stood dumb with astonishment and passion; his authority was set at nought, and a defiance hurled in his

teeth in the heart of his citadel; his orders had proved to be no more than so much wasted breath. Had lightning struck him he could not have been more shocked: with a hasty bound or two, he sprang through the unclosed door, his lips quivering, and his face livid with rage.

"You must leave us, Augustus, instantly," said Lady Thomond, deprecatingly. "Trust to each other's truth, and I will carefully watch over the interests and welfare of both; but, indeed, Augustus, you must take your departure; to remain would only irritate him beyond all bounds; and, Emma, bear in mind, my love, that Sir Capsicum is your father."

Augustus would have opposed this request; but Emma, who well knew the implacability of her parent when labouring under contradiction or disappointment, joined in the entreaty of her aunt; and Montgomery, made sensible that no advantage could be gained by remaining under existing circumstances, pressed the fair girl to his heart, and, after a renewal of their solemn pledge, left the Cottage. Unfortunately, he met Lord Frederick at the outer gate, and, in the vexation of the moment, taunted him upon his unmanliness in persecuting a lady who, he was well aware, had not one atom of regard for him. This produced a retort equally discourteous; but, as the young nobleman was cool, he had the advantage over his naval cousin, who, wrung with vexation and anguish, seemed to have utterly lost his usual evenness of temper. He reviled his Lordship; and the words "dastard" and "coward" slipping out, swords were promptly drawn, and a few passes made, without injury

to either, except a scratch on the wrist of Lord Frederick, who suddenly put spurs to his horse and rode off, leaving Montgomery master of the field.

We must now pass over an interval of several months, during which Augustus greatly signalized himself, and his gallantry met with further reward. Lord Frederick persisted in his devoirs to Emma, who treated him with cold contempt. The General had relaxed in his austerity, and again indulged his daughter kindly; when, unexpectedly, orders arrived for his Lordship's regiment to embark without delay for Spain, and Sir Capsicum, to his great delight, was appointed to the command of a division of the army under Lord Wellington. All was instantly bustle; for not only did the General resolve to embark forthwith, but he determined that Emma should accompany him; and, as Lady Thomond was desirous of being near her niece, she was also included. In a few days all was ready, and they set out for Portsmouth, where they were received on board a large transport, carrying the band and staff of Lord Frederick's regiment. A fine eight and thirty gun frigate took the troop-ships under convoy: with a fair breeze they quitted the harbour, and in a few hours were running down the British Channel.

The Bay of Biscay was gained, but the weather, which had hitherto been fine, became stormy. The wind chopped round dead against them, and hurried down in fitful gusts; there was every appearance of an approaching gale, and preparations were promptly made for meeting its fury. The frigate had kept her accustomed station pretty regularly, and, as the transport in which the General and

his daughter had embarked sailed well, she was ordered to keep near the Commodore. But she was extremely crowded, and her accommodations were very little better than those usual in such ships (and what they were at the period of which I am writing many brave officers can well remember); so that, though the passengers were distinguished, yet but small comfort could be obtained. The General seemed to care nothing about it as far as he himself was concerned; but the ladies and their servants suffered terribly; and often did the veteran look at the beautiful frigate and wish they were on board of her. Nor was his wish long ungratified, for, while the gale was showing its teeth previously to a thorough set-to, a handsome barge came alongside with a polite message from the captain of the man-of-war, offering his cabin to the use of Sir Capsicum and the ladies. With his accustomed quickness and decision, the General accepted it; some baggage was hastily stowed in the boat; the General's party, including Lord Frederick, who, though not invited, chose to consider himself a member of the family, followed, and in a short half hour they were all safe on board the frigate. The Captain was not on deck when they arrived, but he ascended shortly afterwards, and, respectfully uncovering his head to the General, presented to him the noble and manly countenance of Augustus Montgomery. A flush of anger passed over the veteran's cheeks, and old resentments were kindling in his heart; a generous feeling, nevertheless, struggled with it, when he called to mind the unkind treatment which Augustus had experienced at his hands, and compared it with the generous action of

giving up his cabin for their comfort and convenience; he returned Montgomery's salute rather stiffly, but the next minute his hand was extended.

"Well, well, Augustus! — that is, Captain Montgomery," said he, "I thank you for your kind consideration —it is a delicate point, too — perhaps, had I known who commanded — but there — there; you have acted nobly, and I forgive you; delicate as the point is, Emma will be glad to see an old acquaintance."

Glad! — if the delight that was sparkling in her eyes could be taken as an evidence of gladness, her heart must indeed have been full of it; especially when Augustus respectfully offered the support of his arm, and she felt a gentle pressure of her own that thrilled through every vein. Lady Thomond was gratified beyond measure, for she loved the young man as if he had been her own son. Lord Frederick appeared to be much embarrassed: a formal salute passed between the two cousins; but, while Montgomery stood firm upon his sea-legs, yielding to the motion of his gallant ship, the young noble, affected by it, could not stand without the aid of a seaman. The Captain conducted the party below, where a pleasing comparison was drawn between the confined and nauseous space which they had quitted and the capacious and airy cabin of a fine frigate. Arrangements had already been made for every one, or there would have been but short time for them, as down came the gale with tremendous fury, and the fierce war of elements began — the proud ship riding triumphantly amidst the battle, as if appointed umpire of the strife.

The first care of Montgomery was for his frigate,

which, by the efforts of his fine crew, was soon under snug canvas, and lifting over the billows like a pintado bird off the stormy Cape. The transports obeyed the signals and evolutions of the commodore; and, though some of them were evidently making bad weather of it, yet on the whole they were in pretty good order; and Montgomery, having done his utmost to preserve it, issued his directions to his officers and then paid a visit to his passengers. The General had crossed the ocean too often to suffer much from the effects of the gale; but Emma and Lady Thomond were labouring under that utter incapability of self-exertion which sea-sickness mostly produces; nor was Lord Frederick much better than the ladies. All that kindness and maritime skill could devise was put in practice by the captain to alleviate their distress, while the anxious but impetuous father could not but be struck by the coolness and intrepidity of the sailor, as compared with what he had himself witnessed in the conduct of his titled cousin; admiration was growing into warm respect, and respect promised to ripen to esteem. Several times he was heard muttering to himself, "He is a fine fellow, a brave youth, that Augustus. Zounds! 'tis a delicate point—a very delicate point—wish he was rich, and had a title."

The day was succeeded by a dark and dreary night The conflict between the winds and waves grew more and more terrible as each in wrath poured out the increasing strength of their mighty power. The beautiful frigate, though buoyant as a petrel, frequently trembled and quivered beneath the raging seas that broke relentlessly over her; the giant spars bent like twigs, as the

weather-roll brought them in fiercer combat with the roaring winds: and thus for three days did the tempest continue unabated in its passion, the ship driving down into the Bay upon the Spanish coast. The transports were all dispersed—not a vessel of the convoy was to be seen; but shattered pieces of wreck, as they drifted past, told a tale of destruction and death.

On the fourth day, the gale appeared to be breaking, when a large ship of war was discovered amidst the haze, about three miles under their lee, and the frigate, on edging towards her, ascertained that she was of a similar class to herself: from not displaying her ensign, or responding to signals, she was at once pronounced to be an enemy; and, amidst the elemental strife, preparations were made for attacking her. But the stranger manifested no desire for a nearer acquaintance, as she too kept away, having friendly ports of shelter to leeward. Eager to frustrate this attempt to escape, Captain Montgomery ordered sail to be made, and the noble craft staggered and reeled under its pressure. About noon the sky became clearer, and the high land of the coast of Spain was visible, not three leagues distant, and they found themselves at the opening of a deep bay near to Cape Ortegal. But this did not daunt the daring spirit of Montgomery: he was well aware that to leave so powerful a foe in the vicinity of his scattered convoy was extremely hazardous to their safety, and therefore he boldly pushed on after the retreating ship, upon which he was gaining fast; and, in little more than a hour, when they were close in upon the rocks, he got alongside and opened a brisk fire from every gun he could bring to bear. The stranger had

hoisted French colours and rounded-to for the purpose of engaging; but, as she hauled up and felt the heavy pressure of the wind, her mainmast went over the side, dragging with it the foretopmast and jib-boom. Again she put away before it; but no port appeared to leeward except a narrow entrance between two lofty ridges of craggy mountains, into which she could hardly hope to enter; her head, nevertheless, was standing for it. Montgomery ran across her forefoot and raked her—the wreck of the masts encumbered her progress — down came the colours: but the English frigate was too near that iron-bound shore to take possession. Montgomery had fulfilled his duty by disabling his opponent, (who soon afterward drifted on the rocks) and now turned all his best energies to get out of the difficulty and peril which he had so gallantly incurred.

The veteran General had been witness to the whole: Lord Frederick was sick, and could not make his appearance.

"Zounds, Augustus!" bellowed Sir Capsicum close to the Captain's ear, "you did that well. Yes, yes, it was well done: pity you could not bring the fellow out—sure of knighthood then; now the point will be delicate, very delicate, indeed. However, you have my best wishes, and shall have my earnest recommendation; that is, provided we get safe out of this."

"I will use my best endeavours, General," returned the Captain; "the ship has always behaved well, and we should *never despair*."

This last was uttered with an emphasis which seemed to make some impression on the veteran; and in fact

their situation was of so perilous a nature as to require considerable talent and strong nerve to extricate them. In the eagerness of pursuit and attack, the frigate had got deeply embayed; and, as the gale rather increased than diminished, the whole line of coast, about a cable's length to leeward, presented one continued range of creamy foam. The only chance of escape was to weather the westernmost point of the bay; and this could be done by no other means than carrying a broad spread of canvas. The courses, a close-reefed main-topsail, trysail, and fore-staysail, were set upon the starboard tack; her lee broadside was under water, and she dashed through whole seas that covered her decks.

She neared the spot of greatest danger — a mass of craggy rocks, over which the breakers were beating fearfully. It was a moment of intense anxiety to all; for it was evident that, if she cleared the rocks, it would be only by very close shaving. The sun was going down amidst an angry glare of clouds that crimsoned the horizon and threw its ruddy tints upon the boiling surge. Nearly three hundred living souls, encompassed within those wooden walls, might in a single instant be hurled into eternity; and there the sturdy seamen stood, awaiting in stern silence the result of their Captain's skill. The General was thinking of his daughter with all the feelings of a father.

"Will she do it, Augustus? will she weather it?" he asked. "We do not open it: it is a delicate point, indeed."

"But it is steep-to, sir," answered the Captain; "and, if our sticks and canvas will but hold, I have yet hopes."

At this moment, a heavy broken sea came in over the starboard quarter, and rent the stern of the boat that was hanging at the after-davits clean away. Still onward dashed the noble ship; and, had but a tack, or a sheet, or a mast, been carried away, her bones would very soon have been picked up in small pieces along-shore. At length they were close to the rocks; and, according to the General's phraseology, a truly "delicate point" it was. The broken and bubbling waters came hissing and dashing over them. For several minutes it was a matter of doubt whether she would accomplish the hazardous undertaking. Death, in the most horrible form, was under their lee, whilst, half a cable's length a-head, all was clear and open, and they could see a stranger on the weather bow (to whom the colours were hoisted) in perfect safety, going away free.[1]

The point was gained: all stood in breathless attention—a man might have easily pitched a biscuit and hit the rock—the raging surge was bursting over them: but Augustus knew the admirable qualities of his ship, and that the recoil was in her favour, though it buried her in spray. She did not wait to surmount the waves, but clave them in twain, till the danger was weathered; and then, as the helm was put up, like a fine water-dog, she shook herself from the seas, and bore away to the open ocean. A shout of delight would probably have arisen, but the people looked at their Captain, whose hands were clasped together in fervent gratitude to Heaven.

"You have done it, Augustus, you have done it!" ex-

[1] This is the moment which my worthy friend, E. Duncan, has selected for his admirable picture.—THE OLD SAILOR.

claimed the General, seizing the Captain's arm. "Zounds! it has been a severe struggle—but the delicate point is mastered, and she's your own, my boy—she's your own!"

"I am happy to have gained your approbation, General," said the Captain; "the frigate, under the blessing of Heaven, is now our own."

"No, no," eagerly responded the veteran; "I do not mean the frigate, but Emma: yes, Emma is your own; you shall have her, boy—you shall have her; for you are worthy of her. I have had my misgivings ever since Lord Frederick ran away from you at the Cottage-gate: but it was a delicate point, my good fellow—a very delicate point. That is all over now. Go and tell her what I say, and let her know that we are in safety. There—there—no acknowledgments; away with you—away."

Need I say any thing of the happiness of two attached hearts, thus sanctioned in their love? No; it is not necessary for me to add more than that the gale abated; the convoy, though much damaged, were collected together; the port was ultimately gained; a regimental chaplain united Augustus and Emma; the General assumed his command, whilst Lord Frederick's health was so much deranged by the voyage that he was compelled to be sent home just on the eve of a great battle. Malicious rumours arose which spoke of another cause for leaving the army at so important a moment; but it would be hazardous to mention them, because speaking after other people is always "a delicate point."

THE NOVICE.

BY MISS SKELTON.

'Tis a gay and gorgeous chamber,
  Full of all things rich and rare;
There a maiden sits, and braideth
  Snow-white roses for her hair.

Heavily the night hath fallen,
  And around is deepest gloom,
But in that gay, gorgeous chamber
  All is scent, and light, and bloom.

There are flowers of choicest fragrance,
  There are gems of priceless worth:
She herself a costlier jewel—
  She a flower of brighter birth.

Round about her brow the pearl-drops
  Shine with faint and dying gleam;
Glittering diamonds heaped before her,
  Sparkle with a broader beam.

'Tis no bridal wreath she twineth,
Though so young, so bright, so fair.
No!—a Novice sits and braideth
Snow-white roses for her hair.

Her's are many rich possessions—
These are but a little part;
She has gold, and lands, and station,
Noble name, and spotless heart.

Her's the lip, whose silence speaketh;
Her's the eye, whose quiet light
Telleth of a soul within her,
Full of love, and full of might.

She, with all this perfect beauty—
She, with all this quenchless love,
Turns her spirit's deep affections
From the earth to things above;

For those eyes, so calm, so holy,
Have been dimmed with bitter tears;
And her heart hath gained experience—
Old in sorrow, young in years.

She hath found that love may perish;
She hath found that friends may fail;
She has seen the bright form languish,
And the rosy cheek grow pale.

Death and falsehood have been with her;
She is weary of the past;
She will leave all this behind her;
She will seek for rest at last.

In that narrow convent cloister,
Where no worldly sorrows come,
Where the voice of passion slumbers,
And the lip of love is dumb,

Kneeling at the holy altar,
She will lay her glories down,
Putting off all earthly honours
For a bright immortal crown;

Saying, "I have found all wanting,
And my cross is hard to bear"—
Praying, "Heavy is my burden,
Take me, Mother, to thy care!

"What is rank to one who weepeth?
What is wealth to give relief?
To thy feet I bring my sorrows,
At thy feet I lay my grief.

"Bitter offerings must I render—
I have borne a bitter part—
Blighted hopes, and crushed affections,
Weary frame, and breaking heart—

"Proud aspirings, sunk to nothing—
Dreams of bliss, whose fruit was pain—
Poor returns for rich bestowings,
Deep devotion, poured in vain—

"Love, whose faith was met by falsehood—
Love, whose hopes are in the dust—
Oh! from earth I turn despairing,
Oh! in Heaven alone I trust!"

Now, in that gay, gorgeous chamber,
Where all things are rich and rare,
With sad thoughts, that backward linger,
Twines she roses for her hair;

Thinking how that wreath of roses
Soon shall deck her for the vow—
Whose fulfilment, once so dreaded,
Is her only refuge now;

Thinking how, as these shall wither,
They shall image forth her fate,
All that once was bright and radiant,
Thorny now, and desolate.

WOMAN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

'Tis said Woman's nature
  Is fickle and cold;
But never believe it,
  How oft it be told.
The flower that is blighted
  Still loves the same spot
Where its sweetness was slighted,
  Its beauty forgot.
And thus 'tis with Woman:
  Her love lingers on,
When all that first wooed it
  Hath perished and gone.

In sickness and sorrow
  She tends our lone bed;
When the friends of a morrow
  Are wearied and fled.
Man boasts his protection,
  And prates of Love's worth;
But where is affection
  Like Woman's on earth?

It lives when no other
May yet linger on;
When friend and when brother
And all may be gone!

ON USING AN ETRUSCAN VASE AS A DRINKING-CUP.

BY ROBERT SNOW, ESQ.

Talk not to me of funeral rites, of dismal tombs of earth;
This form, these colours bright, declare this cup was made for mirth.
A health to all! to living friends I pledge this goblet's flow;
And next, to those who smiled and wept three thousand years ago.

This Relic brings their joys and griefs to mingle with our own,
Though fabling Time for centuries on centuries has flown;
Methinks I see their marriage feasts, the bridegroom and the maid;
And new in earth with his crown of gold the warrior grandly laid.

I cast aside the historic page to listen to the voice
That by this cup bids humankind in brotherhood rejoice.
Then fill once more! to living friends I pledge this goblet's flow,
And next, to friends who lived and died three thousand years ago.

KATHUR NAN REAGH;

OR, KATE OF THE HEATH.

A HIGHLAND SKETCH.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

It was morning, May morning, in one of the bleakest nooks of northern Scotland, where the hawthorn buds later, and the gorse gathers its golden glories slowlier, than those sweet ushers of summer are elsewhere wont to do. But the season had been propitious; Spring had wept itself away in gentle showers, and the country was brightening under the influence of fine weather. The lonely manse of Ardersier, situated on a peninsular cliff of Nairnshire, looked not upon a scene wholly divested of beauty, though to eyes acquainted with richer shows of nature it might have appeared homely and barren; and the young, graceful girl of some seventeen years, who stood that May morning on the green hill behind the parsonage, her long, golden hair disporting in the fresh breeze, her sweet face pale, but healthful, steeped in smiles that were but the shadows flung by her heart's sunshine, deemed that no where else could nature display scenery more enchanting than that which met her gaze.

Before her, down at her feet, and it might be a mile

and a half distant, rolled the salt sea waters of the Moray Frith; the ocean, that elemental beautifier, which has the power of imparting dignity and grace to the most desolate and rugged scene, lay full in view for miles before her. The intermediate space consisted of a track extending for five miles to the town of Nairn, composed of heaths, furze, sand-hills, and occasional patches of cultivation, meagre crops of tare, rye, and oats; here and there rose the black, turf-built huts of the cottars, and occasionally the landscape was diversified by a stretch of bog-moss or a shallow loch of dark brown water; but beyond the Moray Frith, the towering rocks of Ross-shire and Cromarty, covered in parts with fir and pine, loomed grandly through the dispersing mists of morning; while Ben Wyvis, a giant among mountains, crowned with eternal snows, overtopped them all. To the left of where she stood, and two miles distant, at the base of the ridge of hills, rose the warlike bastions of Fort George, flanked on three sides by the ocean, and guarding the ferried mouth of the highlands of Inverness-shire. At the time of which we write, this peninsular garrison was not only a model fortress, but complete in its military complement of a regiment of soldiers.

The sea was calm: as far as she could discern, (and pretty Gracy Gordon's eyes were as quicksighted as they were bright) she beheld fishing-boats scudding along the coast. All at once, flinging herself down beside a clump of late primroses, the young girl, throwing back her redundant hair, dipped her fair face into the dew-heavy leaves, and, with both her small, delicate hands, lifting the sparkling moisture, began to bathe her cheeks and

forehead, laughing all the while, and talking to herself for companionship; while above her, frighted from its nest among the wild anemones, whirled up and up into the sky a lark, marvelling, no doubt, in its tiny heart, what our heroine was a-doing.

"Well, now," said Gracy"—and her voice was of so sweet a sound that the lark already seemed to meditate a fearless descent—"I shall be freckle-free all the year round, if Kate of the Heath is to be believed; but I must get up with the sun all this bonny moon of May, and wash my face in its dew, and so win a dowry of beauty, the only portion Gracy Gordon will ever have—if she have that itself," added she, after a slight hesitation, occasioned by the half-avowed belief in her charms which her words implied. "I wish *he* were promoted," cried she; "for I am sure he loves me!" and her eyes were turned towards the gloomy-looking fortress, as if by looking at it she could wile beyond its walls the unconscious subject of her thoughts. "But," continued she, "I promised to gather a nosegay of wild flowers for my sleepy cousin, and then home to breakfast, and prepare our Beltan bannocks."

And what is a Beltan bannock? In the days of yore, then, dear reader, it was the custom in the highlands of Scotland, on the first day of May, for the peasantry of each parish, or district, to assemble at an appointed spot, where a huge fire—in the Gaelic language called Bel Tein; or, as it has been translated, the "fire of Baal"—was kindled; round this burning pile much noisy revelry and hilarity prevailed, and an enormous bannock, or cake, composed of oatmeal, milk, butter, and eggs, was produced

by each individual; every cake being decorated with nine several glazed knobs raised on the surface, and intended as votive offerings to the adversary powers, natural and supernatural, whose ire they were meant to deprecate. With their faces towards the fire, the assembled crowd broke off the knobs, one by one, flinging them adroitly over the shoulder, and each exclaiming whatsoever adjuration pleased him: such as, "This I give to thee; preserve thou my sheep!"—"This I give to thee; save thou my red cow." When, in this manner, the round of their supernatural preservers had been exhausted, the real destroyers of their property were propitiated as follows: "I give this to thee, O, Small Pox! spare thou my children!—"I give this to thee, O, Fox! spare my fowls!"—"This to thee, O, Frost! spare my early barley!" and when the oblation was completed, the rite-observers sat down round the fire, and consumed the remainder of their cakes, spiritualizing the superstitious act by many potations of whisky. But at the more civilized period of which we write, the thing had degenerated into a holiday pastime for the young only, and the simple festival of fire had in it little of superstitious dread or bacchanalian wassailry.

Gracy Gordon was the only child of the widowed minister of Ardersier, a quiet, dreamy old man, absorbed in his parochial duties, his books, and his reveries; just one of those pastors "*de la vieille roche*," who, without an intention of being lax in their practical piety, become, from indolence and unenquiringness of disposition, the least fitted in the world to rear up young daughters, or to control refractory parishioners. Fortunately, the good

folks of Ardersier *were* good folks, in the main; a poor, hard-working, honest race; and if the proximity of the garrison of Fort George led to occasional outbreaks of those passions which seem to be the produce of man *en masse*, those occasions were few and far between. A sister, younger and more vigorous than himself, a widow, with one daughter, the favourite friend and companion of her cousin, conducted his household; and, under the prudent management and maternal care of Mrs. Graham, Gracy had grown up, not only a pretty, but a good, and well-educated girl, scarcely less dear to her aunt than that excellent woman's homely but kind-hearted child.

But, lo! the Beltan bannocks are baked; and, accompanied by her cousin, Marcely Graham, Gracy set out for the solitary spot which had been pitched upon as the scene of their intended orgies. It was almost mid-day ere these two happy, guileless, Highland lassies left the parsonage for the seashore, near which, in a small clump of fir-trees, exalted into a wood by the peasantry of that treeless coast, they proposed to light their Baal-fire—fearful and ominous name for that around which incantations so innocent were about to be performed. As they descended the steep hill which we have already spoken of, inhaling the rich fragrance wafted upward to meet them from the tract of heath and whins, all purple and gold, at their feet, their young hearts beat joyously; a feeling almost akin to intoxication fastened on their senses—the sinless intoxication caused by too acute a relish of external nature: but they had barely crossed the road which ran at the bottom of the brae, when, suddenly starting up from behind a way-side bush, a stout, gaunt,

ill-looking man, arrayed in the motley garments of poverty, stood before them.

"Your charity, young ladies," said he, gruffly, and in a tone rather of demand than supplication.

The speaker spoke not in the accent of the Highlander; he was a dark, strong-built, fierce-looking man, filthily clad, and bearing not so much the looks of pitiable distress as of reckless vice and hardened guilt.

Marcely Graham, startled by the unexpectedness of the appeal, uttered a short cry, and darted away, telling her kinswoman to follow; but there was that in Grace Gordon's nature which taught her to conceal the alarm she felt, and she stopped at once close to the man, looking up into his face calmly, but with a chill that sent her blood to curdle round her heart.

"I have no money with me, good man," said she; "but you shall have half of this cake;" and she began to open the basket which hung from her arm.

"No, no," cried Marcely; "here is sixpence; to break the bannock here would be unlucky. Take this;" and she gave the man the coin.

"I am hungry," growled he, "and here are no bakers' shops."

"Go up that hill," said the terrified girl; "not a couple of hundred yards thence stands the house of the minister of the parish; say that I—Grace Gordon—sent you, and you shall have food."

The man scowled a thankless reply, glared greedily first at the basket, and then at the ear-rings of plain gold with which the cousins were adorned, and wound slowly but sturdily up the sheep-track. But it was some time

ere our disturbed damsels recovered their lost buoyancy of spirits; and not until they had placed a good mile between them and the high road, and were bounding and skipping among the pathless but beautiful and elastic heather, at every step jostling up a sweet scent from a flower, or a brooding bird from her nest, did they quite overcome the terror of their encounter with the southron beggar.

A full hour spent they in sauntering up and down, gambolling here and there; for they had a long day before them, and it was sweet to take advantage of every mossy hillock that beguiled them to couch down among its pillowy luxury of verdure; and while they stooped, ever and anon, to gather now an orchis, now a sundew, and now a long streamer of the fantastic foxtail grass, it was delightful to chat about all those simple topics that fill the thoughts of the young, the pure, and the sanguine. It was only at such moments that Gracy confessed to her cousin how much she admired the handsome young ensign, whose mother had been the early friend of hers; and in return she would listen to Marcely's avowal of affection for frank John Hamilton, the well-doing young tacksman at the Hill-farm. Both the girls were fond of reading, and there was a vein of poetic feeling in the mind of Grace which, although her cousin could not wholly comprehend it, she yet sympathized with, and loved to elicit.

At length, the sound of the sea comes louder on their ears, and they are in Leitchfield wood. Taking from her arm the little basket that contained their offering, Gracy busied herself in collecting material to form a fire,

sticks, and fragments of timber flung ashore by the sea, and fir cones, and withered furze, while Marcely ran at a quick pace to the hut of an old woman, which lay a short distance off, surrounded by its patch of potatoes, kail, and gooseberry-bushes, to borrow a bit of kindled turf. Soon was the pile set a-blaze; and a strange picture might a clever artist have worked out of the scene before him—*had* it been before him, as it is before our mind's eye now—on that May day, in the Highlands of Scotland. In a lonely copse of firs, surrounded on three sides, south, east, and west, by long sheep-tracks of heath, gorse, and broom, which, but for their wealth of blossoms, might have been thought dreary, and with the sea to the north, rolling quietly but steadily in front of them, over bent-covered sands, stood two young women, with bonnets flung off and hair dishevelled, feeding a huge fire, that flared, and hissed, and blazed up into the blue air. They looked like twin and laughing priestesses of some innocent and nameless creed!

Not a dwelling was in sight; unless, indeed, it was part of the roof of the black mud bothy we have alluded to, and which looked more like a mound of dun earth than any thing else. Not even a sheep, or colt, was to be seen lounging about; but that artist might have noticed, what our merry girls noticed not, a dark and sinister Shape stealing through the thick whin bushes westward, which, as it drew near, with theft and violence scowling from its eyes, crouched down among a patch of sallows, within a few paces of the fire, at the very edge of the coppice. Later, and unseen of each other, that artist might have observed another Shape, of young and manly

bearing, which, coming from a hollow in the direction opposite to that whence the former had crept, speedily ensconced himself behind a large tree, an invisible witness of the Beltan orgies. Still later, too, our imaginary artist might have marked a third Shape, which, itself unseen, but observant of all the others, stood at a short distance behind the first intruder, and formed the most striking feature of our picture.

"Now, Marcely, dear, all is ready; let us begin," said Gracy, placing herself with her face towards the fire and the sea, towards which latter object her cousin's back was consequently turned. On Gracy's right hand stood the ambushed and handsome stranger; on her left, lurked the menacing mendicant; and behind him, that *third* Shape, a thick-set, stout old woman, fantastically arrayed in garments whose ridiculous assemblage of colours and forms announced the wandering wits of the wearer: her countenance, though bluff and homely, wore a pleasant expression, and she appeared to watch the proceedings of the whole group before her with intense interest.

"I am ready," answered Marcely.

"This I give to thee," commenced Gracy, breaking off a knob from the glazed surface of her bannock; "preserve thou the canary bird which was given me by Ensign William Lennox!" and she flung the offering over her shoulder.

The old woman glanced towards the spot where it fell, and her quick eye failed not to detect the pleased smile that lingered on the handsome face of the tree-hid stranger; a smile evidently called into being by Gracy's adjuration.

"This I give to thee," said Marcely; "preserve thou my Shetland pony."

The old woman smiled a wide-mouthed smile, for she knew that the pony was a gift from John Hamilton, of the Hill-farm.

"This I give to thee," cried Gracy; "preserve thou papa from the toothache."

"This I give to thee," continued her cousin; "preserve thou mamma from such early rising."

Gracy laughed aloud at her sleep-loving kinswoman's petition. And thus they proceeded for some time; until, altering the form of their requests, Grace again broke off a knob: "O, Sun! I give this to thee; save my face from freckles!"

"O, Frost!" said Marcely, "spare my mignonette and verbena;" but, as she was about to throw the knob, she uttered a thrilling scream, for she saw an indistinct shape behind her cousin, and in an instant Gracy felt herself encircled by the coarse, rude arms of the southron beggar.

"Your ear-rings, young miss!"

But the words had scarcely passed his lips, or pierced her ear, ere, fierce in his lion-like and protecting beauty, sprang forth from behind the tree the young stranger, who, with one unexpected blow stretching the robber at his feet, wrenched Gracy from his grasp.

"Oh, William Lennox! — is it you?" gasped the affrighted girl, and fainted for the first time in her life.

Marcely rushed in noisy bewilderment towards her cousin, and was now on her knees beside her; but the

desperate ruffian, baffled, and for a moment stunned by the blow he had received, speedily coming to himself, took advantage of the swoon which engaged the attentions of Ensign Lennox, and, rising unobserved, while their backs were towards him, threw himself violently upon the unguarded youth. The young officer was no match for the sturdy villain, who now grappled furiously with him; nor is it an effort of exaggerating fancy to suppose that, then and there, a murder would have been perpetrated, but for the sudden entrance on the scene of action of the third Shape. Striding from the concealment whence she had hitherto watched the proceedings we have attempted to describe, the old woman, with the agility of a wild cat, snatched a thick brand from the fire, and literally leaped between the combatants.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted she; "tak' that, and that, ye neer-do-weel gaberlunzie, for ear-rings, and say that Kathur nan Reagh sent it to you!" and, as she shrieked the words, down descended blow after blow of the blazing brand on the head of the mendicant, with such blinding and concentrated force as to fell him, bereft of sense, to the earth.

"O, Kate of the Heath! thank God that you are here!" cried Marcely, looking joyfully at the weird-like woman, who danced round and round her fallen foe with quaint and frantic gestures.

"Ay, my bairn, weelawuns it's just the Queen of the Heather," answered the half-witted creature. "I'm just in time for the end of the ploy! But, losh! my bonny Miss Gracy's in a fit; run to Meg Morrison's bothy, lassie; there are twa sodgers there, drinking a drap

whisky; run, for your life, and tell them their young captain wants them. Maybe the sleeping dog at my feet may wauken up again; if he does, de'il tauk me, gin I dinna ding his harns oot! Eh, sirs!" continued she, as she chafed the temples of Gracy, reclining once more in the arms of Ensign Lennox, "here's a braw piece o' wark for Beltan day! Dight the blood frae your brow, my gallant offisher, wi' this hankercher."

"Never mind me, good Kate," replied Lennox, "but look to Miss Gordon."

"Och! the fint a fear o' Gracy Gordon! her head's near the heart that her own heart's longing to lippen to. There's them that calls poor Heathery Kate a witch; but she's no that; and yet she can see that if *ye* keep honest and true, Gracy Gordon will lie at your side on your bridal night. You know, lad, what the Gaelic song says: 'Is fuar leabaidh gun choi-leabaidh'—cold is the couch without a bedfellow. But, hush! the jewel o' my heart is wakening."

"O, Kathur, Kathur!" sighed Gracy, as her opening eyes dwelt on the bluff, good-humoured countenance of the maniac, "is it true that William—that Mr. Lennox—is killed?"

And a kiss on her brow from the lips of him she loved was her reply.

Before an hour had passed, the beggarman was a prisoner in Fort George, and at the manse sat a thankful party of rejoicing friends, among whom might be seen, arrayed in three different petticoats, each several inches shorter than the other, and of three different colours, with a towering black bonnet stuck full of heather-blossoms,

the stout old woman, to whom Gracy Gordon, if not William Lennox, owed so much.

That night, the young officer was affianced to the minister's daughter; and, as Mrs. Graham commenced a strathspey on the piano, he led out the proud and delighted Kathur nan Reagh to dance a jig.

Six years have passed since the incident which has just been related; but no changes have been worked on the face of external Nature among the moors and sandhills of Ardersier. Within its manse, however, alterations have occurred: Marcely has left it for the farmhouse of her honest John Hamilton, and a new face is to be seen instead of hers—that of a rosy, laughing, little boy, who is just beginning to talk of his distant father's sword, and to delight his young mother's heart with daily evidences of such singular talent as only young mothers can detect in their offspring. That distant father is William Lennox, now a captain; and that young mother is our friend, the good old minister's daughter, Grace Gordon. Her husband has now been abroad for a long year, but another week will restore him to her fond and faithful as ever. And her father, though somewhat older, is still hale, and her aunt still kind and active; and there is yet another old friend, over whose thick-set limbs and good-humoured face the lapse of years has cast no change.

In front of the manse windows, dancing merrily to her own music, her head literally crowned with a triad of bonnets, each gaudier than the other, her nostrils grimed with snuff, her garments motley, but neither ragged nor unclean, behold Kate of the Heath!

"And where's young Master Willy this morning, my lady? He maun gie a penny to auld Kathur to buy snuff, for I hae been dancing my vera best Culloden steps, thinking a' the while that he was looking at me."

"You shall have your penny, good Kate," said Mrs. Lennox; "and just step into the kitchen; you must not go away without tasting our last brewing of ale."

"Weel, weel, my bonny lady, you're aye kind to heathery Kate; and now take my warning, and be unco careful of Master Willy, for do you ken wha I seed yestreen?"

"No, Kate!—what do you mean?"

"Weel, do you no' mind that ill-conditioned devil's buckie, yon Beltan day, wha escapit frae the fushionless sherrif's officers, when they were taking him from the fort to the tolbooth of Inverness?"

Gracy shuddered as she thought of the beggarman, and told the old woman to proceed.

"Then," said Kate, "as sure's I'm the queen of the heather, I seed him last night, though he saw na' me; and wha was wi' him but Glied Geordie,[1] the smuggler, doon in the Carse; and there canna come ony thing that's good frae sic twa scoondrels. As sure as the moorlands hae a purple gown when the bloom's on the heather, they are about nae good; but Kathur's a match for them, and can learn their grannies to make brochan.[2] Och, my bairn, dinna be feared! I'm old, but there's smeddum[3] in me yet: though an egg's small, a bird comes out of it."

[1] Squinting George. [2] Gruel. [3] Pith.

And Kate trotted away to the kitchen, taking off her topmost bonnet before she crossed the threshold, fearful of soiling it against the roof.

It was on the following day that Gracy, tempted by the mild beauty of the summer weather, threw on a light bonnet, and walked towards the Hill-farm. She had not seen Marcely for some days, and was afraid she might be ill. She would have taken her boy with her, but nurse had taken him out, and they were not to be found. Beautiful as the day was, and bright in its garb of vegetation as the whole country appeared, an indefinable oppression burthened Gracy's mind, as she slowly proceeded; and, as she heedlessly passed through a gap in a hedge, a branch, laden with white blossoms, moved by a sudden gust of wind, struck her on the face, emitting, as she thought, a low and plaintive moan. For a moment she felt sick at heart, but, speedily smiling at the ridiculous fancy which had come, she knew not why, athwart her thoughts, she advanced; still, however, according to her wont, communing with herself.

"Of what inconsistent improbabilities," thought she, "do we weave our web of imaginings, dashing over the colours of hope with unnatural incoherences! The wind soughs among a bunch of hawthorn-buds, and Weakness instantly hears in it the sigh of an omen. And yet it has often seemed to me that the trees, uttering their gracious whispers above us when stirred by the night wind, are instinct with feelings; that the flowers, which gush out into perfumed beauty beside us, have sensations to which we shut our mental perception with idiot scepticism. I have never seen an old tree of the forest felled

to the earth without a thrill of pain; every stroke of the woodman's axe has gone to my heart, as if it called forth a cry of murder. Is it a touch of frenzy, or only, as dear William used to tell me, a poetical imagination, that has always made me believe in the existence of a love in inanimate nature far surpassing that which sways the human bosom? Does it not discover itself in the wonderful sympathies which certain plants evince towards each other?—in the strange compelling passion of the sunflower for the sun, that scorches it into nothing?—in the shut-up love of the night-violet, that exhales all its essenced adoration only to the nocturnal breeze?—in the moss, which cleaves, through sun and shower, through snowdrift and ice-thaw, to the old grey stone?—and in the electric fluid, that haunts certain plants with impassioned desire, and which is noted by the sage in his night-watches to issue from the fragrant bosoms of its favourite paramours? It has seemed to me, too, that other sensations, peculiar to the living that speak and walk, were also shared by the living which speak not, spin not, walk not; I have fancied that those beautiful harebells, which are so fond of hanging their pensive heads over the brim of the brook, were bending down their sweet lips to sip the dewy kisses that floated on the bosom of the waters, or peering, with their dark blue, lover-like eyes, in their maiden curiosity, deep into the crystal stream, as though they panted to discover the mysteries over which the laughing-up liquid gurgled on in its musical loveliness."

Beguiled by such dreamy fancies, Mrs. Lennox drew near the farm-house before she was aware of her proxi-

mity; but, as she approached the door, an unusual bustle —servants running to and fro—struck her with a sense of terror. "Marcely is ill," thought she; for she observed that the servants seemed desirous to avoid meeting her, as she hurried into the little cottage-parlour. Her cousin was there, stooping over the bruised and bleeding form of a woman: that woman was — the nurse! —

"Good God!—my child!"—and the prophet-heart of the mother felt that she was perhaps motherless.

It was an alarming story. The screams of the nurse had been heard by two men who were digging clay in a pit among the thick whins that clad the whole hillside behind the cottage. They found her senseless and bleeding from many blows, but she was alone; and when the faculty of speech was restored, she related that, as she was sitting with little William beside her, weaving a chaplet of yellow broom buds, she was all of a sudden knocked down by a rough-looking man, who, finding her struggle hard, beat her on the head until she became insensible. She remembered that a second figure, wrapped in a plaid, seized the boy, whose cries, however, were instantly stifled; something, she conjectured, had been flung over him to smother the sounds of his voice. More she knew not, nor for many days was she able to rise from the bed of sickness.

But what to this was the agony of the despairing mother, who was conveyed home in a raging fever? On the next day arrived her husband: willing to afford her an agreeable surprise, he had obtained leave a week earlier than he had led her to expect; and what a reception, what tidings, awaited him! Meanwhile, aroused

justice was on the look-out for the lost child and the robber — perhaps murderer; but at the end of four days no discovery had been made. Gracy began slowly to recover, nursed and attended by her aunt, her cousin, and her distracted husband: but, oh! what painful meanings perused the bereaved parents in each other's eyes!

A week thus passed away; and one evening, as darkness began to steal over land and sea, while Gracy reclined on the shoulder of Lennox, a tap at the door aroused them. "Come in," cried the Captain; but instead of the medical man, whose visit was expected, in stalked Kate of the Heath.

"What will you give Kathur nan Reagh for this bundle of blooming heather?" cried she. "There's a blessing in it, for the fairies danced on it last night:" and in the dim twilight they could see that the old, half-witted creature carried a large burden.

"O Kate, Kate!" said Gracy, with a burst of grief, "had I taken your warning, I should not have lost my darling for ever!"

"Faith, my bonny mistress, the fiend a bit o' harm's come to the bairn," answered Kathur. "Wasna myself and the fairies to the fore, wi' the Lord's help, to take care of the boy?"

"What do you mean, Kate?" cried Lennox, starting up.

"Hush, man!" whispered Kate; "dinna bawl as if you were on the parade, or you'll wauken the fairies' darling!" and, as they gazed on her in mute astonishment, she placed gently on the couch beside Mrs. Lennox her sleeping boy, bound round and round so thickly yet

delicately with moss and heath blossoms as to look literally a fay-child, born amidst wild flowers.

O Joy! how rich in tears thou art! in tears and grateful prayers!—even as Grief is full of them, with mournful supplications! And then, as the entranced parents rejoiced over their restored treasure, Kathur, hastily divesting herself of her bonnets, commenced a wild dance, whose grotesque drollery at any other time might have caused mirth.

"O Kate! what do we not owe to you!" said Gracy, starting up and throwing her arms round the old woman's neck.

"Troth, my bonny leddy, ye just maun gie me a new bonnet, o' scarlet silk, wi' blue feathers and yallow ribbons; and maybe the Captain will gie me a puckle sneeshin."

"Yes, indeed, Kate," cried Lennox, "and a kiss too."

"Heh, sirs," said Kate, "let me dight my mou' first. I haena kissed ony body but the invisible king o' the heather sin I was made queen o' the purple muir."

"But tell us, good Kathur, how all this has come about."

And Kate told all, in her own diffuse and rambling way, as we mean to do in ours.

Kathur nan Reagh had gone to Inverness on a begging excursion, and had not heard of the loss of little Willy until two days were over; but no sooner was she apprized of the circumstance than she instantly hurried home, and, with the resolute sagacity that never failed her in moments of need, went quietly and cunningly to work. She recollected, in the sandy hills of the Carse, a wild

and desolate spot, afar from any dwelling, in which long ago Glied Geordie, the smuggler, had been wont to distil illicit whisky. At nightfall she stole to this place, not far from which, some days before, she had seen Geordie and the ruffian mendicant: she found, as she had suspected, that the subterraneous den had occupants. The beggar, the smuggler, and a gipsy-looking woman of repulsive appearance, were there, busy over a whisky-still. But it was not without perilous difficulty that Kathur contrived to escape detection; nor was it until a day or two had been spent in crafty and careful espial that she discovered from the conversation which passed between the inmates of the underground hut that the child had been conveyed to other parties of a gang of cairds, or Scotch gipsies, then occupying a ruined barn near the fishing village of Delnies, a few miles distant.

This was enough for Kate, who hastened at once to the town of Nairn, where she put the sheriff and excise officers in possession of the facts she had ascertained with so much cleverness. The Queen of the Heather was well known and well liked, nor for a moment was her story doubted. Receiving that eulogy for her prudent and daring conduct which it so fully deserved, strong parties were despatched both to the barn and the smuggling bothy in the Carse. Kate accompanied the former, and had the felicity of rescuing her darling Willy from the coarse and filthy hag to whom he had been consigned; and the only reward which she claimed for her exertions was to be allowed to place him with her own hands in the arms of his parents.

Let no one deem that Kate of the Heath is an imaginary creation; the author of this sketch remembers her well; and her death, at an advanced age, occurred but a few years back. None knew to what the loss of her wits could be ascribed, for, though living in the counties of Nairn and Inverness, she was a native of Ross-shire. Her conduct was marked more by determined eccentricity than any violent shows of maniacal passion; and when she chose, though that indeed was at rare intervals, she could work industriously. From her great and evident delight in rambling among the heaths of that part of Scotland, and from her practice of decking her person with garlands of its purple blossom, she gained the name of Kathur nan Reagh, or Katherine of the Heath; and, an enthusiastic lover of the choragic art, she would dance briskly, till within a short time of her decease, what she called her "Culloden steps," expecting, however, to receive a few pence for the feat.

Far from sharing the usual improvidence of the crazed, she was noted for a desire to gain money, and to amass her gains. Maniacs are generally known to expend on present gratifications all the pence they get, without any regard to future necessities; and if, previously to mental derangement, they possess furniture or clothes, they break every thing, and rend their own apparel. Kathur, however, had gathered and uniformly preserved a large hoard of garments, of rare diversity in texture and fashion. She had gowns and petticoats of the substantial stuffs and formal cut in vogue with our grand-dames and their mothers, down to the light fabrics worn by all ranks in our own times; and, as if desirous of

airing the several articles, she wore them in turns at church, where she regularly appeared, one day in the costume of a by-gone era, and next sabbath in a dress of modern fashion. She was seldom seen without a pile of bonnets on her head, and for somewhat the same reason that gaudy kerchiefs and ribbons are displayed by haberdashers in their shopwindows—to attract customers. Kathur begged these cast-off head-attires, and sold them again to many a lass ambitious of such adornment at a low price—sometimes as low as sixpence, when the bonnet wanted much repair, and had no trimmings. Thus our Heather Queen turned her plurality of hats and head-gear to good account, and yet her avidity for gain never caused a doubt of her honesty. Her character was in all respects unblameable, though unique in eccentricity.

She was firm and robust even at the age of threescore years and ten, boasting of her youthful speed of foot, extraordinary labour in harvest-fields, and masculine prowess. One feat she vaunted as surpassing man in strength:—in her youth she had for a wager carried on her back two bolls of barley up a steep stair to a granary-loft. Though wandering far and near in her mendicant vocation, she had a winter home with a widow woman, in the seaside hamlet of Campbelton, near Fort George. In widow Roy's cottage she died, leaving a considerable sum of money to that kind old friend, after defraying funeral charges.

GENOA.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

All cloudless are the heavens above, a calm is o'er the deep,
And, basking in the solar beams, Genova seems to sleep
In marble silence, till the glow of fervent day is o'er,
And evening brings the light cool breeze refreshing to the shore.

Then wakes the town: the sons of men, who kept the world at bay,
Come forth to kill the weary hours with idle talk or play;
But judge them not too hastily, forbear the scornful smile,
Ye listless wanderers who roam from Britain's favoured Isle!

Two thousand years and more are fled since their proud city rose,
And, though to Rome allied, succumbed to Carthaginian foes:
Strange changes through long centuries her sons were doomed to see—
Proud Carthage fell, but she survived, more glorious still to be.

Then fell the Roman power—the Goths', the Lombards' iron crown—
While her domains increased in weal, in glory, and renown;
Wide o'er the seas her argosies her red cross standard bore,
In fearless might, for trade or fight, to every distant shore.

Firm as the circling hills around, her empire seemed to stand
Resistless o'er the wide-spread deep, impregnable on land,
Till luxury and civil strife, more deadly than the foe,
Combined to check her onward course and work her overthrow.

Again she rose, but faint and weak, her pride all humbled down,
To seek protection and exist beneath a foreign crown:
Thence came revolt and frequent change, till Freedom's smothered flame
Burst forth, and all her rough rocks rang with Andrew Doria's name.

Can memory of the glorious past from all her sons have fled?
Beats there no heart to emulate the brave and mighty dead,
Who chased the pirate Saracen and tore from him his prey,
And o'er the Moorish hosts prevailed in many a hard-fought day?

Oh! judge them not too hastily, forbear the scornful smile,
Ye listless wanderers who quit our own dear blessed Isle
To roam abroad. Be ye content to scan the works of art;
'Tis not for passers-by to read the secrets of the heart.

"Give me a cause! a worthy cause!" is still the earnest cry
Of many a proud and gallant heart that pants to "do or die;"
For want of *that,* the noblest minds, like running streams that played
Clear sparkling in their sunny course, spread stagnant in the shade.

TO A BELOVED SISTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Not to the stars will I devotion pay,
Though lovely and resplendent in their sphere,
Fixed, or revolving through the changing year
In ceaseless circles round the orb of day;
Since far too brilliant the most feeble ray
Of their pure light for vision weak as mine;
Yet these their Maker's sov'reign power display,
And prove to man their origin divine!
Oh! let me worship at a holier shrine—
If holier shrine than this on earth there be—
At the pure altar of affection kneeling,
Where heart to heart, with warmest sympathy,
Pours forth the soul's full stream of fervent feeling,
As now *my* heart pours forth its love to THEE.

THE MAID OF LARNE.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan:
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.

GRAY.

In the evening, a little after dusk, just as I was leisurely entering the outskirts of the town of Larne[1] by a small bridge, I perceived two men wrapped up in dark great coats silently and attentively examining a printed paper, which was posted on a sheltered wall hard by, and which seemed much damaged by the weather, as though it had been exhibited there for many years. I passed without exciting their attention, and, placing myself in a situation where I could remain obscured by the shadow of the wall, intently watched their movements. One of them, who seemed to be of very athletic stature, and who wore somewhat of a dark, melancholy scowl on his features, paced to and fro in a very thoughtful and deliberate manner: he now and then suddenly started,

[1] The little town of Larne is situated on the extremity of the northern coast of Ireland, stretching itself very beautifully along the banks of Larne Lough. There is something very uncommon and singular in its appearance; and, with respect to scenery, perhaps its situation is as much to be envied as any in the world.

as if a convulsive pang had seized him, and would gaze on the torn paper with a fixed look of solicitude and wildness, yet totally void of terror; and then, looking round, as though disturbed by the approach of some one, walk sullenly forward, seemingly impelled rather by some invisible agency than any natural power. Soon, however, he would relapse into the deepest melancholy, and, with his eyes rooted on the ground, give, with great apparent reluctance, an incoherent answer to the questions of his companion.

There was certainly a great leaven of reality mixed up with the mystery of all this; and my curiosity, ay, more, my feelings were roused at the apparently intense unhappiness of a fellow-creature. God knows, could I have imagined for one moment that it lay in my power to administer balm to his desolate soul, willingly and joyfully would I have done it! I returned slowly to my inn, and passed a dreadful night, alternately drawing the most melancholy conclusions, and upbraiding myself for that false delicacy and indifference, which can never produce a Howard or a Wilberforce.

The next morning I rose early, and, on opening my shutters, the town appeared almost deserted by its inhabitants; and there seemed imprinted on the countenances of the few remaining an expression of curiosity and desire of information on some immediate alarm. What could have happened? I dared not refer to my night thoughts, they were too prophetic: so, dressing myself, I hastily followed a few stragglers who were hurrying down to the beach, where, on my arrival, I beheld an immense crowd gathered round a corpse which had just been

dragged from the water. Guess my horror on perceiving it to be no other than that of the taller man whom I had noticed on the preceding night. I learned that the body was already recognised as that of one who had fled from justice many years ago, and who, as I was told by a man seemingly "armed with a little brief authority," was enrolled on the police chronicles as a dangerous malecontent: this same person, having ascertained with busy promptitude that he had been seen lurking about with another the evening before, despatched his myrmidons in every direction, at the same time offering rewards for his capture. The crowd gazed sullenly on the proceedings, and only that there is a charm attending the authoritative tone of the law, many a stout arm needed no further provocation to hurl destruction on its rigid enforcer. The peasantry here are generally kind-hearted, and a kind-hearted man's feelings are easily exasperated. I gained much information from them, but I shall prefer relating the account which I received from my good old landlady.

In the year 1798, a Mr. L....., in the mature period of life, retired from a lucrative profession in the town of Larne to a small but pleasantly situated residence in the very romantic village of Glynn.[2] His new abode, which was built in the cottage style, was reared in a delightful little glen not far from the road-side: the dark blue sea, with a distant view of the Scottish coast, and the ruin of

2 Glynn, a most romantic spot, is about a quarter of a mile from Larne, and the annals of its neighbourhood are filled with traditionary legends. The unhappy wars between the M'Donnells and M'Quillans form a prominent feature in Irish history. From thence to Cushendall and onwards its fine mountains are well stocked with grouse.

Olderfleet Castle[3] immediately before it, formed the front view; behind rose an almost perpendicular cliff, which was profusely mantled over with wild flowers of various kinds, but is now chiefly planted with larch. On each side were gardens tastefully laid out, and the cottage itself was embowered in clematis and honeysuckle.

But all this was as nothing, when compared with the happiness which he derived from an only and affectionate daughter, the darling of his heart, and the pride of the whole village; to use the words of perhaps too lofty a bard, "loveliness was around her as light." The old man, amid the frequent congratulations of his neighbours on his felicity, would point to his darling child, and implore Heaven to spare the only sure comfort of his remaining days. He was often heard to say, that he had borne up against many severe calamities, had encountered many awful chastenings of Providence, had lost the dear and affectionate partner of his misfortunes; nevertheless, he would not repine at the will of his Creator, who had gilded the evening of his life with such beams of bliss. In the still summer evenings he was often seen leaning on his daughter's arm, to climb the hill, that he might gain a view of the little fishing-boats on the calm wide sea, while recounting to her various youthful perils of his own; or, admiring some beautiful flower which her gentle hand had shielded from the wintry blast, casting on her a parent's approving look, which seemed to light up her whole frame with joy.

3 Built by one of the Bissetts, a powerful Scotch family. It was here that Edward Bruce landed with the vain expectation of making himself King of Ireland. The ruin forms a fine object in the view.

In the winter she would beguile the tedious hours with her own voice of sprightly mirth, or read aloud whatever books were congenial to his mind; and often, to the merry sound of her much-loved harp, join with her young compeers in the lively dance. The paternal solicitude, the unceasing attention and the tender sympathy both in word and deed that she exhibited on every occasion, charmed every person possessed of one ray of benignity: while her pleasing and sensible conversation, her artless manners, her devoted attachment to her religion, which was Catholic, won for her the sincerest esteem and love of all who enjoyed the distinction of her society, but of none so fervently as that of young Angus Stewart.

Angus Stewart was the only son of the most opulent farmer in Magee,[4] and was regarded as a steady, promising youth by his parents, and as being particularly kind-hearted by his associates. He was a frequent inmate at the cottage of Ellen's father, and by his mild suavity of manner and sensible deportment greatly won his esteem, while the affectionate heart of the maiden beat responsive to her lover's feelings. Often were the evenings passed in telling over the dangers of the day; for frequently would he, with her brother Aleck, encounter the roughest seas while engaged in fishing.

Every thing passed on happily and successfully; till

[4] A very fertile peninsula, famous for a Druidical cromlech and a rocking stone. This is the theatre of sorcery: and the memory of Fairy Browne and sundry other cabalistic professors still terrifies the credulous inhabitants. Here is a particular breed of Irish goshawks, so famed in ancient days, that the chief rent consisted in the payment of a pair of gloves and a pair of hawks; but, since the noble diversion of hawking has been neglected, a less romantic chiefry is required.

one evening that the old man, Ellen, and Angus, were sitting under the shade of a large tree, Ellen's favourite seat, enjoying the fresh breeze of the ocean, and watching the slow and stately movements of the passing vessels, the old man cheering the hearts of the lovers with the light of his benevolent countenance, now shadowed over by an ample profusion of long silvery hair, and forming for them visions of perfect bliss, with every prospect of reality, when suddenly the sharp sound of a single bugle-blast from the streets of Larne was echoed back from their rocky solitude. At first, the reverberation, so softened by distance, added to the enchantment of the scene, till, on a nearer approach, the man who had blown the horn was heard to proclaim, in a stentorian voice, "that the rebels had assembled, a disaffection had broken out among the soldiery, a general rising from north to south had taken place," and, setting forth the names of the most respected country gentlemen as their reputed leaders, called upon "the good and brave people of Larne, as they loved liberty and the hope of plenty, to rally round their country's standard, and rescue her from slavery." The propagator of this inflammatory exhortation was immediately secured by the police; but the mischief was already done—an Irishman's feelings are easily and suddenly roused—and the town of Larne, from a state of the profoundest tranquillity, was plunged into all the tumult and disorder of a sudden rising.

The next morning shone on an assembled multitude, armed with whatever weapons they could procure, and headed by Angus Stewart. Of course, his bosom friend, Aleck L....., accompanied him in this rash expedition;

and thence fell ruin on this happy family. The old man had sat up the whole night, dissuading "the boys" from their purpose, and the beautiful Ellen knew not their full design until after their departure. They had been told that there was a grievance to be removed — they must remove it: they had been told that their country was enslaved; they already felt the chains gall their limbs: they heard, above all, of their fellow-labourers' success: they had actually "heard of battles," and burned, like young Norval, "to follow to the field some warlike lord." Thus were they hurried on in the resistless tide of mistaken patriotism: but, while they are pursuing their vain and unhappy career, let me pause a moment in the melancholy detail, and return to the anxious beings whom they had forsaken.

So soon as the youths thus self-commissioned, at the head of large bodies of men, had left the village, and before their ill-omened banner had been fanned by the farthest mountain breeze, the father of Ellen was seized, and conveyed, under a strong escort, in the route of the rebel party, to Carrickfergus, where he was closely confined, on a charge of having taken part in the conspiracy. Ellen, who implored permission to accompany her father, even to the misery of the gloomiest dungeon, was peremptorily refused; and at length, being in a slight degree solaced by the unfortunate old man, who thought that all must end well, was constrained to remain in the cottage with a few female friends, who used their utmost endeavour to cheer her stricken heart.

Thus heavily passed the time, when one night news reached Larne that a severe engagement had taken place

between the king's forces and the rebels, in which the latter, after an obstinate resistance, were defeated, and that Angus Stewart had been taken prisoner, and, as the leader of the Larne division, would certainly be hanged; a surmise which was confirmed three hours after his capture. Ellen, by some untoward circumstance, was all at once indiscreetly told of Angus's ignominious fate. She sunk to the earth. On awaking, she wildly screamed the name of Angus; and with that lone, last, searing word, her reason fled for ever! For a few hours she shrieked, and laughed, and sang alternately; but, as soon as the delirium ceased, her heart was broken; and, before the following night had passed away, her pure spirit was released from earthly sorrows and sufferings. The obsequies of one so tenderly beloved exhibited all the wild indications of almost barbarian grief.

Her father received the intelligence of her death with heroic calmness; but his mind had been worn out by the disgrace attached to his venerable character; "the iron entered into his soul;" and, on lying down to rest, he exclaimed, "Heaven be praised, I feel it now!" placing his hand on his heart; and, ere morning dawned, he was a corpse. He was buried near his unhappy daughter; and the same stone, with their initials alone cut upon it, marks the grave of both. The lands were of course confiscated; but woe to the unfortunate wight who should pollute the ruined cottage with his unhallowed footsteps! Partly from a superstitious belief, and partly through reverence for the deceased, no one dared to inhabit the house; it became, in consequence, a heap of ruins; and in this state it was when I visited it. The walls had

tumbled in, and it presented a complete wreck; grass grew where once was a garnished floor, and the garden was a complete wilderness: still, amid the wreck, many of the flowers which Ellen must have reared, bloomed among the grosser weeds; and one particularly struck me, which had formerly been in a flowerpot, but, that being broken, it grew luxuriantly from the part that was left. "May she thus blossom in heaven!" thought I to myself, and turned away in sorrow.

The same day that closed on the melancholy funeral of Ellen brought the confirmation of Angus's fate, together with his dying words, which were chiefly addressed to the loved one of his heart; and, like the undaunted Vich Ian Vohr, he died with his face turned towards the bleak mountains of his own dear North. From that time to this, no one durst rebuild the ruined cottage, or remove one stone from its resting-place: the few fine old trees still expand their withering branches; and many a time the rough fisherman, as he climbs the precipice above, sends forth a sigh from the inmost depths of his heart, as he gazes mournfully on the ruined scene beneath.

Nothing was ever heard of Ellen's brother, though a great reward was offered for his apprehension: until the body that had been dragged from the water was recognized as Aleck L..... I should conjecture that the remembrance of former days, the return to his once happy home, and the contrast of his present forlorn state, must have urged him to the consummation of so dreadful a deed. Well might the voice of pity arise from the assembled multitude on the recognition of his remains: his sister's lamentable story was revived in full force;

and I observed the tear trickling down the cheek of many a young maiden and many a gallant youth, on hearing the affecting narrative from their hoary sires. His companion had not been found when I left Larne. You may be sure that the police[5] alone were in search of him. Poor fellow! he may escape them, but he cannot escape from his own miserable thoughts.

W. H.

SONG.

BY LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

A presence terrible and sweet
Must thine be still to me:
For years I have not dared to greet
Thy smile, save tremblingly!

For years—for years—my love hath proved
Unchanging and the same.
The same!—no! more and more I loved,
As years still went and came.

Most dear!—'twas long ago, that first
Thou mad'st my soul thine own;
And still the enchanted dream I nursed,
Unwhispered and unknown.

[5] The police here mentioned form a part of a body instituted by Sir Robert Peel, when chief secretary, and distributed through every village and town of Ireland, and found on many occasions of essential service. They wear long trousers and green jackets, with a cartouch-box and belt slung across their shoulders. Their arms consist of a carabine and short sword. Some are mounted, and all seem to have a thorough knowledge of the many hiding-places among the hills.

On *earth*—(where pilgrims still we are,
Poor children of the dust!—)
Is't wrong to lavish all this care,
This over-love and trust?—

The beauty of *thy* form and face,
And of thy kingly mind,
Must stand the excuse that must efface
The faults they leave behind!

So perfect these, I feel, I know,
My soul hath little right,
To share the mighty bliss and woe
Of such a passion's might.

And yet for years its love hath grown
Towards full perfection still;
And now that soul is all thine own,
Meek watcher of thy will.

Thus being *thine*, must be the boast
That yet shall courage bring:
For, oh! the heart that loves *thee most*,
Can be no worthless thing!

And surely, whatsoe'er it be,
There it surpasseth all:
None else so well can worship thee,
Though none escape thy thrall!

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ENGAGED YOUNG LADY.

BY MRS. GORE.

Wilbury Lodge, June, 1841.

How kind of mamma to decide that I should pass at Wilbury the time of William's absence in the Mediterranean! In my present state of feeling, London would have been insupportable; and to spend the winter at Brighton with my family, after the happy, happy autumn I enjoyed there last season, a still more painful trial. The heartless gaieties of the world appear to jar upon the tranquil and saddened state of mind into which I have sunk since the trying hour of dear William's departure. I have no longer spirits, no longer self-possession for society. My sisters had begun to accuse me of being a drawback on the pleasures of the house; and I can imagine that, with tears ever in my eyes, and dear William's image constantly in my heart, my reveries must have exposed me to the ridicule of their frivolous associates.

Here, I am perfectly at ease on such points. My good uncle and aunt are too completely engrossed in their domestic pursuits to take heed of my proceedings. I shall be left at liberty to enjoy the charming scenery of

this beautiful place; and, as it was settled from the first between mamma and William's family that, during his absence, our engagement should be kept a secret, my kind host and hostess have readily adopted the idea that my proposed visit to Lancashire has no other object than that of strengthening my health by the pure air of their mountain breezes. None of my sisters could ever be prevailed upon to visit this secluded spot; and my aunt and Mr. Grumby are too much flattered at having at length one of their much-vaunted nieces for an inmate, to be curious or incredulous concerning the motives of her condescension.

To me, the simplicity of my good relatives, and the rusticity of the neighbourhood, constitute an additional charm. All I asked was quiet, for the restoration of my shattered nerves, and the indulgence of those happy hopes which render the reveries of solitude brighter and dearer than brilliant scenes of worldly dissipation. Till now, indeed, I never fully appreciated the pleasures of the country. After family prayers, we retire so early, that, though every night I devote an hour or two to the perusal and reperusal of dear William's letters, (every syllable of which is becoming gradually engraven on my heart) I am awake again at daybreak, and have already twice enjoyed the glorious spectacle of sunrise. Delicious, indeed, is the dawn of morning twilight, gradually irradiating the park beneath my window, in the dewy pastures of which the cattle lie sleeping, while the blue hills in the distance appear enwreathed and veiled in misty clouds.

Far more august, however, must be the break of day, as beheld by William on the boundless ocean! By this

time, poor fellow, he must have nearly reached Gibraltar; and often do I picture him to myself, contemplating on the solitary deck the rising orb of day reflected upon the golden waters, and involuntarily recurring to the happy twenty-fifth of May, when, for the last time, we beheld it set together from our windows in Park Lane.

Heigho! Why did I submit to my mother's prohibition against his sitting for his picture! What a treasure would his miniature be to me here! I should take it with me every morning into the woods, where at present a book is my only solace, and fancy, as I gazed upon that beloved countenance, that William was enjoying with me the sacred serenity of my solitary communings with nature. I should be happy, oh! happy, indeed! As it is, the dear locket containing his hair never leaves my bosom: and, while recalling to mind my happy conversations with the sole object of my affection, he appears still with me, still soothing me with protestations of unchangeable affection, and rewarding, by his devoted attachment, my having renounced for his sake the splendours of the world.

Sir Edward Raymond has certainly behaved most harshly and ungenerously towards us. I can understand my mother's disapproval of the match. Admired as I was during my first season in town, it was only natural she should feel disappointed at my having fixed my affections on a younger brother. Still, there are so many of us, and Jane and Julia having been out so many seasons without accomplishing their settlement in life, I am certain she would have given *her* consent, had Sir Edward had the common decency to settle a thousand a year

upon us out of his enormous fortune. But he is really so crochety an old gentleman, and has formed such singular notions and prejudices concerning London young ladies, that, when applied to by William, one would have imagined his son had thrown himself away in some disgraceful manner, instead of wishing to unite himself with a family of noble origin, moving in the best society. Sir Edward seems to think he has made a great concession in consenting to our union, if we both remain in the same mind at the close of a year; dear William pursuing his profession in the interim, and I absenting myself wholly from the gay world. But my sisters have taken it into their heads that the old gentleman is convinced that our attachment will never hold out against such an ordeal. How little do any of them know us! From the first moment of my acquaintance with William Raymond, our hearts have been absorbed in each other; and rather would I beg my bread as his wife, than form the sort of match aspired to by my sisters—a mere matter of prudence and calculation. No, no! at the twelvemonth's end, old Raymond will find us stedfast in our resolutions; and the consent will be demanded of him as a *right*, which he had better have accorded as a grace at our first application.

My aunt spends the greater portion of her day in the village, and the remainder in her poultry-yard and flower-garden. In the latter portion of her occupation I can fully sympathize. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Wilbury rosary at the present moment. Every evening, I take my seat in a small conservatory overlooking the gardens, to enjoy the delicious fragrance of

the orange blossoms, with the evening star twinkling in the serene sky above. Dear William promised me to fix *his* eyes upon that very star, every evening, at the same auspicious hour.

I often wish that Jane and Julia had some of these exquisite blossoms for their bouquets at Almack's. How well I used to look, by the way, in a *parure* of scarlet geraniums and jessamine, which I had such difficulty to procure fresh for the London balls; while here, a wilderness of flowers is running to waste, without a human eye to admire them!—for Wilbury is what is called a shocking neighbourhood. The only family within visiting distance is Sir Marmaduke Oldacre's — quizzy, old-fashioned people, not worth speaking of—and even they reside six miles off, and over a wretched road. How my uncle and aunt can have got through their long life, without visiting London more than once in half-a-dozen years, is utterly incomprehensible. For, after all, poor Mr. Grumby can never have been a William Raymond, and my aunt must have been young, pretty, and agreeable, in her time; too pretty and too agreeable to have always limited her interest, as she does *now*, to her village and her flower-garden.

October.

The shooting season is come; and I fancied that every country-house was full of company, at least during the shooting season. But the only change it brings to Wilbury is in the substitution of partridges and pheasants for geese and turkeys on the dinner-table. Nothing appears to produce the smallest variation in this secluded place.

I correct myself. The seasons, alas! vary here as elsewhere. The woods are stripped of their verdure, and the gardens of their roses, at Wilbury as elsewhere, and the hoary old avenues are already dismantled to a most dispiriting aspect. A hazy moisture prevails in the air, that seems to arise from the decaying leaves, and the very birds seem to have adopted a mournful cadence in their song. Nothing more dreary than the country at this season of the year. The provoking part of it is, that my aunt seems to take as much pleasure in her flower-garden now, when it contains nothing but glaring, monotonous dahlias, and a few half-decayed sunflowers and hollyhocks, as in the full flush of summer. She says there are more orders to be given concerning the removal of her favourite plants than at a brighter season; and every morning she is in the conservatory, making her winter arrangements, till I detest the very name of a flower. What can it all signify, so long as there is no one but herself and Mr. Grumby to look at them!

I see, by the ship news, that the dear Hermione has touched at Corfu. Though William may have been leading as secluded a life as myself, *he*, at least, has brother officers, of his own age, to converse with; and really, the eternal gout and rheumatism of Wilbury become very tedious topics, after three months' endurance. Besides, though William may complain of the monotony of a sea life, it secures him at least from those vicissitudes of weather which have converted the lovely spot that welcomed me hither into the desert now before me. My aunt expects me to take a patient interest in her village anecdotes. But, with my whole soul engrossed by the

dear object far away, how can I pretend to sympathize with the agues, scalds, and other cottage miseries, that demand her daily attention! To what casualties may not my poor dear William be doomed at this very moment! It was really monstrous of Sir Edward Raymond to oppose a veto to our correspondence. William's letters would have afforded me amusement as well as happiness at Wilbury. I have read, over and over again, all the old Spectators and Ramblers, the only amusing books in the library, which, by way of modern novels, contains Robinson Crusoe and Sydney Biddulph. The evenings are becoming too chilly to take pleasure in looking at the stars, and at night the wind howls so bitterly in the old-fashioned chimneys, that, instead of sitting up to ponder over the contents of my desk, I am glad to go to bed and sleep.

Meanwhile, Jane and Julia appear to be enjoying themselves wonderfully at Brighton — little sociable music-parties every night; and they tell me there is a much pleasanter regiment quartered there than last season —two baronets, and the heir apparent of an Irish Viscount, for whom Julia appears inclined to pull caps with my friend, Maria Fortescue. Jane assures me in confidence that he is not near so tall or good-looking as William. I am sure I wish Julia all possible success in her little flirtation; besides, Maria has always promised to be my bridesmaid, and I should be vexed to lose her.

December.

This long and cruel separation is really beginning to be too much for me! In parting from all that is dear

to me in this world, little did I understand how heavy would be the burden of such an absence! The very ticking of the old-fashioned clock in the damp old hall seems to remind me of the weight of every passing moment. For the last two months, the hills have been covered with snow. One has nothing now to tempt one out for a walk; and Sunday, which I thought a tedious day at Wilbury, is now the most cheerful of the week. We have half an hour's gossip at the Parsonage after morning service; and in the evening we catechize the children. Even this indulgence, however, will soon be at an end; for my aunt predicts that we shall shortly be snowed up, as is usually the case here for six weeks every winter, of which annoyance I really think she ought to have apprized mamma before my stay here was settled. I should certainly have found the time of William's absence far more supportable had I remained with my family and accompanied them to Brighton; though I dare say it suited Jane and Julia as well that I should be planted out of the way, here in Lancashire! They were always rather jealous of my singing; though, now that I am engaged and no longer an obstacle to their projects, any little success I might enjoy in society could be no injury to *them!*

Heigho!—another snow-storm!—The Grumbys take in only a county newspaper. How *can* people live in the country all the year round, and take in only a county paper!—Ship news a fortnight old—fashionable news a month!—Not so much as an allusion to Brighton: and I am convinced that my sisters do not tell me of half their gaieties. I have put away my dear locket in my

desk; for the gold chain was beginning to lose its colour in this damp atmosphere. But I look at it almost every day.

Heigho!—I cannot help feeling at times that, in spite of his promises to the family, William *might* have found means to give me tidings of his welfare. "At lovers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs;" and if ever there were an excuse in being forsworn, surely it is in such a case as ours. Clear enough that he considers his duty to his father as more imperative than his vows to *me*. Six dreary months, and not a line to assure me of his existence! He may be faithless—he may be married—he may be no more, for any thing I know to the contrary! I certainly think, or rather *feel*, that he *ought* to have written.

Last Sunday, Mrs. Rubric happened to mention, as we were walking home from church, that Sir Marmaduke Oldacre is expecting a nephew and niece to spend the remainder of the winter with him. It does not much signify. I dare say they are as quizzical as himself; and, at this time of year, Oldacre Court is almost unattainable from Wilbury. At all events, I suppose these people will think it proper to come to church; though the old gentleman never crosses his park gates. No matter!—To-morrow will show.

So, after all, the nephew and niece, instead of being a middle-aged man and his wife, as I had understood, prove to be young people—not more than five and twenty, at the utmost, and both single—a Mr. Oldacre and his sister—probably heirs to the old baronet's estates. They were at church this morning; but with the curtains so closely drawn that I could scarcely obtain a glimpse of them. I

saw something of a fashionable velvet bonnet: but of the gentleman not a vestige. My aunt ought certainly to go and call upon them on their arrival in the country, more particularly in so scanty a neighbourhood, where every omission is noticed. But the only time she ever took me to Oldacre Court I made such complaints of the road, that I have not courage to propose a renewal of the expedition. Yet so atrocious is the dulness of Wilbury, that I am half inclined to hazard the charge of inconsistency.

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What weather! Another Sunday, and no possibility of getting to church. All yesterday it blew a hurricane; and Mr. Grumby, in order to increase the gloominess of the day, kept reminding me of the pains and perils of those who "go down to the sea in ships" under such disastrous circumstances. As if the weather in this horrible hilly nook of Lancashire afforded any criterion for the Levant!—

Heigho! The last week has been decidedly the longest of the twenty-seven tedious ones I have spent at Wilbury Park.

After all, these Oldacres are aware that, at my uncle's time of life, much exertion cannot be expected of him; and it would have been only civil had they waved ceremony and made the first visit: the nephew, at all events; who, while an Eton boy, was a frequent guest at Wilbury when passing his holidays at Oldacre Court. I dare say he is *now* too fine a gentleman to trouble himself with the ceremonies of life towards a Lancashire squire; for, in the interim, he has been an *attaché*, it seems, at some

foreign court. A mere puppy, I make no doubt, going sulkily through the penance of a country visit to a rich uncle. Heigho!

What an agreeable surprise! While I was accusing my uncle of supineness, he had actually written to offer young Oldacre a day's shooting, with a dinner and bed, in case the weather should be unpropitious; and to-morrow this phœnix is to dine at Wilbury. How little I imagined, when the servant brought in a note at breakfast time, that it would contain such agreeable intelligence! At Wilbury, I have almost forgotten the form and nature of a billet. The letters that arrive here are of a matter-of-fact shape, denoting business and the post; whereas, every thing most agreeable in this world is arranged and written upon note-paper. I love the very look of a billet! There is one comfort, by the way, in being debarred the happiness of William's correspondence; I am not disgusted with those horrible letters I have seen arrive from the Mediterranean, smelling of quarantine. A ship-letter has always an uncouth appearance.

What shall I wear to-morrow? It does not much signify; but I have grown so thin, that the only thing which fits me is my lilac silk; and Julia writes me word that dark colours only are worn this winter. Since this man has lived abroad, he is doubtless a connoisseur in ladies' dress; and one would not appear monstrous to a stranger. I must put some dark bows to the lilac gown, and make the best of it.

* * * * *

How unkind of my aunt not to apprize me that Mr. Oldacre was a fine musician! Though there is no in-

strument at Wilbury, or, rather, worse than none, I might very easily have got up an air of some kind or other; a Scotch ballad, for instance, without music, and perhaps have afforded some pleasure to our guest in return for the delight he has given us by his admirable and most obliging manner of singing. What a pleasant evening, after those long, humdrum, worktable proses with my poor dear aunt!—I never saw a more easy, well-bred person than Mr. Oldacre; the result, probably, of a residence abroad. Sailors are the only people who derive no advantage from residing abroad. Ports rarely afford good society; or they do not remain long enough in the same place to obtain admittance into the best.

As the weather was unpropitious to shooting to-day, and the gamekeepers have promised Mr. Oldacre capital sport, I am glad to find that he has arranged to remain here to-morrow, and has written home to that effect.

* * * * *

More snow! No shooting to-day. I, however, had no cause to complain; for, instead of becoming a burden to us this morning, as most men do in bad weather in the country, or even, as an alternative, dozing away the morning in Mr. Grumby's library, our guest kindly proposed reading to my aunt and myself, while we sat at work. On finding that the newest book in the house was an edition of Cook's Voyages, he produced a novel which he had brought with him to read in the carriage: "Ten Thousand a year;" a most amusing story, to the dialogue of which he did ample justice by the spirit and variety of his intonation.

After reading for two hours, and refreshing with lun-

cheon, he was quite ready to oblige me with some of his Neapolitan songs. I never saw a more accomplished person. Even in London, Mr. Oldacre must be remarked; and here, at dull cold Wilbury, the relief produced by such an addition to our circle is indescribable. Thank goodness, the snow has continued all day without intermission! So far from being able to leave us, our gallant sportsman would not hear of sending out even a groom in such weather. He says the skies afford a sufficient apology to his uncle for his prolonged absence.

To-day we have got through nearly the second volume, though I cannot say that I was so good a listener as yesterday, being anxious to get to luncheon time, that Mr. Oldacre might oblige us with more music. In compassion to my want of an instrument, he has invited me, as soon as the weather will permit, to drive over to the Court, and practise duets with his sister. This will indeed afford a cheering variety to my Wilbury life.

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Heigho!—A winter in the country, in such a neighbourhood as this, is something of which I had never dreamed amid the happy sociability of London and Brighton. And then, Julia and Jane writing to complain of the fatigues of their winter season, and pretending to envy *me* the tranquillity and freedom of a country life! I only wish one of them would make the trial. Since Mr. Oldacre has left us, the ticking of that horrible old clock has appeared louder than ever; and the nights are so boisterous that, instead of sitting up to reperuse Mr. Raymond's letters, I not only hasten to my pillow, but lie awake there, unable to rest and pondering over

the past. How agreeably the tones of a melodious voice recur to our ears, in the silence of night! Frederick Oldacre's "Tu vedrai" is, I really think, superior to Rubini's. In the professional artist, there may be more *skill*, but the amateur possesses the far greater charm of freshness of sentiment. I wonder Sir Edward Raymond never made his sons learn music. I say *made*, for I do not believe either of them has the slightest natural taste for it. I have not stirred from the fireside since Mr. Oldacre left us. We are to visit Sir Marmaduke next week, to dine and sleep, should the weather permit. Already I am beginning to examine the glass, with as much anxiety as any farmer in the parish.

* * * * *

Is it possible that we can have been three whole days absent!—they have passed like a dream. And yet, I might well suppose them a century, every thing at Wilbury appears so changed during our absence. How dreary it all looks!—old-fashioned without being venerable, while the Old Court, on the contrary, exhibits the true stamp of honourable antiquity. What a gallery of family portraits! I could fancy a resemblance between dear Harriet Oldacre and her ancestress, the maid of honour to Jane Seymour; and Frederick is decidedly the image of one of his Admiral kinsmen, of the time of Elizabeth. I insisted on taking down some of the armour from the wall, and seeing how he looked in it to test the resemblance, and his good old uncle was quite amused with our frolic. He has invited him to spend a week with his niece, and the Grumbys have kindly consented.

Oldacre Court, March.

My week, though lengthened to nearly three, is at an end at last; and how shall I ever tear myself away from this delightful spot! I see clearly that, but for my unlucky engagement, I never need leave it again. My uncle and old Sir Marmaduke evidently planned my visit, with the view of uniting their estates in the persons of their nephew and niece; and perhaps a better assorted marriage was never frustrated by girlish imprudence. For, after all, at seventeen, when I made Mr. Raymond's acquaintance, I knew nothing of the world; and I must say I think mamma was wrong to sanction our foolish engagement, considering the humiliating opposition of Sir Edward. What happiness can I anticipate in entering a family who have conducted themselves so discourteously towards me and mine?

How I dread the leave-taking to-morrow! After our daily walks and rides, our pleasant evenings of reading and music, how difficult to say farewell! There is one comfort—the weather is now so fine that he will be able to ride over daily to Wilbury. Alas! alas! winter so nearly over, and the year of probation almost at an end! However, I suppose I cannot be *forced* to keep a rash engagement, though in honour I may refrain from forming a new one. How right was Sir Edward in saying, that first loves were so much seed sown for repentance! It would be mere hypocrisy on my part were I *now* to wear the locket.

Wilbury, April 1.

A letter from Julia — "private and confidential." Mamma has received a voluminous despatch, she says,

from Mr. Raymond, by the Malta packet, the contents of which appear to annoy her. I suppose I shall hear them in time; but Julia need not have written, unless she could give me more explicit tidings.

Frederick's horse is at this moment trotting up the avenue. I dare say he is come to ask me to ride. Poor fellow!—Another week and he will be gone; *gone* perhaps for ever! Why—why did my mother consent to my spending the winter at Wilbury?—

April 2.

Can I believe my senses!—William Raymond married!—actually *married* to the daughter of the Collector of the Customs at Valetta! a girl four years older than himself, and without a guinea! Flirting, it seems—foolishly flirting, in his usual heartless manner, till the family first forbade him the house, and then insisted on the marriage!—

What a blow to the pride of Sir Edward!—As for me, thank Heaven, my sense of what is due to myself will enable me to survive it! As my aunt and uncle never even heard his name, there is no occasion to vex *them* by disclosing what has occurred. We are to dine and sleep to-morrow at Oldacre Court, to take leave of the travellers. Dear, dear Harriet! already I love her like a sister.

Oldacre Court, April 3.

How surprised, how utterly amazed my sisters will be to hear that all is settled for my marriage! Frederick and Sir Marmaduke have both written, as well as myself,

to ask a consent, which we know will be readily accorded; and Maria Fortescue is invited to accompany the family party to Wilbury, to officiate as my bridesmaid. What a wise man was Sir Edward Raymond, in deciding that those who marry in haste repent at leisure! Blessings! blessings! on the surly old man, for giving me time to discover that "second thoughts are best!"

ELLERAY.[1]

BY MISS SKELTON.

Oh, lovely is the early Spring, when she clothes the earth with green;
And fair is Summer, when her show of thousand flow'rs is seen:
But to me the Spring seems brighter far, the Summer flow'rs more gay,
When they bloom and bud on the holms and braes of bonny Elleray!

Oh, if I were a mighty prince, the world at my command,
If I might ride from east to west, and choose throughout the land,
I'd dwell beneath these mountains blue, beside these waters clear,
In the halls of bonny Elleray, on the banks of Windermere!

[1] Once the residence of Professor Wilson.

And if I were a noble dame, wed to a valiant knight,
I'd say, "A boon — a boon, I pray, to please thy lady bright! —
Thy well-worn armour lay aside, and cast thy sword away,
And dwell with me for ever more in peaceful Elleray!"

How sweet to watch of this fair lake the changing seasons rise,
When Spring brings beauty to the woods and gladness to the skies;
When the yellow primrose sadly smiles from her nook of dark green leaves,
And the swallow comes to claim her home 'neath the ivy-mantled eaves!

And sweet when sultry Summer flings her scented stores around;
When all her radiant affluence glows upon the painted ground;
And the lake is like a silver sea, the hills like sapphires blue;
And the shining threads of murmuring brooks gleam the thick foliage through!

And sweet when Autumn's changing hand is seen upon the trees;
And the golden corn-riggs lift their heads to meet the rising breeze;
And a long — long moonlight night succeeds a warm and radiant day;
And the mournful rustle of fallen leaves is heard at Elleray!

And Winter, too — when skies are dark, and mountains
white with snow,
And the sullen lake, like sleeping snake, lies grim and
black below,
And a rushing sound is heard around, a sound of a
thousand rills,
And the foam and the flash of the torrent's dash is
track'd on the distant hills —

Yes; Winter, too, hath charms for me: for the laurel
leaves are green;
And the robin, with his bold, bright eye, remains to
grace the scene;
And many a tale is sung and said of the deeds of a gone-
by day;
And Christmas fires blaze glad and bright in merry
Elleray!

Oh, bonny, bonny Elleray!—My heart is with my song!
I could for ever dwell by thee, and sing thee all day long.
But now farewell — a long farewell — to all my heart
holds dear!—
To the homes and braes of Elleray, and the banks of
Windermere!

THE OLD BIRDSNEST.

Take not — take not that lone, old nest
From off my door-yard tree,
Where Memory broods with fondling breast
O'er hallowed thoughts to me!

When there the last spring blossoms hung
Their promise on the bough,
Around that nest a robin sung,
That is departed now.

And other eyes with mine were here,
To mark her daily flight,
And see her build her home last year,
But Death has quenched their light.

The buds again will dress the stem,
And there wild music pour;
The heart that once rejoiced in them
Shall beat, alas! no more.

Its spirit, with a fleeting wing,
That soared from earth away,
'Mid flowers of Paradise to sing,
Forsook her nest of clay.

Beneath the sod of springing green
The ruin's hid from me:
But let the birdsnest still be seen
Upon my door-yard tree!

H. F. GOULD.

Newburyport, Massachusetts, United States.

EMILY.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A FRIEND.

BY MRS. LEE.

Who, possessing the smallest spark of romance, imagination, or curiosity, does not delight in rambling from picture to picture in an artist's studio, and revel in the crowd of thoughts and recollections which the different objects suggest? Should it be that of a landscape-painter, the lowly and retired cottages, the dashing stream, and the watermill, recal those green pastures and shady lanes, those flower-covered hedges and broken stiles, which were the scenes of many a childish prank. The noble clump of elms seems to invite repose, as in days long gone by, when the smoking steam-engine had not blackened the leaves nor disturbed the peaceful quiet of the sylvan glades.

The old baronial hall, now leaning against an empty frame, and half hidden by a rough, but imposing sketch, reminds the beholder of the fortunes of a family long since fallen into decay, the memory of which is now nearly obliterated by some enterprising generation, that has newly started into notice, and still wears the rude colour-

ing which tinged the founder of its name. But what a train of youthful feelings do those old towers bring back! —the oaken floors and panels, the tapestry, and the subterranean passages, the most attractive of all mysteries to the wondering child; no matter how improbable the stories told of them, their length, their communication with the coast, where they end in a cave, the refuge of those fugitives who, in troubled times, made their escape beyond sea; their connection with some ancient monastery, (now turned into a manufactory) where, after some dark deed, the bold baron, hotly pursued, sought safety with the holy men, and through their intercession obtained pardon: truly, the Thames Tunnel, under the bed of a noble river, with its costly magnificence, and the years of toil and talent devoted to it, can never excite the interest which these half-choked, dark, narrow passages create.

If it be thus in the landscape-painter's gallery, how much more stirring are the thoughts engendered by the works of those who tell the tales of human beings! We stop not to consider whether Mary were guilty or not, when we see her on the canvass, bidding her last farewell to her weeping and devoted attendants; and we pause not to recollect that knights and ladies are hackneyed subjects, when we see a lovely maiden taking leave of a gallant youth, whose mailed form and nodding plumes carry us at once into the regions of chivalry, and we forget that we are in a narrow street in London, and that the date of our existence is 1843.

Then, again, in the portrait gallery, do we not long to know the history of every one whose countenance inte-

rests us; and do we not lament that the fair beings who surround us are silent precisely at the moment when we most wish them to be loquacious? The sad countenance of a young girl, whose deep mourning robes convince us that she has lost one near and dear, makes us long to soothe her griefs, could we but draw one encouraging word from her; the laughing eyes of a merry sprite, peering over her sable-clad companion, tempt us to draw her from the seclusion in which she is half concealed. But, alas! her features are all we can ever know of her, for the painter has effaced her form, in a fit of despair, at the impossibility of conveying an adequate idea of its fairy lightness; and, as we turn away with an impatient Pshaw! we are arrested by a queenly figure, whose serious and thoughtful countenance seems to reproach our momentary irritation.

I should here observe, what perhaps would have better prefaced these remarks, that I am not speaking of artists themselves, who, whatever of imagination they may put into their own pictures, view the works of others with very different feelings; and whose sober seriousness of composition, tone, breadth, &c., rob them of the pleasures which the uninitiated enjoy. It is only the latter who can feel all the pleasure conferred by the painter's gallery, and who, moreover, in its mazes may take some serious lessons home to themselves, and there learn that every picture has its shadows, whether it be one of life or of imagination.

When a young man, I had full opportunity to indulge such thoughts as I have mentioned above. I left the paternal roof at an early age, and came to London, where

I was employed all day in a dark, dirty, and to me most disagreeable house of business, to which I proceeded before the sickly light of sunrise in such a metropolis could tinge a single object with its rays; and at night I returned to an obscure lodging at the top of a house, in a street not far from Fitzroy Square. Being one of a very large and far from wealthy family, I knew that I had no alternative, and therefore made up my mind to bear the daily routine which I hated till Fortune should turn her wheel in my behalf. She favoured me, some years afterwards, by making me a junior partner in the concern; and now, in my more advanced age, I look back with gratitude on the manner in which I was enabled slowly to climb the ladder of my advancement, and on the circumstances which relieved my toil: I even think with pleasure of the time when I lived up three pair of stairs.

The apartments were secured for me by a friend; and not till the Sunday did I discover that one of the windows of the first floor gave the house a remarkable appearance, as it was at least a foot and a half higher than the others. Country-boy as I was, this mystery excited my curiosity; and, as soon as I could, I addressed my inquiries to my landlady, who informed me that the drawing-rooms were occupied by an artist, who had had the window heightened in order to obtain the light necessary for his profession. He was considerably beyond middle age, and unmarried; and, finding that I was almost friendless in the great city, he showed me much kindness, and became a benevolent protector and guide to my inexperience.

Soon after we formed an acquaintance, he moved into a house which was better suited to the affluence to which his talents had raised him; and, much to my delight, he insisted on our not being separated, and on my occupying a room under his roof. It was a comfortable apartment, leading out of his picture-gallery, to which I had free access, and where I often indulged in reveries such as I have already described; and, although my host was eccentric and rough, I learned to manage his oddities better than any one else could. Business thus became less irksome to me; and when I sometimes contrived to get through my daily task more quickly than usual, I invariably hastened home to my favourite haunt, the studio; and I am certain it very often kept me out of mischief.

Now that all traces of beauty are gone, I may say that I was a handsome, well-grown youth; and these external qualifications made my kind friend often take me for a model, which flattered my vanity, and rendered me more comfortable when I reflected on the small sum which he demanded for my lodging. I proved a most patient sitter, and felt amply rewarded when I gazed on my own form at full length, on the walls of Somerset House, under the guise of Edward the Black Prince; and not a little conceited I was when I overheard the most agreeable remarks passed upon me by a fair lady. could scarcely suppose the warrior himself to have been endowed with more graces than I possessed; but I kept both the incident and my opinion to myself.

It must be owned, however, that ledgers appeared more irksome than usual the next day; and, escaping

as soon as possible from them, I hastened home, in the hope that I might be required. The question, "What do you want here, at this time of day?" growled out, in a surly tone, however, soon convinced me that there was then no occasion for my personal charms, and I was half tempted to retreat to my own room; but I was so much accustomed to the peculiar manner of the painter, that, in defiance of the growl, I marched in, and, keeping at a distance from him, sauntered to the further end of the room. Turning round, I caught a glimpse of some folds of blue satin. Other beauty than mine, thought I, is in requisition to-day; and I was about to steal a glance at the supposed sitter, when, to my utter dismay, I caught my foot in the cord which served to open and shut the skylight. The window flew open, admitting torrents of rain, and I fell among the pictures, bringing down as many as my sprawling arms and legs could reach; these communicated the shock to others, and I was nearly buried under the heap; every time I moved my foot, the window gave a loud clap, and caused my friend's voice to steal upon my ears in any thing but sweet sounds. Extricating my head from the mass, I peeped out, to see to what extent I had exposed my awkwardness to the fair sitter; but I had been in chase of a female Will o' the Wisp, and the folds of blue satin were nothing but an ordinary mantle, thrown across a seat like those in Kensington Gardens.

At length, putting down his palette, the painter came to my assistance, and when he saw my situation, burst into a loud fit of laughter, which instantly dispersed the angry cloud upon his brow; and by the time he had

raised me, he had entirely forgotten his ill-humour. He led me to his state-chair, where I perceived that I had unconsciously retained possession of a small picture, which I suppose I had caught at when falling, on the same principle which induces a drowning man to catch at a twig; and, when about to relinquish my grasp, I found that it was a novelty to me, and as such, forgetting my fall and bruises, I examined it with eagerness.

It was a half-length portrait of a young lady, whose clear, pale complexion bespoke an acquaintance with sunny climes; her long, black, and glossy tresses, parted over a high and straight forehead, nearly threatened to hide a countenance formed to betray the deep workings of her heart and mind. There was a strange mixture of pensive tenderness and firm determination in her expression; her large, full, and loving eyes spoke of hidden sorrows, while the lurking dimples round her mouth prevented her from being classed with the sad daughters of Venus.

Heedless of my friend's inquiries respecting my hurts, I was deeply absorbed by the contemplation of this face; and was only roused by the loud, unsentimental laugh which proceeded from him, when, uttering an involuntary exclamation of pleasure, I lavished as much praise upon the artist as upon the subject, and earnestly besought him, as daylight was fast fading, to tell me who she was, and all he knew about the lovely creature whose image was before me. Observing that my fall demanded some compensation, he kindly consented to my request, and gave me the following history.

"I was once as susceptible as you are, young man, to

all the romantic feelings of enthusiasm, which were certainly not decreased by the nature of my profession, but I also knew the privations attending the commencement of a career without capital and without connexion. My charges were at first necessarily low; and, gladly grasping at any thing like employment, I had been compelled to portray only the features of the better sort of tradespeople. I could not afford to live in the fashionable part of London, and aristocratic loveliness had never yet blessed me with its presence in my studio. Had not dire necessity ruled me with a rod of iron, I would not have laboured at such drudgery; for, generally speaking, the most unintellectual features presented themselves to my daily gaze, while my mind was soaring into the regions of beauty.

"One day, while leaning on my easel, and meditating on the possibility of escaping from my thraldom, the original of that picture entered the room, leaning on the arm of a handsome youth, seemingly but a few years older than herself: the dress of both, their manner, and whole deportment, bespoke something far beyond my ordinary visitors, and to me they looked like beneficent angels. I begged them to inform me of the purport of their visit, when the gentleman immediately requested me to take the portrait of the lady, provided that I could finish it in five sittings; he added that I should make my own terms, but that the time allowed me for the likeness could only extend to the above opportunities. I assented with the most genuine delight, and, requesting the lady to remove her veil, and seat herself in the attitude she best liked, prepared my canvass and colours. With the

assistance of the gentleman, she removed her walking dress, and was evidently much agitated; but he chose her position with intense anxiety. After placing her, he said, 'I fear the lady cannot stay more than an hour at a time, and I must beg of you to do as much as you can without her presence. *My* time is quite at your service, and I will superintend your progress as often as you please, for I believe,' he hastily continued, 'that I know every turn and expression of her countenance.' At these words the lovely unknown for the first time raised her eyes, and with such a look of loving reproach that I instantly saw there were no ties of relationship between them.

"She was all that a young painter could wish for, and I felt my genius rising to the task. I deeply studied her with mind and with eye; and, as my whole heart was in the work, even my first outlines bore a strong resemblance to my subject. I was roused from my happiness by the clock striking twelve; when my sitter, hastily rising, and turning to her companion, who had seated himself on the lowest step of the platform on which she was placed, exclaimed, 'I must go this instant, Charles.' I begged for a few minutes only, but she was resolute: he seemed inclined to indulge me, but she appealed to him with her eyes, and, helping her on with her shawl, he drew her arm within his, and was about to lead her away, when I requested to know when I might again expect them. He promised to return in an hour and settle this point, and they quitted me. There was no carriage in waiting, and I watched them as they quickly walked along the narrow street in which I lived: she drew her thick veil over her

face, and seemed to shrink even from the gaze of the dirty children who were playing about, and who were astonished at the sight of such well-dressed persons.

"Curious as you are, you will readily imagine to what a state of excitement I was raised; not once had I heard the surname of either, and the little they had said to each other passed in whispers. I hoped to elicit something during my *téte-à-téte* with the gentleman, but in vain: he came back long before the hour had expired, stayed with me some time, watching every touch, and suggesting many improvements with a precision that shewed how deeply he had studied the original. He apologized in the name of the lady for her abrupt departure, assigning as a reason her anxiety to keep another appointment; but the only conclusion at which I could arrive was, that he was very much in love with the lady, and had ample means of rewarding my endeavours. After two more visits during the ensuing week, I was as far as ever from penetrating into the mystery, and with the greatest regret I reflected that only two more sittings were to be allowed.

"On the day appointed for the last, much to my surprise, the hour passed at which I expected them; they had hitherto been as punctual as the clock, and this delay seemed to be at variance with their impatience to get the picture finished. Some time after I had given up all hopes of seeing them that day, and when I was trying to make the copy for myself which you so dexterously seized upon, my servant brought me a note, couched in the following cautious terms: — 'The lady who has been sitting for her portrait to Mr. Thomson, and who was to have completed her engagement this morning,

presents her compliments, and regrets that she is unable to keep her appointment; she however hopes to give another sitting next week, and will be obliged to Mr. Thomson if he will deliver the enclosed note to the gentleman who accompanies her in her visits to S..... Street, should he call in the course of the day.' No names, no address could I find, although I turned the paper in every direction; and a dirty little boy, apparently taken from the street, delivered it at my door.

"I was obliged to console myself with the idea that the gentleman was coming, but when he made his appearance he puzzled me as much as the note did. He rushed into the room in the most hurried manner, and inquired whether the lady had been. I gave him the note, which he eagerly perused, and then seemed as calm and collected as he had before been violent and confused. He stayed some time, pointing out what he considered defects, and betrayed the utmost anxiety to push my work forward; but not a word fell from his lips which could in any way elucidate the mystery which surrounded him. As one more visit only was to be afforded, I requested him to lengthen the sitting as much as possible, because there were several finishing touches which could only be given at the last.

"I placed the chairs ready at the stated hour, and, as the minutes flew, I feared they were again going to disappoint me: they, however, appeared, each looking the picture of despair. She unfastened her bonnet in silence, and sank into her seat, without power to make any exertion. I gave her some minutes to recover, and tried to pass the interval in indifferent conversation with her

companion. On former occasions, he had been of the utmost service by enlivening my model, and causing her countenance to assume its most beautiful expressions; her dark eyes always appeared to most advantage when speaking, and her pale cheeks were always suffused with a delicate blush when she returned his animated glance. Their whispering conversation was evidently delightful to her, although she would often, and half reproachfully, try to put an end to it; but on this occasion he was wholly incapable of exerting his influence; some weight seemed to oppress him, and he was evidently unwilling to trust himself to speak. My pencil seemed to partake of this deadening sadness; and, feeling that I could not work with my usual spirit, I begged for another visit. But it was useless: the clock struck, the lady rose, and in a tone which I shall never forget, said to her companion, 'Charles, we have already stayed longer than I ought to remain: we must, indeed we must go! Remember your promise.'

"This last injunction seemed to recall him to consciousness: he obeyed in a mechanical manner; and, as they were leaving the room, my lovely incognita said to me with forced composure:—'The gentleman will call for the picture when it is ready, but, before I leave you, I must solicit your forgiveness for any rudeness of which I may have been guilty; your next sitter will, I hope, be better able to suit your convenience.' She bowed, and the door was closed upon me. Not many days elapsed before the young man came for the picture: he paid me the stipulated sum, and expressed himself much pleased with my performance. I could not intrude upon his very

evident sadness by a single question, and I was thus left without a chance of fathoming this interesting mystery.

"Years elapsed, and the only evidence which remained that these strange visits had not been a dream was the picture now before us, which is the copy I mentioned just now. I gradually advanced in my profession, and with the increasing cares attached to it I lost much of the romance which characterized my early temperament. I left my obscure lodgings at the top of the house, and inhabited a more respectable dwelling, and only occasionally remembered my beautiful mysteries. One day, however, as I was intently at work, the door opened, and a lady entered, leading a lovely little boy by the hand. She seated herself, and said she came to consult me respecting a portrait which she wished me to make of her son, and, while we were conversing, the child ran from picture to picture, making his remarks aloud: suddenly stopping for an instant, and then clapping his little hands with astonishment and delight, he exclaimed, 'I have found mamma! I have found mamma!'

"The lady smiled, and I at once recognised my incognita. 'Charles,' said she, 'you have better eyes than my friend Mr. Thomson, though he knew me long before you did; but I see that he now recognises me.' Of course I expressed my pleasure as well as conviction, and for the first time uttered a hope that I might be favoured with her name. 'Certainly,' she replied, 'for I have now no motive for mystery. I cannot claim the name which I then bore, but here comes one who will answer both for me and for himself.' As she spoke, her former companion approached, but was stopped by his son, who,

running up to him, screamed out, that 'the gentleman had stolen the picture of mamma out of the study.' Taking the child with one hand, and offering the other to me, he accosted me with a frankness which showed that concealment was foreign to his disposition.

"The interviews with my juvenile sitter were soon arranged; and during these I became sufficiently acquainted with his father and mother to be entrusted with their history. The lady was born in the West Indies, and her father, who was the owner of a large estate there, had married a fair English girl during one of his visits to her country. When this, their only child, was of an age to require those advantages of education which were not to be found in her native land, the self-sacrificing mother sent her to England, where she was placed under the protection of an aunt. Unwilling to charge herself with so responsible a task, this relative consigned her to the care of others, and only saw her during the holidays allowed at the school. It was an excellent establishment; and Emily became so attached to her instructresses, as to plead with her parents to stay with them long after the period first fixed for her return.

"She was gradually emerging from childhood, and the fruits of her excellent education were just beginning to show themselves, when the final summons came: her father had grown infirm, and her assistance was now necessary to that mother who had hitherto consulted the happiness of her child alone. That happiness was more seriously invaded by the mandate than she had supposed; for Emily's warmest affections were engaged, with the intensity of first love and of a heart which came into

being under a tropical sun. Lady Julia C..... had been her favourite schoolfellow; but, having been taken from school two years before Emily was finally ordered to return, she was allowed to invite her friend to pass a portion of each vacation with her. When Julia's marriage took place, Emily officiated as bridesmaid; and, amid the bustle attending such an event, opportunity had been found to pour a tale of love into the ear of the West Indian, which made her reluctant even to join her parents, and caused her to envy the fate of her friend.

"But an insurmountable barrier had been interposed between her and her love. Lady Julia had no mother, and the lady who had acted as her chaperon, having observed the assiduities of her brother to Emily, thought it her duty to inform the old Earl of the attentions paid by him to his fair visiter.

"It was now explained why Charles had been so frequently at home at Christmas and Midsummer, since his sister left school, and why he had been so very obliging as to convey notes and messages to that sister's friend while he was in London; and when the father's eyes were opened, his anger knew no bounds. He had been extravagant in his youth, and knew that his title required more wealth to support it than he had to leave; he had therefore resolved that his son should marry a rich heiress, and thus repair *his* follies; and he reckoned on the obedience of Charles with all the despotism of a haughty, ambitious man, who felt himself to be in the wrong.

"Accordingly, when Lord L..... returned from escorting Emily back to her school, he was assailed with ferocious words, and a threat that his allowance should

be stopped, and he should be expelled from the paternal home, if he persisted in his attentions towards the object of his affections. Respectful expostulation and entreaties were unavailing. In his rage, the father displayed his real motives; and Lord L....., fearing that a West India planter was then but little able to bestow a large fortune upon his child, had nothing to urge on that score. He, however, firmly but mildly stated that, while he possessed her affections, he never would give up the object of his choice; and, being accordingly ordered to quit his home, he proceeded to London, where, through the interest of a friend, he procured a government appointment, which enabled him to appear as a gentleman. By means of his sister, the lovers contrived to correspond; and hopes of better times by degrees stole upon them, when the summons for Emily's return again plunged them in distress.

"There could be no appeal from that which was an imperative duty; and Emily, with a sorrowing heart, bade adieu to the kind protectresses of her youth, and went to her aunt's house, there to await the sailing of the vessel which had been pointed out by her parents as that in which she was to take her passage. She would have told her love-tale to her aunt, had not the old lady become fretful and infirm, and therefore most unlikely to sanction or sympathise with her sorrow; but Lord L..... was allowed to call, as the brother of her friend.

"During one of these interviews, a plan was arranged for procuring the portrait; and, as Emily was to take some singing lessons previously to her departure, by curtailing the master of half his time, and with the assistance

of the coloured servant, who had been with her ever since she left the West Indies, the scheme was accomplished. I was chosen for my obscurity, and heard of at a shop in which I had exposed one or two of my paintings. The news of immediate sailing reached Emily on the morning in which she was faithless to her appointment with me, and the parting interview took place after her last sitting. She reached her native country in time to soothe the dying pillow of her father by her cares, and to console her widowed mother when his sufferings were at an end; but, during this time of exertion and sorrow, she found no opportunity of confiding her own griefs to her surviving parent.

"In consequence of the decreasing value of West India property, they thought that a mere competence awaited them, which might be rendered more available by continuing to reside on the estate. Their astonishment was therefore the greater when they found that Emily was heiress not only to the land on which she was born, but to a very large realized property, burdened only with the mother's jointure. As soon as that mother had recovered tranquillity, Emily told her story, and the widow wrote to Lord L..... that, if he would cross the Atlantic, he would find wife, mother, and fortune, awaiting his arrival. The old Earl was informed of this invitation, and now gladly gave his consent to his son's union with the despised school-girl. Winds and waves were propitious; the lovers were married; and in a few years, Lord L....., being able to dispose of the estate, returned with his family to England, where they were joyfully welcomed by his father and Julia.

"They had not been long settled before they sought the poor artist, who, in their less prosperous days, had afforded them so much gratification. It was in their power to aid him in their turn; and it is to their kindness and interest that I owe much of my present success. I have, since then, painted the likenesses of their descendants; and, if you will promise not to fall in love with one of the handsome daughters, I will take you to see the original of that portrait, who, notwithstanding her silvery hair, preserves much of her youthful beauty of feature, and, as she sits in her high-backed chair, and watches the sports of her grandchildren with delight, presents to me a not less interesting picture than that which I painted at least forty years ago."

THE KNELL OF THE PARTING YEAR.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

BY THE LATE HENRY D. INGLIS, ESQ.

Hark!—'tis the midnight chime;
A year hath pass'd!
Upon the steps of Time
Eternity treads fast.

To that sea, dark and still,
Bourn of Time's river,
Gone, with its good and ill—
Gone—and for ever!

DORA FENTON.

BY MISS SKELTON.

In the year 1793, there resided in Paris an Englishman of the name of Fenton. His family consisted of two children; a son, aged twenty-six, and a daughter, Dora, five years younger than her brother.

Mr. Fenton had married a lady of Irish extraction, and nearly related to some of the Irish nobility; he was himself a Catholic, and of high family. At the time when he first took up his residence in Paris, his wife was alive, and, after her death, he still continued to inhabit the land of her choice: to his children, it was home and country; for they had left England too young to retain any feeling of peculiar affection for it.

Dora has been described to me as having been fascinating in the extreme, uniting English beauty and truth of heart with all the graces of a Frenchwoman. She had been introduced into the best society that the capital afforded; she had been kindly noticed by the loveliest and most unhappy of queens; she was betrothed to one of the finest young men connected with the court; she was the idol, the darling, of her father and brother; young, beautiful, beloved, she had never known a touch of wrong, or sorrow.

During the disturbances of the Revolution, which had daily increased, and were now at their height, Mr. Fenton had, with many others, relied on the re-establishment of order, until flight from the horrors of democratic despotism was no longer possible. In a desperate attempt at escape, he, with all his family, and Henry de l'Arnotte, the lover of Dora, were seized, dragged to prison, and thence before the Revolutionary tribunal.

Their trial was short—*all* were condemned. They were to be reconducted to prison, and the next morning, at nine o' clock, to die by the guillotine. There was *no* appeal, *no* chance of mercy; Mr. Fenton's foreign extraction availed them nothing; but one favour was granted—they were not separated.

Placed in a cart, they were driven back to prison, and ushered into one of the condemned chambers, already tenanted. Their cords were taken off, and they were left. Dora, seated upon a rude stool, her head resting on the shoulder of her lover, who knelt at her feet, sobbed bitterly and vainly—alas! *how* vainly! There was no resource. Mr. Fenton paced backward and forward; his son William, his face buried in his hands, neither moved nor spoke. At last, he raised his head.

"Father, is there nothing to be done?"

"Nothing."

"Must *all* perish?"

"*All.* There is no help, my children. Dora, my darling, I think only of you. Merciful God! spare her! spare *her!*"

Mr. Fenton indeed thought little of himself: he could meet death with firmness; under other circumstances,

almost with pleasure. His race was nearly run; and, after the bustle and din of life, he had long looked forward to the grave as to a place of quiet rest; he was weary, and would lie down; but for *those* young creatures, what consolation was there for *them*, with such happiness in possession and in brilliant prospect; crowned with all the glory of beauty and talent; gifted beyond the usual lot of mortals; so loving, so formed to bless and be blessed!—what a fate had descended upon *them!*—what misery!—what despair!

Five o'clock struck—five in the afternoon. Dora had ceased to sob; her lover thought she had fainted; he raised her from her seat, and spoke to her; she answered; he had almost hoped she was dead. He seated himself upon the stool, and took her on his knee; her head leaned helplessly against his shoulder; her long, dark hair, uncurled and damp, hung down upon her neck; the whiteness of death was on her brow, but the marble was wet with the dews of living agony.

Six o'clock struck; Dora had not moved; still on her lover's knee, her head still on his shoulder. The door was constantly opening and closing again; some fresh victim was introduced, some doomed one led away; rude jailers entered, insulting the miserable with their brutal jests and coarse expressions; but Dora, once so proud and sensitive, continued in that position: all thoughts of aught save the fate before her had passed from her mind.

Suddenly, loud shrieks were heard—shouts, groans, execrations: all rushed to the narrow window. Below, what a sight met their eyes! The mob had demanded six priests to be given up to them: they butchered them

as they were thrust from the gates of the prison. The victims made no resistance; they fell in one writhing heap. One of the priests was young and handsome; as he was struck down, he raised his face to heaven, uttering a loud groan. That groan was answered — oh! by what a fearful cry! An old man, who clung wildly to the bars of the prison-window, pale, gasping, shrieking, was the father of that young priest. All gazed on him with horror, as, taking a penknife from his bosom, he stabbed himself repeatedly, struggling with those who strove to prevent him, and, falling headlong, instantly expired. The jailer, aroused by the noise, entered, and, calling an assistant, removed the body, flung some sand upon the floor, and again the doors were closed and locked.

This last scene had quite unnerved poor Dora; she became almost senseless. Her lover laid her on the pallet, and then began pacing the room with quick steps, talking vehemently to himself: now execrating the monsters who had doomed him and his to this fate; now praying, in the most moving accents, for the life of his beloved Dora; then, seating himself, he followed the example of William Fenton, and maintained a long silence. At eight o'clock, the jailer brought in some provisions for the prisoners; and, after some slight arrangements, they were again left.

And then began the night—oh! that long, miserable night! What words can describe those sufferings, that agony! How swiftly passed the moments!—how the deep chimes of one hour seemed to overtake and follow the chimes of the last!—how dear became life, while thus so near to death!

There were others in that room, who seemed comparatively indifferent to the fate that awaited them; some who had been prisoners for many days, and whose minds had long been prepared for this termination to their captivity. *Their* fortunes had been less blessed; they had less to regret, less to lose; the blow was not so sudden, therefore less hard to bear. To Dora all was chaos: the very thoughts of the morrow, the horrid mob, the bloody executioners, that raging sea of savage faces—to be dragged through these, pinioned, bareheaded—to die such a death, by such hands—the knowledge that all she loved must perish, the consciousness that they who had never parted before must now be separated, and by a wrench so cruel—all these things, crowding on her mind at once without form or order, almost took from her the faculty of reason, and quite subdued her courage and self-command.

Henry was like a caged lion, now calm, now raging with a thousand emotions, quite aware of the impotence of his passion, yet unable wholly to restrain it.

Mr. Fenton, composed and self-relying, and naturally religious, preserved his usual quiet dignity of manner, only occasionally giving way to his sorrow for his children. His son William, too proud to be otherwise than collected, fearless of death, thought only of the ignominy of a public execution, and spoke but in reply to his father, or to join his lamentations over Dora.

Then came the morning—oh! miserable morning—close of that most miserable night!—first the cold gray dawn, with its shivering, ghastly light; then the soft purple; then the rosy glow; then the broad beaming sun,

touching with his glorious golden blazonry the marble palace and the vine-clad cottage, the prison and the grave.

Morning rose upon many a heart whose hope was set for ever; on many an eye whose light would soon be darkness; on a city where each man was an executioner or a victim, condemning or condemned; on streets where the blood that flows to-day washes away the blood that flowed yesterday, only to be effaced by the blood that shall flow to-morrow; on a people, who, warring upon women and children, cast to the same death with the murderer and the felon the noble, the beautiful, and the innocent, the helpless infant, and the infirm old man.

At seven o'clock the jailer entered, ushering in one of those good priests, who, during these frightful times, still continued to persevere in their endeavours to perform their holy functions, at the imminent risk of life. He was received by the prisoners with respect and gratitude, and to all he imparted some consolation and comfort. He was struck and moved by the situation of the Fenton family, and by the youth and innocence of Dora, and did all that he could to mitigate her terror and agony. Mr. Fenton, pleased with his kindness and attention, disclosed to him his name, his residence, his friends, his circumstances, and entreated him to call upon a distant relative of his own, who resided in Paris, and inform him of his fate, and give him some directions respecting his affairs. This the good priest promised to do, as far as he might without risk to the friend or to himself.

While the priest was thus engaged with Mr. Fenton, nine o'clock struck. Soon afterwards, the jailers entered, and hastily commenced pinioning the prisoners, beginning

with those nearest to the door. Dora, feeling that the moment had arrived, and roused to sudden life by this knowledge, sprang up, and, rushing to her father, flung herself upon his heart. "Now, my father, now we part, indeed! They are coming, they are coming!" He embraced her, bending over her, kissing that dear head, pillowed so lovingly for the last time, struggling to repress his own tears; but they *would* flow; the emotion became general; all strove to clasp to those rending, bursting hearts, in those yet unfettered arms, the beloved of each. Alas! what anguish! Alas! what passion! what unimaginable sorrow!

At last, the turn of the Fenton family arrived. Dora was again with her lover: first Mr. Fenton was bound, then William, then they approached Henry and Dora: even the jailer paused for a moment at such a sight—two creatures, so beautiful, so perfect!—that last convulsive strain! But it was only for a moment: those clinging arms are torn asunder, those lips have parted, those hearts beat no more in close embrace—they have whispered their last, fond, agonized adieu.

Seated in the cart, they proceeded to the place of execution. The cart contained eight individuals besides themselves; another similar vehicle, containing ten persons, followed. The Fenton family occupied one of the benches or seats placed across the cart, Henry at one extreme end, Dora next to him. The carts proceeded at a tolerably rapid pace. Dora, bewildered, half dead, allowed her head to rest against the shoulder of her lover, who still strove to whisper words of affection and consolation; the good priest mingling in the crowd, followed the sad procession.

Passing through a street which was narrow and ill-paved, a sudden movement on the part of the crowd caused the driver to apply the lash smartly to one of his horses, which occasioned it to spring aside, drawing the cart suddenly over a stone which lay in the narrow gutter that ran down the centre of the street, and overturning it against the door of a poor shoemaker, a decent quiet man, who had managed to keep clear of all parties, and to pursue his calling peacefully in the midst of death and destruction. He had been employed by Mr. Fenton and his family for many years; and now, the first thing he saw on running to his door, was the pale, upturned face of Dora, covered with blood, and the mangled body of Henry de l'Arnotte. The rest of the prisoners, including Mr. Fenton and William, escaped unhurt: the cart was quickly raised, and the driver, impatient to proceed, called to the shoemaker, Rabaut, to know whether the wounded were dead. Of Henry there could be no doubt: the upper part of his head was almost cut off, his forehead crushed in, the blood flowing from it in torrents; therefore, Rabaut, drawing him by the heels from under the cart, said with confidence, "Quite dead;" but he leant over Dora with some hesitation, until his wife, looking closely at her, exclaimed, "Oh, quite dead! see, her head is cut open, she will never move again." The driver lashed his horses; the cart moved on; Dora was drawn partly into the shoemaker's shop. Mr. Fenton glanced at his son—his son returned the look—it spoke volumes—"She is not dead; blessings on the honest woman who risked her life to do that good deed!"

It was indeed the case. The wife of Rabaut had per-

ceived signs of life in Dora, and pitying her, and knowing her guiltless of any crime, had resolved to make this effort for her deliverance: it succeeded, and when Dora recovered from her swoon, she was in the humble but clean apartment of the poor shoemaker. For a long time she did not recognize her situation: when she did, her first inquiry was for the body of her lover; then, concerning the fate of her father and her brother. To quiet her, they brought into the house the body of Henry, once so lovely, so stately — now how changed! how disfigured! But Dora neither shrieked nor wept; it seemed as if no fresh shock could touch her now; she only gazed and gazed, and embraced the lifeless form, and kissed the cold lips, and clasped the clammy hand. She never would have ceased to gaze and weep, but the wife of the shoemaker represented the danger which they incurred; and she looked her last, she kissed her last, she embraced her last. Those eyes, so earnest, so affectionate—that heart, so fond, so faithful—that voice, so true, so adoring—were lost to her for ever.

Dora's wounds were carefully dressed by Madame Rabaut, and gradually healed under the care of her humble protectress, who trusted to the constant bustle and the crowding events of those eventful days for no inquiry being made after the bodies of Henry and Dora. No inquiry was made; her merciful falsehood was pardoned, and her kind endeavours were blessed.

The good priest, who had followed the cart and witnessed the accident, called, as he had promised, at the house of Monsieur Nicolai, the friend of Mr. Fenton: he delivered his message to him, and related the event which

accompanied the execution. M. Nicolai accordingly repaired privately to the house of the shoemaker, to ascertain what became of the bodies. Madame Rabaut, aware of the intimacy and relationship which existed between this gentleman and the father of Dora, confided to him the whole affair; and it was agreed that Dora had better remain under the care of Madame Rabaut, to whom M. Nicolai made a suitable provision, until it would be safe for him to receive her into his house.

Dora, therefore, remained with the shoemaker for many months after these events, watching from behind the blind the daily crowds conducting the victims to the scaffold, the horrid array of shivering, dying wretches, fiendish executioners, howling, savage mobs — but she beheld all without emotion. Having passed in one day, and before she had attained the age of twenty-one, from the summit of human happiness to the depths of an unknown despair, there seemed to be for her no fresh impulse of joy and no deeper suffering. In the very spring-time of her abundant beauty, intellect, youth — all fresh and untouched — she sat down a statue of marble, as marble impervious to the warmth of summer or the frost of winter; every feeling, every hope, every affection, every impulse, nay, almost sensation itself, absorbed, lost, in the contemplation, the undying remembrance of the past.

And it was always the same. Dora lived to an advanced age, and is now just departed this life, the same to the last.

M. Nicolai, according to her own wish, sent her to England, where she had powerful friends. Her father had invested large sums of money in the English funds,

which devolved to her: she became an object of interest and compassion; every effort was made to draw her forth, and induce her to turn from the past to the future, but without success. She moved calmly on, in fixed retrospect, living every day the same scenes over again, her eyes, her mind, filled always with one object; and yet with intellects unimpaired and unweakened, and with face and figure less changed than the course of time would seem to warrant. Those dark eyes were never less bright and full, and her hair never had a touch of silver. Time seemed to spare the locks which grief so bitter had not blanched, and the eyes which such tears as hers had failed to dim or blind. And thus, passing through life as through a dream, she lay down to rest at last, too full of the memory of the past, too weary of its trials to think of the future, of the way before her, as aught but a quiet bed, where she might hope to sleep, without those sights, those sounds, those ceaseless cries, that blood, that torture, to haunt her clay-cold pillow, to startle her deep repose.

MY FATHER.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"In the evening time there shall be light."

Sacred the hour when thou, my sainted Father,
Wast of thy worn-out, sinking clay undressed,
Softly, by his pale hand, who comes to gather
Time's weary pilgrims home to joy and rest.

Noiseless, and clear, and holiest of the seven,
That day when thy last earthly sun went down:
Thy Sabbath, closing here, began in heaven;
Whilst thy meek brow changed ashes for a crown.

Hush was the evening; not a zephyr swelling
Heaved the tree-blossom or the woodbine leaves;
Silent, the bird that sang about our dwelling
Slept where she nestled, close beneath its eaves.[1]

Cloudless the moon and stars above were shining,
When Time's last ray to thy mild eye was shed;
While Death's cold touch, Life's silver cord untwining,
Brought his chill night-dew on thy reverend head.

Ninety full years of pilgrimage completing,
Here didst thou linger till one Sabbath more:
'Twas holy time; thy pure heart still'd its beating;
Pain, work, and warfare, were for ever o'er!

Meet hour for one, obedient, meek, and lowly,
Wont, by command of Heaven, the day to keep,
Called, at its evening, to the high and holy,
Peaceful in Jesus thus to fall asleep!

[1] A robin had, this spring, been seen taking materials from an old nest on an apple-tree, near the door, and carrying them to the corner of the house, where she built on the top of the water-conductor, and close under the eaves, so near to my father's chamber, that, when her brood had peeped, if the window was opened, their voices could be heard in the room, while she was feeding them.

[This circumstance evidently suggested the lines, entitled "The Old Birdsnest," at page 147 of this volume.—EDITOR.]

Nature's full hand, that, on thy natal morning,
Clothed earth to greet thee in the flowers of May,
Brought them renewed, thy burial-spot adorning,
When fourscore years and ten had rolled away.[2]

Now, while the robin, past thy window flying,
Leads off her young, forsaking here her nest,
Constant the wild bird, where thy dust is lying,
Sings her sweet hymn, a requiem to its rest.

There has it joined the ashes of my mother,
Faithful, re-wedded to its only bride;
And there thy latest-born, my younger brother,
Thy fond heart's care, sleeps closely by her side.

Yet, angel-father, over Jordan's water,
Is it so far, that now thou canst not see
Back to the shore, where lonely stands thy daughter,
Sprinkling its rocks and thorns with tears for thee?

Art thou so distant, visions of thy glory
May not be granted to her mortal sight;
When she so long watched o'er thy head so hoary,
Smoothing its pillow, till that mournful night?

Since here so oft, in pain, the path of duty
Thy patient feet with steady steps have trod,
Safe now they walk the golden streets in beauty;
And, O! thy blessed eyes in peace see God!

[2] My father was born May 26th, died May 30th, 1842, aged 90 years and 4 days.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Mem'ry with the happy sleeps,
With the wretched vigil keeps;
Pond'ring o'er the past, she weeps—
Pensive Memory.

Mem'ry, then no more I'll seek
With thee of the lost to speak;
Nor shall tears bedew my cheek,
Cruel Memory.

Hope, the fairest, sweetest, best,
I'll woo to this tortured breast;
Then again I may know rest,
Free from Memory.

Come, bright Hope, and with me dwell;
Charm me with thy potent spell:
Of fair hours to come, O tell!
And I'll believe thee.

A PLEASURE PARTY.

A LONDON SKETCH.

BY ROBERT BELL, ESQ.

I. A HOUSEHOLD.

There are some streets in London which, although to all intents and purposes streets of business, have, nevertheless, a sort of fashionable reputation. Thus members of parliament who have left their wives in the country, flashy young men about town, and younger sons looking out for fortunes, consider such an address as Jermyn Street or Piccadilly quite unexceptionable. In the immediate neighbourhood of first-rate club-houses and hotels, they are suggestive of a dashing expenditure; and there are always plenty of people glad enough to take advantage, at a small cost, of such a lucky association of ideas. Fortunately for narrow incomes and high pretensions, one may indulge in a fine address, now-a-days, at a very trifling outlay. Rent is merely a private arrangement between the lodger and the landlord; the real extravagance is in the tradition that still clings to such localities.

The address is good. It has even a dissipated air of *haut ton* about it. The influence of all this upon the

sundry worthy and respectable housekeepers, who carry on their affairs in the shops, and, letting off the rest of the house, live in back parlours and attics, is rather curious. They feel that they have a right to come in for a little of the odour of the aristocratic neighbourhood. They grow familiar with titles, and gradually acquire something of the authoritative manners of the great, which they practise with considerable effect upon their inferiors. Smith of Bond Street is a very different man, in his own circle, from Smith of Tottenham Court Road. He speaks quicker and louder, snuffs the wind with a toss of the head, and orders his people about with a most lordly exaggeration of superiority. We are all creatures of imitation.

Mr. Curtis, of Jermyn Street, is a military tailor. All other tailors are *parvenus* in the eyes of the military tailor. He has to do with the chivalry of the country, and cuts his cloth like a gentleman. No man can be more conscious of the advantages of his position than Mr. Curtis; although it must be frankly confessed at once that he lives in the worst part of Jermyn Street. No matter for that: Jermyn Street is Jermyn Street.

It is about half past seven o'clock, Sunday morning, and the sun is shining down into the street as well as he can through a network of chimneys. There is not a soul to be seen, except a dim policeman, who can just be discerned by his burnished cape, standing, slantingly in the distance, against the railings at the corner of a club-house in St. James's Street. There is something unusual going on in Mr. Curtis's house. The shop-door is half open, and every now and then Mr. Curtis jerks his head

out, looks up at the sky, then down the street, then rubs his hands, and disappears. The Finch family, in the opposite house, have already had their suspicions excited. Miss Finch, with a shawl wrapped round her, as if she was in too great a hurry to wait to dress, is peeping, with uncommon avidity, through the muslin curtains of one of the drawing-room windows; for, unfortunately, the staring bill, "Furnished Apartments," announces that, at this particular juncture, the Finches have the free range of their own first floor. Every now and then she turns round, with a satirical curl on her lip, to announce to somebody behind her the result of her scrutiny. At the next window, you can detect a large head gazing stealthily through the lower panes, the body belonging to which must be painfully crippled to maintain such a position. It is a very inglorious attitude for a person of Mr. Finch's time of life. He is sixty, if he is a day; and, to make the matter worse, is Patentee of the Royal Elastic Nightcap. He ought to be above such discreditable curiosity. Is there a Capulet and Montague feud between the houses of Finch and Curtis? Such a thing is possible. There is a Miss Finch and a Miss Curtis, and they live exactly opposite to each other.

Let us glance into the interior of Mr. Curtis's household.

Mr. Curtis is a man of about fifty-two, with an oval face, sallow complexion, sharp nose, mouth somewhat gross, keen eyes, and scanty hair, brushed smoothly into two curves, throwing their points upwards over the summit of a bald crown, giving, upon the whole, a kind of military fierceness to his aspect. In figure, he is slight,

angular, rigid, and rather tall. He ordinarily wears a brown coat, with gilt buttons; but to-day he has a dazzling blue dress-coat, white waistcoat, and an Albert stock, with accurate black trowsers, and glazed boots. His family consists of Mrs. Curtis, a round, ruddy woman, in a small French bonnet, a lilac silk dress, and a black net shawl, covered with a profusion of leaves and roses, worked in chenille; Miss Curtis, about three and twenty, very pale, and of a lofty stature, singularly thin, in a pink flowered dress, flounced up to the hips, *bottines*, and a white chip bonnet, her slender person profusely draperied by a long scarf of black silk; and a little boy, six or seven years old, in a tartan dress, with a cap and feather that impart a malignant brilliancy to the peculiarly frightful squint which nature has thought fit to bestow upon him.

The order of family government is as follows: Mr. Curtis holds Mrs. Curtis in the strictest subjection; Mrs. Curtis rules Miss Curtis by bribery and corruption, and buys her up into constant rebellion against papa; Master Curtis tyrannizes over Mr. Curtis, and, consequently, governs the whole family. The predominant characteristic of Mr. Curtis is pride; he is very choice in his acquaintance; so choice, that he has scarcely any. This puts the tastes and temper of his wife and daughter to a severe trial. Mrs. Curtis's passion is the theatre; especially the Victoria; where the pathos of the melodrame comes up to the height of her tenderness, and where the broad humour precisely fits her own. Miss Curtis is devotedly fond of dancing—she has a very small foot. But it is impossible to indulge these desires. Mr.

Curtis's exclusiveness amounts to a prohibition of all society. Mother and daughter are drawn together by sympathy; they make common cause against oppression, and conspire every now and then for a little pleasure. Besides, Miss Curtis is three and twenty, and it is dangerous to draw the line too rigorously at that age.

Master Curtis supplies vivacity for the whole family. It sometimes happens, by an odd working of the principle of compensation, that tyrants are themselves under the absolute control of very small influences. Mr. Curtis is not a tyrant; he is only a great wet blanket, a stern negation, in his family. He has a way of suppressing the animal spirits of his wife and daughter without opening his lips; but Master Tommy Curtis takes ample revenge upon him. Tommy is master of the house, and makes any noise he pleases. If Miss Catherine tries to vent her secret sensibility by humming "We met, 'twas in a crowd," or to gratify her livelier ambition by playing a galop on the piano, Mr. Curtis looks her into silence. But Tommy does as he likes. He thumps the piano for hours together—no wonder it should be out of tune!—and screams at the top of his voice with impunity; makes a house of chairs in a corner, and pulls off the tablecloth to cover it; then, when the whim is over, whisks the whole fabric into the middle of the floor; destroys all his sister's reels of thread and cotton, to make strings for his kite, which he hangs, not flies, out of a window on the stair-head; and sometimes, in a sudden access of violent hilarity, seizes the fire-shovel, and rides round and round the room with horrible shrieks of delight, to the manifest risk of upsetting the spindle work-table and breaking

every bone in his body. Papa is perfectly quiescent under all this uproar; and, as may be anticipated, Master Tommy is no great favourite with the ladies, who are forced all this while to play dumby.

Such is the domestic constitution of Mr. Curtis's family.

II. PREPARATIONS FOR AN EXCURSION.

"We ought to be at Hungerford Stairs at nine," observes Mr. Curtis, looking at his watch, "and it is now a quarter after eight, and breakfast not ready. Women are always late."

"Really, Curtis," replies his wife, the prospect of a day's pleasure exhilarating her into a little unconscious boldness, "we haven't so *many* pleasures, that you should hunt us like that! One doesn't go to Richmond *every* Sunday in the year." Having said this with a certain toss of the head, easier to understand than describe, she pretended to be busy looking for her gloves or her parasol, and bolted out of the room to avoid the answer.

"It's very true, papa," adds Miss Curtis, following up the womanly resentment, "for I'm sure it's not so *very* often you take us out." This valiant speech was uttered with the prettiest pout imaginable, and the speaker instantly flounced out after her mamma.

"Puss! puss! puss!" screamed out Master Tommy, hunting the cat under the sideboard, until at last the enraged animal, pent up in a corner, turned suddenly round, and glared with scintillating eyes and curved back on its tormentor. "Puss!—papa! papa!" roared the frightened urchin; then, flinging himself into Mr. Curtis's lap, he clutched his white waistcoat, and kicked and plunged,

as spoiled children are very apt to do. The economy of that snowy waistcoat, and of that frilled shirt fastened with coral buttons, was ruined in a moment. Mr. Curtis winced, but the boy was lord paramount, and must be appeased at any sacrifice.

"There — there — Tommy. You're going to Richmond, you know, and you mustn't spoil your pretty eyes crying, you know."

"Yes—I know. And can't I fly my kite in the ship?"

"No, my love, nobody flies kites in a ship—because—we shall certainly be late — there, that's a good boy—you shall have *such* a beautiful eel-pie—all to yourself!" (that was the principle on which Master Tommy was reared up,) "when we get to Richmond. There now, run and call your mother—good boy!"

Tommy springs down, crows like a cock, runs to the open door, and, without leaving the room, calls out — "Mamma!—ma!—pa wants you!" Another twirl into the centre of the room brings him to the breakfast-table, which he is just tall enough to reach, and there he stands, helping himself voraciously to every thing he can lay hands on. Meanwhile, Mr. Curtis is adjusting himself as well as he can at the glass; and the ladies, with a magnificent rustle of silks, sweep down stairs, and take their places at the breakfast-table.

Not a word is spoken. Mamma and Miss Catherine look at each other furtively under their bonnets. Mr. Curtis fidgets with his watch every three minutes, by way of indicating his impatience and vexation. With such people pleasure is always a matter of business, and they think the whole day must go wrong if they are not at

least a quarter of an hour before their time. And upon this occasion Mr. Curtis, in addition to his ordinary temperament, had to take his satisfaction out of the ladies for the annoyance inflicted upon him by Master Tommy.

Breakfast is nearly over at last. The ladies have scarcely eaten any thing. The prospect of an excursion to Richmond by steam, with all its vague delights in the distance, has quite taken away their appetites. Besides, it may be remarked that new dresses are not favourable to a hearty meal, immediately after the delicate fatigues of the toilette. But Master Tommy is never subject to nervous restraints at feeding time. Nothing short of a surfeit could take away *his* appetite. He has annihilated one whole plateful of buttered toast, and his greasy fingers are already deep in another, when he suddenly rushes over to his sister, who is doing the honours, for a cup of tea, thrusting his hands into the pink balloon that floats round her chair.

"Oh! you nasty little wretch!" screams Miss Catherine, starting up, "if he hasn't actually buttered my gown all over!"

"Ten minutes to nine," cries Mr. Curtis. "I see I shall have to go without you." His hat is already on his head, and he is spasmodically forcing on his left-hand glove. The whole party is in a bustle, and preparing to set out for a day's pleasure in the worst possible humour with each other. Miss Curtis is flying about, looking for her reticule, and chirruping at the same time to a little sandy-coloured frizzled dog with a red riband tied in a large bow round its neck, which she intends to take with her; and Mrs. Curtis is scolding the servant in the hall, and telling

her on no account to stir out all day; and Master Tommy is scalding himself, in trying to swallow his third cup of tea, and looking unutterable things with both his eyes.

At length, the whole party emerge into the street—Mr. Curtis first, with a tropical storm in his face, followed in a terrible flutter by Mrs. Curtis, the rear being brought up by Miss Curtis, who has considerable difficulty in preventing her dog from frisking across the street. The whole family of the Finches are now standing bodily bolt upright in their windows. It is a trying moment for the dignity of the Curtises; and it is of the utmost importance that their departure shall be marked by ease and gentility. But this desirable object is completely marred by Master Tommy, who, pattering out precipitately, is caught by a step that rises awkwardly at the sill of the door, and flung upon his head on the kerbstone. Such smirking amongst the Finches! Back flies Mr. Curtis in consternation, lifts the roaring cherub from the ground, blesses his pretty eyes, and promises him—any thing—if he will only stop crying. His papa's orange pocket-handkerchief is already steeped in his tears; and as soon as the boy can articulate, he sobs out—"Get me my drum, pa—and my horse—and my—and—and—I'll stop crying." What is to be done? The drum is procured from the top of the house and slung round Tommy's shoulders, and the little wooden horse, on four wheels, with a long string, is paraded on the pavement; and, all the preliminaries of the treaty being now settled, the party once more set out for Hungerford Stairs.

Mr. Curtis, with Tommy by the hand, drawing his horse after him, and staggering back every moment to whistle to his Bucephalus, moves off first, followed by the ladies, the little dog making a succession of circles in the street, and then wriggling after his mistress, to leap up affectionately with his dirty paws upon her dress. The Finches are infinitely delighted. By the gleam of malicious pleasure in Miss Finch's face, one can fancy her exclaiming, "It's as good as a play!" Now, the windows are thrown up, and every neck is stretched out to watch the Curtises down the street; and, when they have fairly turned the corner of the Haymarket, a roar of laughter announces the triumph of the Finch faction.

What with the tumbles of the wooden horse, sundry fruitless attempts to beat the drum with one hand, the delays occasioned by the erratic propensities of Pompey, and incidental stops to remonstrate with the dog, the child, and the ladies, who get more and more flurried by the notice they attract on the way, the progress down the Haymarket is slow enough. Mr. Curtis's anxiety increases as they advance. He has no hesitation in protesting that it is all useless — the steam-boat is gone. They fly across the Strand; and, once under the shelter of Hungerford Market, begin to run as fast as all lets and hindrances will permit. Miss Curtis is nearly cut in two by the projecting ledge of a stall which she has run against; Tommy tumbles into a basket; Mrs. Curtis, "melting in her country's cause," is smitten with a haze before her eyes, and nearly misses her footing down the stone steps; and Mr. Curtis rushes to the pier, out of breath; while Pompey, ignorant of the cause of the

hubbub, is barking in frantic fidelity at his heels. Had Curtis time to stop, he would certainly kick that devoted cur into the river.

They are all now gathered safely on the pier, amongst a crowd of at least one or perhaps nearer two hundred people. Twenty minutes after nine is written plainly in Mr. Curtis's expressive face. The Richmond boat has not yet come up! The fact is, that its time for leaving Hungerford Pier is half-past nine. If the ladies, panting and piping, dare reproach this impetuous man for the unnecessary pangs to which he put them, what would they not be justified in saying! But there is no leisure for recrimination. They are in the full swing of an expectant Sunday multitude, and Richmond is already beginning to expand before their gaze. A sensible palpitation on the water, where skiffs of all sorts are tossing and heaving, proclaims the approach of the Richmond steamer. Every sinew is strained: the crowd rush forward; every body wants to get on deck first; the ladies are horribly crushed, and it is nearly all over with the little French bonnet and the flounced gown. But the deck is finally gained; and there is a scramble for seats, and such an uproar as might be expected from a large section of a city population, let loose in their finery to enjoy a holiday.

But where is Pompey in this clatter of feet and lungs? Scrambling up the side of the vessel, and whining in an agony of fear and fright. People ought not to bring dogs on board steam-boats; and Pompey would certainly be a melancholy example of the danger if a good-natured fat gentleman were not close at hand to snatch him up

by the neck and fling him upon his legs, crying out—"Whoever owns such puppies ought to take care of them!"

III. THE STEAM-BOAT.

The mixed population of a Richmond steam-boat on a Sunday embraces almost every variety of metropolitan life. There are at least three hundred people on board, escaped from all sorts of business, to breathe a little pure air up the river. The deck is crowded; and although there is abundant activity among the gentlemen to procure seats for the ladies, the majority of them are obliged to stand. The cabin is still worse. It is like the Crush-room of the Opera, with this difference, that there are two streams of people moving in contrary directions. The whole object of visiting the cabin seems to be to go in and come out again. Every body is in a desperate hurry to get in, and in a still greater hurry to get out; so that it exhibits a perpetual ebb and flow of a hot, panting crowd, with flushed faces, peculiarly expressive of a high state of uneasy curiosity. With the exception of a few individuals stretched on the horse-hair sofas to cool themselves, and a knot or two of young men squeezed up into nooks behind the door drinking bottled porter, nobody appears anxious to linger in the suffocating atmosphere a moment longer than they can help.

Presently, they all settle down into some sort of arrangement. They find seats as well as they can, accommodate themselves to the squeeze, begin to enjoy the fresh breeze from the water, and subside gradually into conversation.

Mr. Curtis, who delights in a cigar on such occasions,

has forced his way forward, where he stands smoking with folded arms and a profound and mysterious air. Mrs. Curtis and Miss Catherine have procured seats on deck, and Master Tommy is taking his chance for fun up and down, now scrambling among the legs of the passengers, now hanging with both arms through the corded trellis-work at the boat's side, looking meditatively into the water, and occasionally making a wondering excursion to the piston of the steam-engine.

Luckily, Mrs. Curtis has got into conversation with a masculine-looking woman sitting next her, and Miss Catherine has become engaged by a tawdry young man, in a green Taglioni. Talk — talk — incessant chatter — is the soul of these steam-boat trips. Here the city politician comes out in full vigour; and men who spend their lives behind smoke-dried desks in dun alleys, to whom the country is a *terra incognita*, here discourse learnedly on the prospects of the approaching harvest and the corn laws. Solemn councils are held at intervals on the income tax, the state of Ireland, and the Scotch Church question; the river navigation undergoes severe inquiry; and committees constantly stand — for they seldom have the means of sitting — upon the whole system of our foreign policy, and the still weightier interests involved in the administration of parochial affairs.

The ladies have their own politics — domestic economy, their upstart acquaintances, and their tyrannical husbands. From the low tone of voice in which Mrs. Curtis and her neighbour are discoursing, the subject is clearly of that confidential kind which ladies who never saw each other before mutually hit upon with remarkable

instinct. It is equally evident that Miss Catherine and the young man in the green Taglioni have not met now for the first time. There is a certain intelligence in their looks that argues a foregone conclusion. The dialogues are carried on by both parties in an under-tone, and broken snatches of the medley are all that can be overheard.

"Where's the governor?" inquires the green Taglioni, leaning down towards Miss Catherine, and switching his boot with a ratan.

"Don't speak so loud. He's down there somewhere."

"Just like Mr. Isinglass!" says the gaunt woman, adjusting a large basket of creature-comforts on her vast lap; "he can't abide company. But, la, my dear woman! stuff of that kind won't go down with *me*. I must have recreation, or I never could stand it, by no means."

"To be sure!—so I say. But Curtis—auch! you don't know what a brute he is! Now, there's my poor girl....." and the rest of the sentence dissolves into a whisper.

"Never at Richmond before!" exclaims the green Taglioni. "How curious! "Can't conceive it, at all. One might as well be out of the world altogether."

"Papa never goes any where."

"Ah!—fathers have flinty hearts. You must brush, that's all."

Brush!—The young lady's pale face all of a sudden becomes deep scarlet.

"We have a capital way of managing," observes Mrs. Isinglass; "we never think of dining in a tavern. Bless you! there's such riff-raff of a Sunday! We always

bring something cold with us, and dine on the grass — it's so rural! and I was always used to the country before I made a fool of myself. It's like second nature to me."

By this time, the steamer has shot the Hammersmith suspension-bridge, and is rapidly passing the Dutch flats that intervene between that point and Kew. The green Taglioni knows every object on the banks, and is as good as a guide-book to Miss Curtis.

Master Tommy is making his way strenuously through the crowd, and drawing his horse after him over the gentlemen's toes. There is usually great magnanimity exercised towards children under such circumstances; and the groups of debaters open a path for him now and then, and let him through; some patting him on the head, and others playfully roaring in his ears as he toddles away. But there is one Sir Oracle, who occupies the attention of a small party, and is energetically laying down the law on some knotty point: he either does not see Master Tommy, or does not care a button about him, or has an invincible dislike to children; and, just as the boy scrambles past him, he makes a sudden plunge with his foot, and crushes the horse to bits. Tommy yells, and a burly man snatches him up in his arms, and tries to pacify him by making a variety of comical grimaces, which only frighten him the more; and nothing will serve him but to be taken to papa; but, as nobody knows papa, after many fruitless experiments to divert him, he is handed over to some compassionate ladies, who undertake the charitable task of stilling his cries. Happily, the troubles of children are short-lived; and Tommy

finds atonement for the loss of his horse in a huge piece of plum-cake.

"What is that they're playing?" inquires Miss Curtis.

"One of Musard's quadrilles," answers the Taglioni. "Fine band that! They always have fine bands on the Richmond steamers; and that's one reason why I prefer them to the Greenwich boats. Horrid vulgar sort of people go to Greenwich. I hate Greenwich. Richmond is the only genteel place on the river, in my opinion. Hang it! here's the old boy coming. I think he twigs me. You had better introduce me: don't be afraid—nonsense!" and he pinches her hand to give her confidence.

"Well, have you done your cigar, pa?" says Miss Curtis, with wonderful self-possession.

"How do you get on?" inquires Mr. Curtis, paying no sort of attention to the anxious question of his daughter. "Cold, eh? You seem all very comfortable here—eh?"

They were *not* comfortable; for his appearance acted upon them like a heavy fall of rain. Miss Curtis shrunk back into her original timidity, and Taglioni stimulated her in vain with the tip of his ratan. Finding all his hints useless, he resolved to introduce himself.

"Mr. Curtis, I think? How d'ye do? Delighted to see you. You forget me?"

The thunder was accumulating in massy clouds on Mr. Curtis's brow. He did not remember him; and, drawing up to his full height, he answered with a "m—m—?"

"Purcell—my name's Purcell. I met you at Dobie's,

in Oxford Street. I am connected with the Sunday Post."

"I know Mr. Dobie—yes—but I....."

"In five minutes we shall be in Richmond," interrupted the Taglioni, looking out earnestly ahead, with a sinister desire, no doubt, of cutting short the conversation.

Mr. Curtis said nothing; but he thought the more.

The band was now playing, according to their custom at this part of the river, the air of "The lass of Richmond Hill;" and Master Tommy, attracted by the music, had fixed himself close to a clarionet-player. It was the work of a minute to get his drum into the proper position, and to begin to beat it with all his strength. The clarionet-player, exasperated by the din, scowled at the urchin. It was all in vain; Tommy was too busy to think of any thing but making as great a row as possible. The musician lost all patience at last: both his hands were engaged, and he could not seize the drumsticks; his mouth, too, was fully employed, and he could not speak to the young disturber: he had no alternative; and, being an enthusiast in his art, he was not overparticular about the means of getting rid of such a nuisance; so he raised his leg, and directed a forcible kick upon the centre of the drum, that sent the juvenile performer and his broken instrument into a coil of rope a yard off.

What might have followed, had this untoward incident taken place a little earlier in the day, it is needless to surmise; but the steamer had now reached its destination at the foot of Richmond Bridge, and it was as much as

Mr. Curtis could do, as soon as he learned what had happened, to pick up the fragments of the drum and the drummer, to bless his pretty eyes, and to threaten vengeance against the whole band, who had by this time dispersed among the crowd. In the mean time, Taglioni was of infinite service to the ladies, in assisting them to disembark; and when Mr. Curtis returned, with Tommy in his arms, he found the whole party assembled on the strand, and Mr. Purcell explaining to the ladies the history of Cholmondeley house, a noble structure, just below the bridge, built in 1708 by the third Earl, who disposed of it to Lord Warwick, from whom it passed to Sir Richard Lyttleton, who sold it to the Countess Cowper, after whose time it came into the possession of the notorious Duke of Queensberry, who bequeathed it to that not less notorious individual, the late Marquis of Hertford.

A little knowledge of this kind, which people like our green Taglioni generally have at their fingers' ends, is of wonderful efficacy when it is judiciously employed, as it was in this instance. Even Mr. Curtis put down his burthen on the shore, and, fixing his hands behind his back, listened attentively to Mr. Purcell's historical gossip. He was charmed with so familiar a recital of aristocratic reminiscences.

IV. RICHMOND.

Mr. Purcell was one of a numerous class of persons in London, known as hangers-on about the newspapers. The machinery of a newspaper is a mystery to the outer world; a mystery so profound and impenetrable, that individuals who perform the smallest incidental opera-

Engraved by W. Mossman

RICHMOND.

tions in the esoteric craft of journalism acquire, in their own circles, the *éclat* that attaches to the indefinite character of a critic or an editor. Mr. Purcell lived upon the reputation of his "connection" with the Sunday Post; although nobody could define what the exact nature of that connection was. It was to this very vagueness of his literary position that he was indebted for his social importance. If we were to hazard a speculation as to the extent of his influence with the Sunday Post, we should venture to suggest that he might occasionally contribute a paragraph upon a fire at Whitechapel, or a shocking suicide at Waterloo Bridge; but that was enough to constitute him "Mr. Purcell, of the Sunday Post;" and, under a designation so full of responsibility and mystification, who was to distinguish the precise amount of credit that was due to him for the talent exhibited in that influential journal? With some people, Purcell and the Post were identical; and it is certain that Miss Curtis imagined he wrote the whole paper.

Richard Septimus Purcell was a very clever fellow. He possessed in a very uncommon degree the gift of small talk. His memory would have been his most remarkable faculty, had it not been eclipsed by his invention. The quantity of minute facts, local and personal, developed in his conversation, was surprising; but the readiness and versatility with which he embellished and exaggerated them were still more wonderful. He knew a little of every thing, was on intimate terms with every body, had great tact, invincible effrontery, and no conscience.

He had met the Curtises before, as he reminded the "governor." It was at an anniversary party at the

house of Mr. Dobie, who once a year celebrated his sagacity in the choice of a wife by a ball and supper. Mr. Dobie was an advertising stationer. He was making a fortune by cheap envelopes and embossed note-paper, and the nature of his functions brought him into a sort of indirect relationship with the literary world—at least, with that large and increasing section of literature represented by Mr. Purcell. On that occasion, Mr. Purcell was the life and soul of the party: he sang, played the piano, danced, told stories, and imitated the actors. Dobie paid him marked attention; for Dobie had an eye to business, and newspaper paragraphs are of vast consequence to advertisers. Mr. Curtis was the *millionaire* of the party. Curtis of Jermyn Street was a lion in his own way. Mr. Purcell was not insensible to the attraction. He devoted himself the whole evening to Miss Curtis; and, when he thought proper, he knew he could render himself irresistible. The young lady "confessed the soft impeachment" in the solitude of her chamber that memorable night, as she looked at her tangled tresses in the glass, and tried to recal some of the sidelong smiles to which she attributed her conquest of "Mr. Purcell, of the Sunday Post."

How he discovered that Miss Curtis was going to Richmond we have no means of ascertaining. Inscrutable are the affairs of love. But he never left the party the whole day. At first, Mr. Curtis threw out many broad hints; but Purcell was so provokingly dull that he could not understand them. He went on from one topic to another with such rapidity, and was upon the whole so lively and entertaining, that Curtis gave up all

prospect of getting rid of him, and in the end actually suffered himself to be as much amused by his conversation as the ladies, who were quite enchanted.

Purcell was on his favourite ground. He knew all the merits of Richmond; dilated on the expansive view from the summit of the hill; criticized its thoroughly English and sylvan character; pointed out Windsor in the distance; and compared the river to a thread of silver: then he reverted to Thomson, the poet, who died here, and to Kean, the actor, who is buried in the churchyard, and to Pope, at the opposite side of the river: then pointed out Eel-pie Island, and told a hundred stories of excursions which he had made to it; threw in a bit of antiquarianism about the palace, of which nothing but the fragment of a gateway remains; got up an impromptu history of the park; and declared that the view from the balcony of the Star and Garter is, beyond all comparison, the finest thing of the kind in Europe.

Never was curiosity so stimulated and tantalized as that of the ladies to have a peep from the balcony of the Star and Garter. But how was it to be managed? They could not venture into the house without at least ordering dinner; and that was a point which depended entirely on Mr. Curtis. Half the day was already expended. They had traversed a considerable part of the park, and left Mrs. Isinglass and her husband in a clump of trees, looking about for a genteel seclusion: the ladies were very tired; and, with the exception of a short rest on one of the seats on the top of the hill, they had been, to use the picturesque expression of Mrs. Curtis, "on their legs the whole morning." Mr. Purcell had no

sooner, therefore, alluded to the Star and Garter, than they looked significantly at each other; but the allusion passed off without producing the slightest effect on the "governor." A private understanding, however, was very soon established between Mr. Purcell and the ladies. It was astonishing how quickly they fell into each other's views, and with what adroitness they played their cards. No matter what the subject of conversation happened to be, Purcell contrived to drag in the Star and Garter. He even went so far as to give an exact description of the magnificent dining-room, and wondered how they could furnish such splendid dinners and keep up such a large establishment at such miraculously low charges. Mrs. Curtis hemmed; and the young lady uttered a sibilant exclamation of wonder; but it was all useless. Mr. Curtis was immoveable.

It was now really becoming hopeless, when Mr. Purcell, whose gaiety and presence of mind never forsook him for a moment, lifted up Master Tommy in his arms, to show him a house a great way off, in a wood, with the sun shining on the slates. Whether the spot where the group were standing was an unfavourable point of sight for this particular view, or Mr. Purcell had some other motive, we know not, but off he ran with the boy to a distance of some twenty or thirty yards, and there, to judge by the energetic gesticulations of the child, he seemed to convulse him with delight. In a few moments he put the little fellow down, and Tommy was no sooner released than away he scampered up to his papa, crying out, "Pa!—pa!—take me to the Staa and Gatter. I must go to the Staa and Gatter. I'm very hungry—and

I want to go to the Staa and Gatter!" The difficulty was settled at once.

"Bless his pretty eyes!" exclaimed both the ladies simultaneously, as Mr. Curtis led the boy by the hand, and, with sundry playful protests against going to the "Staa and Gatter," sauntered into the vestibule of that famous establishment. The ladies and Mr. Purcell followed, exchanging sundry glances at each other, as the spruce waiters, with napkins under their arms, bowed them up the staircase.

V. THE RECKONING.

There are moments in the life of rich men when they are glad enough to let accomplished poverty take precedence of them. Such a moment had now arrived to Mr. Curtis, when his little party had to make their *entrée* into the grand saloon of the Star and Garter, already half-filled with fashionably-dressed people. He was not exactly embarrassed, although the ladies were sadly fluttered; but he was unaccustomed to make such a sensation as the sudden entrance into the midst of a large company in a spacious apartment was sure to excite; and when they got to the door, up to which crisis he bore himself with admirable nonchalance, he slipped aside to look at something that caught his attention, while Mr. Purcell advanced with the ladies.

Purcell was the very man to show off to advantage at such a moment. His ease was incomparable. Instead of hesitating on the threshold, he dashed into the room at once, talked and laughed at the height of his animal spirits, and, in short, made such a noise that every eye

was on the party in an instant. Miss Curtis's heart throbbed; but her admiration of Purcell rose in proportion.

Of course, Mr. Curtis was relieved of all anxieties about the dinner. He gladly relinquished to Purcell the responsibility of ordering it; and Purcell, with the zeal of an Amphytrion who has nothing to pay, resolved to astonish his friends by a display of gastronomical erudition. The dishes were *récherché,* the wines exquisite; and every body dined with the highest relish—except Mr. Curtis. Purcell chatted incessantly all the time, pointed out several persons of distinction in the room, and trod upon Miss Curtis's toes under the table; Tommy was crammed with good things; and even the ladies shook off their *mauvaise honte*, and began to price the shawls and collars of their neighbours.

Human felicity has its limits; and dinner came to an end; although Purcell prolonged it as much as he could. The scattered *débris* of nut-shells and apple-parings strewed about Master Tommy's chair announced the execution which that young gentleman had performed on the dessert; and, having literally tired himself at table, nothing would satisfy him but a tour of inspection round the room, lingering every now and then, with his finger in his mouth, to look at the ladies and gentlemen as he made his circuit. Mrs. Curtis, very much flushed, and Miss Curtis, with coquettish skip and simper, adjourned to the balcony, accompanied by Mr. Purcell, who took the precaution of ordering the bill, in a side-whisper, of one of the waiters as he passed on.

Mr. Curtis was left alone with the empty decanters, to

ponder on the events of the day. He surveyed the saloon with a serious look, and when he happened to catch any person's eye he had instant recourse to his napkin, with which he affected to knock off some dust from his waistcoat. He was not thinking—he was only desirous of looking as if he were thinking. There was a total blank within. Purcell had completely overwhelmed him, and the wine had just worked him up to that point of doubt at which he felt painfully conscious of the necessity of keeping up appearances. Once or twice it occurred to him that he ought to join the ladies in the balcony; but the thought of crossing the room paralyzed him. He could no more have attempted such a daring excursion, before such a brilliant company, than he could have set up for Westminster; he sat still, with a maudlin air of wisdom. How many men there are in the world, who, by bare gravity of face, and just enough of discretion to keep their mouths shut, get a current reputation for sense and respectability!

His reverie was gently disturbed by the apparition of a waiter, who, with the stealthiest tread and the politest manner imaginable, laid the bill before him on the table, then, stepping back a couple of paces, and throwing his napkin over his left arm, stood courteously awaiting the result. Nothing awakens a man so thoroughly to a sense of his situation as the discharge of the "reckoning." Mr. Curtis concentrated all the powers of his mind into a focus. He alternately looked at the bill and the waiter, as much as to say, "If you think you are going to impose upon *me*, you are very much mistaken, my good fellow!" and then set himself earnestly to examine the items.

The corners of Mr. Curtis's eyes were pursed up with an ineffable expression of anguish when he perused this document. Five pounds, fourteen shillings, besides et-ceteras, for a day's pleasure to Richmond! "What do you mean by 'Dinner £2 10*s.*?'" he inquired of the waiter, in a low hysterical tone.

"Ten shillings a head, sir."

"Ten shillings a head! Do you think I never dined in a tavern before?"

"Excuse me, sir, you had a *caneton* and truffles, and a venison pasty; the grass is forced, sir. The young gentleman ordered the dinner."

"He did—did he?—m—m!—Caneton? I didn't eat a bit of it—the smell was enough for me. I never saw a caneton before, and I'll take good care never to sit down to one again. Now look here—'Dessert, £1 5*s.*'"

"Certainly, sir, at this season of the year—besides, it includes trifle and ice."

"Trifle! If a man was made of money, such charges would ruin him. This is the Star and Garter, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you charge 6*s.* for a pint of sherry?"

"Had you only a pint, sir? I beg your pardon, sir, then it must be a mistake."

"And 7*s.* 6*d.* for port! What do you mean by liquors and coffee?"

"I thought you had *liqueur* and *café*, sir; but there are so many parties here of a Sunday, and everybody takes *café*."

"Well, I'm not everybody. I never take *café*, as you call it."

"If you will allow me, sir, I'll get the bill altered in a moment," and away goes the waiter with the bill, without waiting for that burst of indignation which breaks out in such muttered words as, Imposition!—Humbug!—Overcharge!—&c.

In the brief interval of reflection allowed to Mr. Curtis, he perceived several people who had overheard the conversation looking curiously at him, and he made a secret vow that he would never come to Richmond again, during the term of his natural life. The return of the waiter with the amended bill cut short his private meditations, and, finding that there was no help for it, he prepared to pay the amount. He was determined, however, not to give up without having a little satisfaction; so, as he was drawing his long purse slowly out of his pocket, he addressed the waiter:—

"Now, mark what I tell you. I'll pay this bill, but it will be the ruin of your house. *I've* got a pretty extensive acquaintance—*I'm* rather well known in London—and I'll show this bill every where. More than that, I'll write to the newspapers. My friend can do any thing with the newspapers. He's connected with the Sunday Post. Honesty's the best policy, my fine fellow. There's your money, and you shall never see my face in the Star and Garter again, I promise you!"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but—I hope—the waiter, sir."

There was nothing for the waiter. Curtis rose sublimely from his chair, and treating the expostulation of the man's looks with silent contempt, strode over to the ladies, who had been watching the scene, and were now

ready to take their departure. There is a free-masonry among waiters, and a mode of telegraphing their sensations from one end of a room to another, known only to themselves. In less than two seconds, every waiter in the Star and Garter was fully apprized of the whole affair.

The family party now shuffled to the door, and hastened down the stairs. The waiters gathered in a group in the lobby. There was no longer any symptom of that obsequious graciousness with which they had been received; and, as they passed through the hall, instead of undulating napkins and low bows, they were doomed to encounter a strange inquisition of eyes, and to hear as they went out a disagreeable chuckling sound, from which they were not at all sorry to make their escape.

Evening was now fast drawing in. It was already almost dark, and the last steamer for London was gone. There was nothing left for them but an omnibus with four outsides. Mr. Purcell, who had not served an apprenticeship to such experiences in vain, went forward to secure places, and cleverly contrived to make room for himself and Miss Curtis at the upper end. The others shifted as well as they could; and Mr. Curtis, who hung back out of an instinctive disrelish to such miscellaneous collisions, had the mortification to find, when the bustle had subsided a little, that the omnibus was full inside and outside. In this dilemma, the conductor offered him his choice, to ride on the roof or stand on the step, assuring him, at the same time, on his word and honour, that there was a gentleman to get down at Knightsbridge. Curtis buttoned his coat to the throat with rage. While

he was foaming at the mouth for want of words, the coachman drove off. There was not a moment to deliberate. It was no time for indulging in a passion; and so, hallooing after the omnibus, and running till he was out of breath, he at last overtook it, and, with a spring such as he had not made for many years, planted himself upon the step while the vehicle was going at full speed.

Mr. Curtis had never ridden on the step of an omnibus before; and if any body had prophesied such a destiny for him at setting out in the morning, he would have regarded him as a madman. Yet there he was obliged to cling, until the crowded machine was emptied of its contents at the White Horse Cellar.

VI. THE DÉNOUEMENT.

About a fortnight after this eventful day, the Finches were collected at the tea-table—the whole family, Mr. Finch, Mrs. Finch, Miss Finch, her two little brothers, and Miss Emily Finch. The faces of the whole group were lighted up with the excitement of some extraordinary piece of intelligence, which they had just received.

"It's as true as you're there," said Mrs. Finch.

"But who told you, ma?" eagerly inquired Miss Finch.

"Beazley, my love," replied Mrs. Finch; "you know they deal with Beazley. The poor young man has got a precious bargain in her. Beazley says he hasn't a farthing to bless himself with, and that he's what they call a penny-a-liner—something like a body-snatcher, I b'lieve."

"Do you think they're married?" interposed Mr. Finch.

"I'm sure I hope so," answered Mrs. Finch, with such a leer in the corner of her mouth, closing one of her eyes so jocosely at the same time, that the younger branches of the family burst out into a roar of laughter.

"But, dear ma," inquired Miss Finch, "tell us all about it; I'm dying with curiosity."

"Well, then, it seems that this young man met them on board the steamer that Sunday you know they made such an exhibition of themselves down the street; and thinking, I s'pose, that the girl was a great catch, for Curtis, you know, always wants to pass off for a nabob, he stuck to them the whole day, and put them in for a dinner at the Star and Garter. And he wasn't satisfied with that, but he must come home and sup with them, and I b'lieve they'd nothing in the house but a cup of tea to give to the poor devil. However, a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse, and so my fine young gentleman made it up with the impudent slut, and yesterday morning she actually eloped with him."

"Eloped!"

"And Curtis, I hear, is going to advertise them. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Well — I never!" lisped Miss Finch, in utter and well displayed amazement.

"No good could ever come of their uppishness and vulgarity. I'm sure no daughter of mine would ever make such a ninny of herself;" and Mrs. Finch looked cautiously round the table.

Miss Finch felt the maternal gaze, and, throwing her eyes down, fidgeted for a moment with the strings of her apron, and slily observed, "Well—I never!"

LISY'S PARTING WITH HER CAT.

BY JAMES THOMSON,[1]

AUTHOR OF "THE SEASONS."

The dreadful hour with leaden pace approach'd,
Lash'd fiercely on by unrelenting Fate,
When Lisy and her bosom Cat must part;
For now, to schools and pensive needle doom'd,
She's banished from her childhood's undash'd joys,
And all that pleasing intercourse she kept
With her grey comrade, which has often sooth'd
Her tender moments, while the world around
Glowed with ambition, business, and vice,
Or lay dissolved in sleep's delicious arms,
And from their dewy orbs the conscious stars
Shed on their friendship influence benign.

But see where mournful Puss, advancing slow,
With outstretch'd tail, casts looks of silent woe
On melting Lisy, in whose eye the tear
Stood tremulous, and thus would fain have said,

1 This poem, with other literary relics, was kindly presented to my elder son William by the Lady Charlotte Bury. I believe it has never before appeared in print, as it is not included in the Collected Works of this admired poet.—EDITOR.

If nature had not tied her struggling tongue:
"Unkind, O, who shall now with fatt'ning milk,
With flesh, with bread, and fish, belov'd of meat,
Regale my taste, and at the cheerful fire,
Ah! who shall bask me in their downy lap?
Who shall invite me to their bed, and throw
The bed-clothes o'er me in the winter nights,
When Eurus roars?—But now, when Lisy's gone,
What is the dull officious world to me!
I loathe the thought of life!"
Thus plain'd the Cat,
While Lisy felt, by sympathetic touch,
These anxious thoughts that in her mind revolved;
And, casting on her a desponding look,
She snatch'd her to her arms with eager grief,
And moving thus began:
"O, Cat belov'd!
Thou dear companion of my tender years!
Joy of my youth! that oft hast lick'd my hands
With velvet tongue, ne'er stained by mouse's blood—
O, gentle Cat! how shall I part with thee?
How dead and heavy will the moments pass
When you are not in my delighted eye,
With Cubi playing, or your flying tail!
How harshly will the softest muslin feel,
And all the silk of schools, while I no more
Have your sleek skin to soothe my softened sense!
How shall I eat when you are not beside
To share the bit? how shall I sleep
When I no more your lulling murmurs hear?
Yet we must part—so rigid Fate decrees;

But never shall your lov'd idea, dear,
Part from my soul; and, when I first can mark
The embroidered figure on the snowy lawn,
Your image shall my needle keen employ.
Hark! how I'm called away—a direful sound!
I come, I come! But first I charge you all—
You—you—and you, particularly you,
O, Mary! Mary! feed her with the best,
Repose her nightly in the warmest couch,
And be a Lisy to her!"
Having said,
She set her down, and, with her head averse,
Rush'd to the evil which she could not shun;
While a sad mew went knelling to her heart.

THE WORLDLY VOICE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Ye early dews of Morn,
Sweet wanderers from a bright and better sphere,
Why weep ye o'er the rude leaf, worn and sere—
Ye that in heaven were born!—

Oh, thou weak, spendthrift Rose,
Why waste thine odours on the careless night?—
Exchanging perfume for unwholesome blight—
Robb'd by each wind that blows!—

Sad Ivy, quit this spot!—
Nor wander lorn by porch and abbey wall:
Why o'er the dead must thy fond shadow fall?—
The dead can serve thee not!—

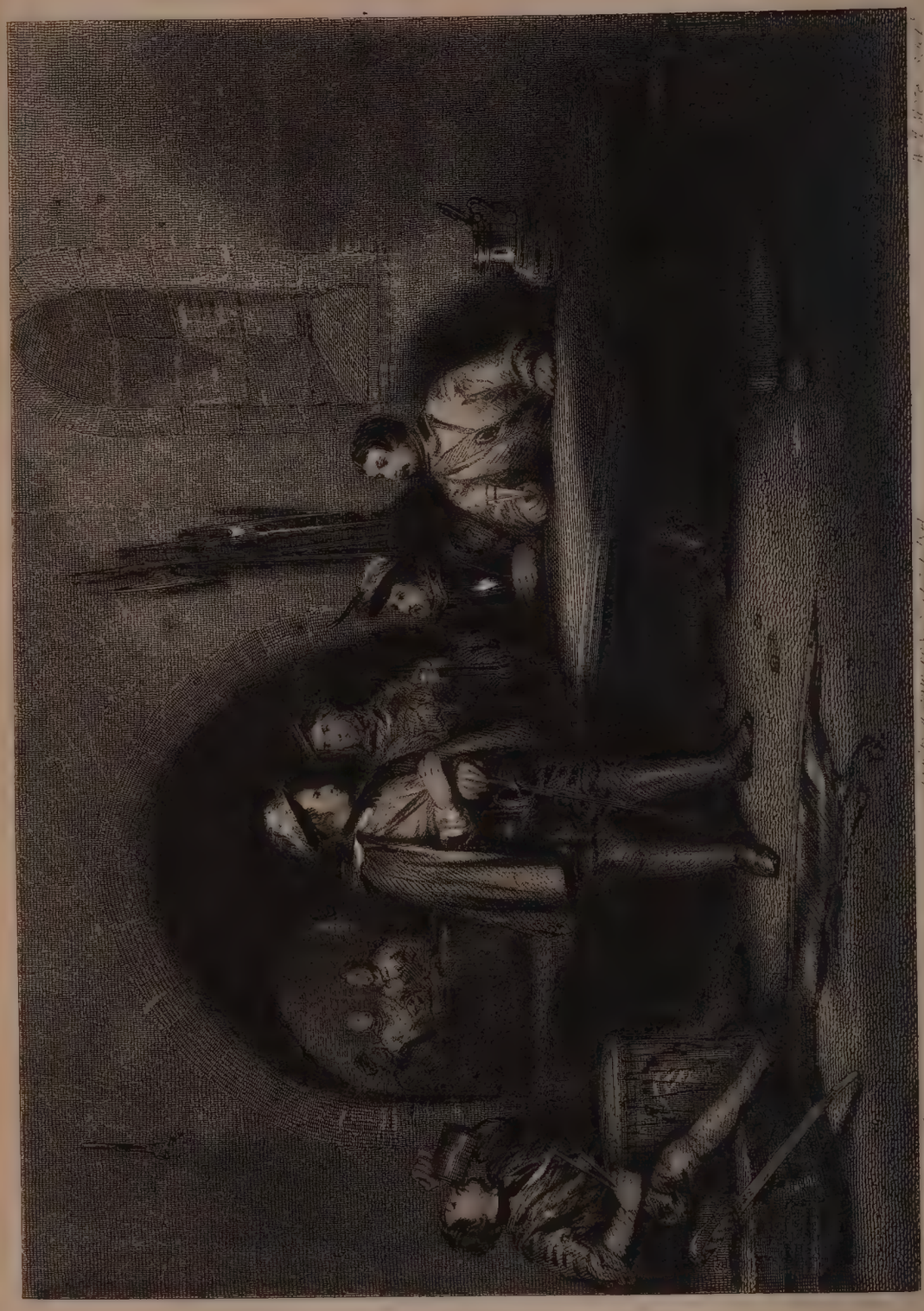
Oh, peace, thou Worldly Voice!
The Dews of Morn have their brief mission given;
Their part fulfill'd, they soar again to heaven,
And bid new spheres rejoice.

Be hush'd! replied the Rose.
Like deeds by generous hearts in secret done,
I glad the path of those the selfish shun,
And lend what Heaven bestows.

Oh Voice from love debarr'd!—
Rejoin'd the Ivy — Voice the World respects,
I love to shield the Worth which Pride neglects,
And serve without reward.

Return thou, Voice, and prove
One simple truth to calculating Man —
Without reward, to do what good he can,
Is God's first law of love!—

Heard where'er Life hath trod —
Dew, Flower, and Leaf, that holy theme convey:
Oh, what were Man, if Man would but obey
Thee, Nature — and his God! —



THE TRUE TRAITOR.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

Whether or not King James's crown did not fit King William's brow, certain enough it was that it made his head ache. Very disagreeable it must be to go to bed at night with a doubt whether you may ever get up in the morning, and to get up in the morning with a doubt whether you may ever go to bed at night; and that too by the operation of stratagems and assassinations, or the effectual recipes of poisons and potions. This is a state of existence to which use, that universal master to which we submit in most things, can never by any length of discipline possibly bring us into a state of contentment; and so William the Third of glorious memory found to his cost, with all his fortitude and phlegm.

But if the poor king's head ached, so too did our poor heroine's heart. Whatever difference there may be in state and externals, women are wonderfully alike in feeling, whether they dwell in a cottage or a palace; and the daughter of a peer may shed as many bitter tears as the daughter of a peasant. So it happened that Lady Eleanor Bentinck, the daughter of the Earl of Portland, who, in a stomacher of diamonds which glittered almost as brightly as her eyes, sat with those said eyes suffused in

tears, with lips redder than coral groves quivering with sighs, and a heart shaken as with an earthquake of passionate emotion.

In early youth we say, "All for Love;" a little further on in life, "All for Pride;" further still, "All for Gold;" on again, "All for Rest;" and then comes the grave.

But hope was with our heroine in her young life, though she imagined herself completely overpowered with despair. "Girl! girl!" exclaimed Lady Eleanor's aunt Dinah, one who had been old at sixteen, as she now fancied herself young at sixty. "Would I weep thus for a man! Why 'tis a sin, and a shame, and a demeaning, for a woman to bewail in this unseemly fashion because she hath lost some gew-gaw boy! 'Twould spoil thy market, maiden, were it said that a tear had sullied thy cheek for one man more than another whilst thou keepest thy spinster estate. It may be creditable and decent enough for a matron to sit, surrounded by her damsels robed in her mourning weeds, with her cambric kerchief in her hand, dignified and solemn, in the retiring room of her mansion, with condoling visitors and kinsfolk and guests ranging themselves round her and bowing themselves before her, and saying to her in measured accents, just a sort of a half whisper, 'I pray you, weep not.' It may, I say, be all right and meet that a few tears should be let fall, only not upon her fresh new garments, lest they be sullied thereby, as the matron sits in her sorrowful state; but for a maiden to weep for a lost love!—why, niece mine, not another will have thee!"

"And I will not have another!" passionately exclaimed Lady Eleanor. "Think you that my feelings can turn

every way, hither and thither, like a weathercock, to please even a king! What need hath my father to ask permission of any man to bestow his own child on whom he will! Can he not give her without a yea or nay from Kings or Commons; and what hath this man to do with the matter?"

"*This man!* William the Third."

"Why, then, since 'this man' sounds not well in your ears, this Prince of Orange."

"Prince of Orange!" exclaimed the aunt. "King of England you should say."

"Not I," retorted the niece: "so that they meddled not with me or mine, I cared little or nothing who was king; but now I would I could shake down this throne, and topple this usurper from it!"

"Hush thee, girl! hush! thou art beside thyself. Walls have ears."

"I care not though all England heard me, from him who sits in the seat of our persecuted king, to the poorest peasant among his subjects."

"What hath King William done to thee, girl, to awaken so bitter an enmity? I wot not exactly how the matter stands."

"Why, thus, aunt Dinah. You know of old how De Vere followed my footsteps."

"Ay, ay, and by the same token I remember well that thou couldst not abide him. He used to pest thee beyond thy patience, and thou wert wont to declare that thou wouldst none of him, though he were a king's son and heir to his dominions."

"Ah, aunt Dinah, your memory is better than your

discernment! And knew you so little of woman's ways as to believe what I then said?"

"Why, niece Eleanor, I never suspected thee of the immorality of a false tongue."

"Ah, aunt Dinah, heard you never of such a thing as a woman deceiving herself?"

"What, when thou usedst to vow that love, forsooth, was a primer which thou hadst not learned, and that De Vere could not teach thee its lessons; that, for thine own particular part, thou couldst see little to admire in the youth, though others might deem him goodly and well-favoured; that his eyes were neither so bright nor so black as they made people believe, nor his smile so sunny, nor his voice so sweet!"

"Ah, aunt Dinah, how well I should have loved you, had you only contradicted me flat!"

"What, when thou bearest gainsaying so ill!"

"I tell you that my indifference was all a pretence, and that I love him, ah, better than life itself!"

"Shameless indeed thou art! What! a maiden and a Bentinck to say this!"

"The woman who glories in her lover will also glory in her love, noble, generous, and full of glowing feeling as is De Vere."

"Nay, I gainsay it all. He be none of these!"

"Out upon it, aunt Dinah! What mean you?"

"Said you not that when you spake of De Vere, you loved to be flatly contradicted?"

"Ah, aunt Dinah, but only when I dispraise him! Buffet me when I speak reproachfully of him, and I will kiss the hand that smites me."

"Well, niece, it seems to me, after all, that love is but another name for silliness in one of its worst stages, and that those who are in the disorder ought not to have the least attention paid to any thing they may either do or say. Nevertheless, it would be as well to finish what thou hadst begun to impart to me when thou wert seized with thy delirious wanderings, that is, if thou canst call up sufficient coherence."

"Why, then, thus, aunt Dinah, to shorten the matter, lest I might be seized with a fresh paroxysm. I had said 'yea' to young De Vere; my father had said 'yea;' but, thinking it right loyal to submit the matter to the consideration of this unnatural son-in-law, who sits in his sire's seat, and calls himself by his name, and claims his heritage, what does he, but pish and psha, and look grave and stern, and say—the dolt....."

"Hush! Hush!"

".....that my De Vere hath had doubts cast upon his loyalty, and that, forsooth, he must clear himself of the imputation, ere he can agree that he shall have the happiness of alliance with the family of one so stanch and honourable, loving and loyal, as Lord Portland! Out upon the cold-hearted, crafty....."

"Hush! child, hush! You speak of King William."

"King James would not have done this!"

It was a night fit for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," and, according to its suitability, such things were hatching and contriving so very plentifully, that, could King William have known what was going forward, he certainly

would have found it difficult to pass it sleeping comfortably upon his pillow.

However, whether he knew it or not, in a certain castle, in a certain corner of his kingdom, some certain distance from the metropolis, certain men were forming a conspiracy, which had for its object the certain taking away of King William's life.

The reader must turn to our illustration. The extensive halls and corridors, which formed the lower tier-work of one of the most powerful strongholds in the kingdom, had been converted into a military depôt. Long, arched passages conducted from one old hall to another, through a building of vast extent. The massy walls of hewn stone, though not chiselled into grotesque imagery, friezework, or sculptured adornment, might, from their prodigious solidity, have bidden defiance to assault and battery, and in their gloomy strength might equally have laughed to scorn, nay, have frowned to scorn, subtle stratagem or open violence. Immense piles of arms were stored within the recesses and long vistas of this dangerous garrison, and troops of soldiery were lounging and carousing.

But the danger of brute force is nothing without intellect to direct its scope and set it in motion; and intellect was busy working weal or woe to a great nation in the little conclave which our readers will discern through the vista in our plate.

"The end sanctifieth the means," said the one whose habit marked him for a priest of the Romish Church; "the sacrifice of one may be the appointed means of saving many. The son of perdition sitting on the throne

of these realms keeps the doors of the true Church locked up against her children."

"Ay, truly enough," exclaimed a burly man, enforcing his eloquence by a heavy blow on the old oak table—"ay, truly enough sayest thou, Father Philip: and King Louis will help us all, with right good-will, to batter down those self-same doors."

"Thy speech savoureth somewhat of irreverence, my son," said Father Philip. "As a true son of Holy Mother, King Louis will make plain and smooth the road for her children to approach her; but the keys of the earthly as well as of the heavenly temple be in the hands of him who sitteth in the chair of St. Peter, and he delegateth his power to us the unworthy sons of the Holy See;" and Father Philip devoutly crossed himself.

"Well! well! we be agreed on all things, temporal as well as spiritual, and that thou knowest full well," replied Master Stourton impatiently. "All I meant to say was, that King Louis will aid us with arms, money, and men, to hoist up King James to his own seat, and to topple down this gloomy, grave-digging son-in-law, who finds it needful, forsooth, to steal a kingdom to satisfy his conscience! —A capacious conscience must he have!"

"King Louis hath in view the weal of souls," said Father Philip: "a catholic King upon the throne might be the honoured instrument of snatching heretic England like a brand from the burning."

"For mine own part," interposed the third of the trio, who bore among them the title of Captain Sandys, "I, who bear King James's commission, and who glory in the noble game of war, I myself am for making one blow do

for all. Though I have been trained to killing instead of curing, yet do I count myself a merciful man, and I say that it is better to take one life than a million."

"Son, thou shouldst rather look beyond this present life, and bethink thee of the souls that may be saved rather than the bodies."

"Every man to his calling, Father—I to mine, thou to thine."

"We be agreed as to means," interposed Stourton: "leave every man's motives to himself. But passing all this, why think ye doth Maurice Digby tarry so long behind his time?"

"He bringeth with him our new recruit," said Stourton. "Think ye that Sandys is needfully assured of his fealty?"

"The man hath a sturdy honesty about him that maketh him trusted whether ye will or no. He promiseth little, that he may prove himself as much better than his own words as other men be worse."

"Ay, honest men are the fittest for a righteous work," said Father Philip; "they make better weapons too, in skilful hands. But here cometh our friend Digby and his new ally."

As he spoke, there issued from one of the side arches two men of widely different aspect. The one short of stature, with a sinister expression of countenance, who would have been insignificant, but for a certain air of innate and determined purpose, which at once redeems a man from puerility of character. Cool, calm, collected, with his mind's eye ever fixed upon some object unseen by others, every word and action yet bore signs of reference

to that one unseen purpose. This individual, low in stature, and wrapped in a short cloak, was preceded rather than followed by the new confederate, a man in middle life, bearing this one point of similarity, namely, that of some fixed and firm purpose, which he was fully bent upon attaining. This man had a peculiarly swarthy complexion, an abundance of black hair, was somewhat round-shouldered, and somewhat corpulent; had an aquiline nose, a bright, piercing, and intelligent eye; looked as if he were suffering from ill health as well as from anxiety of mind, and yet as if he disdained to yield to either. It could not be said that he had dignity, but undoubtedly he possessed determination; and his eye, instead of quailing like that of a conspirator, looked boldly into the purposes of other men, instead of seeking to hide his own: and this is the best of all disguises. If this were policy at all, it was good policy; and, as he stood in that dark, cavernous gloom, his feet firmly planted on the ground, his hands resting on the hilt of his rapier, and his cloak thrown open, as though he disdained concealment, the keen eyes that were fixed upon his own at once confessed that such a man would prove a right capable coadjutor.

"So, my masters," said Digby, as he paused at the end of the old oak table, and lifted up a sort of light battle-axe which was lying upon it, many arms being strewn around — "so, my masters, ye be beguiling the time with mirth and jollity until King James come to his own again."

"Ay, marry," replied one of the band, who was lounging in the corner, every now and then, in wanton

idleness, waking an echo through the long arches with the reverberation of his drum—"ay, marry; and I say amen to that on the lips of this brave tankard. Down to the dust and the dogs with this heretic Hollander, and welcome King James home to his own again!" and the man contemptuously spurned with his foot a torn and degraded banner which was lying on the ground.

"What meaneth this?" said the stranger. "Were ye true Englishmen, would ye trample the colours of your country thus beneath your feet?"

"What, man, dost thou savour of the bitter orange?" scornfully retorted the soldier. "Thus I spurn and tread under foot the colours of the heretic and the usurper!"

"And thus I raise the banner of England!" said the stranger, as, with an eye kindling and a mien elated, he snatched up the prostrate and humiliated colours, and planted them firmly on the ground. "Thus I raise our national banner; and, if ye be true Englishmen, ye will give three cheers for the flag of your country, whatever king may reign!"

"Bravo! bravo! A true Englishman! true to the blood and the bone!" exclaimed the surrounding men-at-arms. The stranger had touched the chord of nationality; and, though conspirators, they were Englishmen.

From amidst this discordant applause the stranger turned, and, accompanied by Digby, walked up the arched passage towards the junta of conspirators, who rose to receive him.

"Comrades," said Digby, "I bring you a brother in arms."

"He shall be welcome, so that he keep true faith with us," said Sandys.

"Behold this holy symbol," said Father Philip, elevating a crucifix before him; "thou must swear fealty upon it."

"Priest," replied the stranger, "he who brake one trust might fairly be misdoubted of another. I have been cradled in a different creed from thine, and thou must content thyself with a word in place of an oath."

"Son, thou shalt swear upon the Holy Evangelists. Thy sect professeth to believe the Gospels as well as Holy Mother."

"My *sect!*—But let that pass. I will promise on my sword," said the stranger, as he clanged and rattled it over the pavement.

"A right soldierly oath!" exclaimed Captain Sandys; "and the Pope himself ought to be content therewith."

"What wilt thou so promise?" said Father Philip: "to be true and faithful to King James, and to use any and all means to regain him his lost throne and crown from the usurper?"

"Nay; I bind myself to no such servitude; I submit to no such slavery. Ye might bid me put mine own neck into a halter. Nay; but this I promise—promise on a soldier's honour—that, though I were put to the torture, William of Orange shall never know from my lips more than ye tell him from your own. And, let me say so much, my masters, whether it be treason or not, if this man had done you as much despite as he hath done me in putting on this purple and this crown, ye would have

no heartier wish than that he were back again to his birthright."

"A man's only real birthright is six foot of earth. Dost mean that thou couldst wish him that?" said Father Philip.

The stranger's keen eye fastened itself searchingly upon the priest.

"Methinks I would give him a little time for repentance."

"The longer the wicked live the more have they to repent thereof. Thinkest thou not it were mercy to save them from plunging themselves deeper and deeper into that bottomless pit?"

"Sooth to say, when my feelings be at the strongest, I could almost wish that William were in his grave."

"Master Digby telleth us that thou bearest a tyrannous hate against him. Since it be not the love of Holy Mother Church that kindleth thee, nor her zeal inspiring thee with the love of souls, what be it else that moveth thee? Is it public weal or private injury?"

"William of Orange hath maltreated me more than any man within these realms. He hath lured me from a quiet home to put my very life in jeopardy. At this moment the sword hangeth over my head; I walk over snares and pitfalls; there is but a hair's breadth between me and destruction."

"Here thou mayst abide, and thou wilt find safety with us, son," said the priest. "The tyrant, in weakening his friends, doth but strengthen his enemies. Thou addest another link to the chain which is begirding him to drag him to his own destruction."

"We will tread this poisonous adder under our feet," said Captain Sandys; "he hath been a pest to the whole nation."

"But for him," said the priest, "a Catholic king would still have sat upon the throne of this poor, blind, besotted country, and haply it might have been gathered up by the shepherds and restored to the one fold."

"He who steals a crown is surely a greater thief than he who steals a crown-piece," said Stourton.

"And he hath not only stolen a crown, but stolen it from his own father," said Sandys.

"The sanctified thief!" returned Stourton. "Little, indeed, did pious King James deem that, when he gave him his daughter, he was leading him to uncrown himself and send him forth into the world a vagrant and a beggar."

"Ay; when they made bridal holiday, who could have dreamed that the bridegroom would take his father's place, and drive him forth a vagabond and an outcast to beg his daily bread in another land! Ay, well it befits the King of England to be asking alms of his hereditary enemy!"

"Nay, son," interposed Father Philip, "he doth but receive hospitality from a brother. King Louis and King James be both children of the same Holy Mother."

"Wert thou an Englishman, Father, thou wouldst have a different feeling," said Captain Sandys.

"Son, thy passions be somewhat too unbridled," said Father Philip. "In thy hot zeal, thou lookest but at a temporal kingdom—I to an eternal one. Thy patriotism is for a people—mine for a faith. Thou wouldst rein-

state the king of these realms because he hath been unjustly and unnaturally defrauded of his birthright—I because he is a son of the true Church, and may be the instrument of restoring this portion of her heritage. Son, we toil from different motives; but thine is subordinate to mine. Nevertheless, we are fellow-labourers in the same field. Our new friend here offers us aid from different motives; but, since we are permitted to use all instruments, even unhallowed ones, in great and righteous undertakings, we are bound to accept him on his own terms of service; and, in sooth, I know of no stronger energy of impulse in carnal man than that of personal injury. Ay, son, the hatred for private wrong, being just in itself, may doubtless be overruled to the promotion of a great and good cause; and thou mayst not only accomplish thine own just revenge, but be earning the reward of good works; and that, too, greater than thine own heart may reckon on."

"Priest," said the stranger, "I pretend not to have been bred in the schools, though my scholarship may not have been wholly neglected by those who had me in their tutelage in my young days. Doubtless, you reason well; but let that pass. As for private injury, I say again that William of Orange hath caused me to be more maligned, more despitefully used, more persecuted, and more maliciously, unnaturally, and injuriously entreated, than man's blood will bear. I say it again, and I would say it to his face, that he hath caused me to be more maltreated than the lowest scullion in his land; and I would I were now singly with him in some lone spot, far away from you all: methinks I should breathe the freer, were that wish

gratified. But bear me witness, Master Digby, that I sought not to pry into your counsels. If I said that William of Orange had wronged me, and that I knew more harm of him than any other man living, I spake honestly and openly, and I will not gainsay mine own words; and if, on the strength of such a feeling, ye deem me fit to join your confederacy, why I am here, and ready."

"Yet would we have some surety for thy faith; and the more because thou avowest a different creed."

"In associating with you, put I not mine own life in jeopardy? There be little trifling with treason in these perilous times. What more would ye have? But see, my masters, I will give you more. I will prove to you that I am already deeper in your secrets than ye deem. Ye fancy me in my probation, my noviciate; and in so far have I dallied with you to try your prudence; but now, look ye here, my masters. See, I have a scroll containing the names of those among you that have sworn destruction to the man who now sitteth on your English throne. Priest, Sandys, Stourton, ye be among this goodly company; some noble names, too, are with you. Witness ye yourselves. Behold the counterpart of your own secret signatures!"

"Son," said Father Philip, "thou needest no further initiation. Thou art already one of us, or this dangerous scroll had never been in thy possession. We bid thee welcome, as comrade and true brother."

"It being so, we will waste no further parlance," said the stranger. "In this list standeth the name of De Vere. Where tarrieth he? Be ye well assured of him?

What ground of discontent hath he? My mind misgives me of his constancy."

"Thou provest thy deep-sightedness. De Vere hath no hatred towards the usurper," said Father Philip; "but the wise general profiteth by every opening. He is thwarted in a bauble. The passions of fools make them fitting instruments for wise men to play upon. He hath set his heart on the toy of a woman, a plaything with bright eyes, and golden hair, and sunny smile — things that rot in the grave; and he raveth against the tyrant who hath denied him his fancy. Howbeit we trust him not fully till we have better tried his consistency. Ay, William, with all his brains, hath worked politically for us rather than himself; he hath made a foe when he might have kept a friend, at the trifling price of a girl, who cost him nothing."

"But De Vere hath just come from his travel, and, as I hear, knoweth not the king."

"*The king!*"

"Call him what you will."

"The unnatural usurper. True — he hath not seen him face to face; but his father hath interceded for him, and been refused."

"The name of his father standeth not here."

"Nay; he is content to carry the colours of a new faith and a new loyalty."

"And why deem ye then that the son of so loyal a subject is denied his guerdon?"

"William hath an ascetic, gloomy, morose, unloving, selfish, care-cankered heart. He hath a pleasure in giving pain, and is altogether ignorant of the policy of

making friends. 'Tis best that it should be so—best for us, for the right cause, and for the true faith."

"The man that is unloving and unloved hath not only a narrow soul but a narrow influence," said Digby.

"There will be the fewer to regret him when he dies —*as die some day he must*," said Sandys.

"*And that soon*," significantly rejoined Stourton.

"The sooner the better," added Sandys.

"Many lives may sometimes be saved by the sacrifice of one. Such things are sometimes for the good of a whole community," said Sandys.

"And many souls," said the priest.

"Think ye, then, that the time is ripe?" asked the stranger.

"The fruit is ripe if the hand be ready to pluck it—the fruit of reward. A bold hand and a brave heart may now not only win fame but fortune."

"Would you tempt me to play the part of an assassin?" said the stranger.

"The hand that executeth justice is not that of an assassin," said the priest. "He who executeth the laws is honoured and honourable."

"But from whence shall we count our commission?" asked the stranger.

"Spiritually, from Holy Church," replied Father Philip, "who hath the keeping of men's consciences; and temporally, from our anointed sovereign, King James, the only just, true, and legitimate monarch of these realms. King Louis helpeth us with troops; the Holy Father sanctions our proceedings; and we carry King James's commission."

"I see, I see," said the stranger: "ye need a bold hand and a dauntless heart, that may make all sure at a stroke. It may be that I have them, and can use them on occasion; but there must be no blundering in the dark in this matter."

"Come thou with us into surer privacy," said Father Philip: "in matters such as ours the very stones should be mistrusted."

And so the junta adjourned.

We pass from scenes of dark confederation to palace halls. William and Mary held their state at Hampton Court. It seemed as if the monarch had thrown off something of the cloak of his repulsiveness, and was trying whether or not he could acquire the skill of winning hearts. The spacious windows of the palace were gleaming with light; music resounded through the lofty halls; courtly groups were threading the mystic mazes of the dance; while the king, with unwonted condescension, tried his skill at smiling, and endeavoured to modulate his voice into a bland and gentle utterance. But the trouble of being agreeable is a great trouble, and but few crowned heads are willing to work on the highway. William of Orange found it more easy to play the king than the courtier; and, finding himself very fast relapsing into frowns and moroseness, he silently separated himself from the groups of silken lords and velvet ladies, and passed into that noble garden of wide avenues, shelving terraces, and grassy lawns, that surrounds the palace. Heavy anxiety weighed down the heart of the king. The diadem of monarchy hath ever been a crown of thorns.

Had William been cradled in the birthright of his kingdom, he must have felt this truth; but he had trodden on tottering steps in climbing his way, and his head was dizzy.

Occupied by thoughts of weal and woe, William passed moodily away from the gay scene. The moon was walking in the cool splendour of her lustrous light, and looking down calm and passionless on the turmoil and strife of the world beneath. The odour of a thousand flowers floated in the air; the plash of oars upon the water sounded upon the ear; while the gentle murmur of the tide seemed to speak lullingly and soothingly to the wearied heart of the king. All was calm and peaceful without, while within a myriad of tapers illumined the vast casements, and the melody of a mirthful measure broke upon the breeze that murmured by, laden with summer sweets. He stood long gazing musingly upon the pile which a subject had reared for a king. It was one of those seasons when man arraigns his own purposes, when he looks within himself, and asks himself solemn questions of the past and the future.

"Is it pleasure or peril to be a king?" soliloquized the sovereign. "Doth King James or King William sleep the soundest? Surely, the peasant, who gains his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, hath sounder slumbers and sweeter dreams. But then there is a pride in the high-sounding name, that like a trumpet-blast echoes through the world. And will the name of James or William sound goodliest to succeeding generations? But it is *motives* rather than *actions* by which men ought to be judged; and while the one is blazoned the other is

hidden even from supposition: motives must be left to the great day of account. Men will say that it was ambition which made William of Orange grasp a crown: they will not see that it was rather zeal for that faith which hath already caused the outpouring of so much blood, that made me place myself as a bulwark between England and Rome; that it was for the spiritual safety of these realms that I have sacrificed my own peace and quiet, in the hope of proving a nursing father to the pure Reformed Church. And yet for this honest purpose will my name be branded in history, and my memory desecrated; and not only doth future obloquy attend me, but present peril. I walk amid snares and quicksands. Conspiracy is brooding round me. And can it be that James would sanction assassination, or that the creed he professes could tolerate or absolve the deed on any grounds of expediency or necessity! Yet, as it is, I know not at any moment that the knife of the murderer may not be gleaming upon my breast. And is there wonder, then, that my step be heavier and my brow darker than any subject of my kingdom!—and yet even for these signs of my sorrows doth reproach follow me. Men call me morose, gloomy, joyless; but the cause, the cause—they overlook the cause! Even now, amid the stillness of these gentle shades, may crouch the ruffian whose price is present gold and future absolution. Ah! I bethink me that awhile agone I heard the plash of oars upon the water, nearing the palace-gardens. Might there not be warning in the sound! Let me profit by it, if it be not now too late."

King William noiselessly, almost stealthily, emerged

from the shadowed walk into the moonlight, which was flooding the broad terrace immediately beneath the palace windows. Caution, but not fear, characterized his movements; for William was undoubtedly as brave as he was prudent. He had passed from that scene of revelry which Mary was still seeking to gild with smiles—smiles far sadder than sighs—through a private postern, where the guards kept not their watch and ward. Whether it were fancy or reality, William thought that he heard footsteps following him; but there was no fancy in the rough grasp that a moment after, seizing him by the collar, threatened him with suffocation, nor in the voice which sounded fiercely in his ear—

"Ho, villain, have I caught thee in a trap of thine own devising!"

The highest indication of great courage in a man is when danger rouses rather than dismays him. Peril always had this stimulating influence on King William. It was therefore with dignity that he answered: "What wouldst thou with me, ruffian?"

"Ruffian in thy teeth! Eavesdropper! Prying knave! Skulking assassin!"

"These be thine own designations," replied the king.

"I defy thee!" exclaimed King William's new acquaintance. "I know thee for what thou really art!"

"Know then thy duty better. Unhand me, knave!"

"Not till our account be settled."

"And thinkest thou, ruffian, that we be so securely in thy toils as that thou mayst brave us even here!"

"Ay, though there were a dozen of ye. I will dog thee even into the king's presence. Ye may butcher me

with a dozen knives; but I will raise such a clamour as shall reach King William's ears and warn him of his danger. Thinkest thou that thy person is hid from me? Nay, nay; I know thy crouching gait, thy laggard mien, thy doleful aspect, all too well, for I saw thee, villain, in that den of thieves, with thy confederates, Sandys, Digby, Stourton, and the priest; and I know that thou art here with murderous intent! I guessed not which was to strike the blow; but I was assured that one of you was to do so, and I saw the dark shadows of a dozen of thy fellows behind yon distant clump of trees, and I rushed upon thee recklessly, because I saw that in another moment they would have joined thee."

"How sayest thou!" exclaimed the king; "a dozen behind yon trees!"

"What, then, wouldst summon them to thy aid? nay, nay, believe it not! An thou callest aloud, the guards will hear thee as well as thy comrades, and they cannot see thy gestures: nay, nay, I have thee there! But, to make all sure, come thou with me! Forward, my master, forward! We will not dally with danger; and I quit not mine hold upon thee till I see thee safely lodged in some sure place of wardship."

And, so saying, his unceremonious visitor dragged King William forward towards the interior apartments, where lights were gleaming, and, much to his surprise, found that he was accompanied by willing and not unwilling footsteps.

The king's new Lord Keeper somewhat relaxed his grasp as they stood together within one of the noble and lofty chambers of the palace, with its oaken panelings

and inlaid floor, and its rich, but stiff, stately, and cumbrous garniture. Each read the other with his eyes intently gazing on his lineaments. The passionate demeanour of the stranger could not disguise a noble bearing, and a certain courtliness of attire, which admirably set off features of elevated character. As the king looked on his young captor, the sense of danger seemed to fade from his apprehension, though the impression on the mind of his opponent seemed not quite so satisfactory.

"Ay, thou lookest the skulking villain!" said the king's courtly visitor, with eyes flashing with passionate light, and lips curling with scorn. "Thine aspect is that of the assassin."

"I cannot requite thee with the like compliment," replied the king, something like a sense of relief and a sense of injury mingling in a sickly smile. "Thine outward page promiseth no ill things of those within."

"Dost think to cajole me?" asked the stranger, fiercely.

"Nay, I know thee not," said the king.

"But I know *thee*, though thou hast washed away something of the duskiness of thy complexion, and doffed thy bushy black hair. I know thee for the base wretch who bargained with Sandys and Stourton to assassinate King William, and, had I not determined to defeat thine and thy confederates' wicked projects, doubtless ye would have succeeded. The plan was deeply laid; to come by water, and here in the very heart of his home to penetrate into his closet-privacy; and thy accomplices without will doubtless wonder what hath marred their projects, and

what hath gotten thee! Nay, why not give thy concerted signal? Ha! ha! I have thee! I have thee! and King William shall not sleep quite so soundly to-night as ye had bargained for! And yet I owe him no gratitude! Let him keep wakeful if he will, for the misery which he hath caused me. But *blood!* and spilled by treachery! Nay! nay! I keep no terms with regicides, and I will proclaim thee! I will proclaim thee!"

"Thou sayest that thou knowest me, and yet I know thee not," said the king.

"He who beareth my father's name, needeth not to blush for it—I am a De Vere."

"And I.....am *William of Orange.*"

"King of England!" exclaimed De Vere, as he sank at the monarch's feet.

There had been a little bustle in the gardens of Hampton Court: some dozen men, who could give no good account of themselves, had been seized and manacled, and a boat moored on the river bank had likewise been laid under embargo. Something like a rumour of danger had begun to float through those palace halls: dancing had been discontinued, and the company had fallen into little knots, conversing in under-tones with anxious countenances; the music was still, and the queen had shewn signs of that malady which fear for William's life had first originated, and which every new apprehension constantly revived. There was over all the circle that but a short time back had laboured to be gay that air of distrust, of fear, of gloom, which can better be imagined than described, when a little bustle at the entrance pro-

claimed some new excitement. The lip of the unhappy Mary trembled with apprehension, but it was William who entered.

Her first glance was to assure herself of his safety; her second sought his companions, for the king had not entered that hall of state alone. He was leaning on the shoulder of De Vere, whilst on his left hand walked his ever stanch supporter, the Lord Portland. A murmur of joy, as a matter of course, ran through the courtly company, as William walked through their centre with unwonted graciousness, bestowing more smiles in the short journey than had been issued from the royal mint for the last year; for the king had ever found it easier of the twain to coin money than smiles. We say that he walked thus attended through that spacious chamber, but he stopped where Mary stood, still palpitating between mingled fear for a past danger and happiness in present safety, and, presenting De Vere to her, "Madam," said he, "I bring you one without whose intervention I might have seen you no more. You will, for my sake, bid him welcome."

A paroxysm of the strong and fearful emotion which we have already noted passed over the frame of the unhappy queen, under the impulse of which she hastily and passionately kissed the hand of the king, and then, mastering as much as possible the conflict within, she presented her own to De Vere, who, kneeling, impressed upon it the seal of his future devotion. King William, however, having calmed by this slight communication the fears of his wife, now passed a little beyond her: the crowd fell back, and our own true heroine, the Lady

Eleanor, stood alone blushing and abashed, the centre of a glittering circle.

"Fair lady," said William, "we come to ask counsel of you. What shall be done to that man whom the king delighteth to honour?—or how shall he requite the faithful friend who hath preserved his life? Should he not give him what is nearest to his heart and dearest?—even this—" and William took the fair hand of Lady Eleanor and placed it in that of De Vere. "Thy king becomes a beggar that he may have wherewithal to requite his friend. Fair lady, I beg it of thee that I may bestow it upon him—is it mine on these terms to give? Silence is my sanction. Thou wilt not love either it or us the less, De Vere, that it is our gift, nay, rather the payment for our life, the only ample one which we might devise. Nay, our De Vere, not a word! And now, cousins and dear friends," said the king, turning and addressing the whole assembly, "we invite you all to a wedding—it is to be glad and gay. See that ye all give us the pleasure of your good company, dressed in such smiles as we hope to receive you wherewithal. William of Orange trusts that the wedding of the Lady Eleanor and his friend De Vere will prove to him the happiest day he hath known since he became King of England."

"Amen! and amen!" sounded far and wide through that festal chamber.

ENDURING WOE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF IMMERMANN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The leaves come whirling from the trees;
The autumn wind blows chill:
Know you the old decaying house
In the wood so deep and still?

The yellow leaves lie thick around;
The winds wail all about:
A pale and lovely countenance
Looks from the window out.

That pale and lovely face, how calm
It looks in evening gray!
The lady who has spoke to none
To none a word will say.

No serving-man hath she, no maid;
To no man's voice gives heed;
A sound is heard when day declines,
As of a coming steed.

Like a horse's tread it comes a-near:
  She listens — forth she bends;
And, lo! an old grey-headed knight
  Before the door descends.

He climbs the stairs: and now, a kiss
  Upon her brow imprest,
"How art thou now, dear child?" said he,
  And held her to his breast.

They sate them to a table of stone,
  And looked with looks of woe;
"Sing me," said he, "that little song,
  As thou didst long ago."

She answered, "Ah, how gay I was,
  When Love's young morning shone! —
But now, old man, 'tis so no more —
  My young friend, he is gone!

"I deck my hair with rosemary,
  My funeral crown to be!—
Thou know'st, old man, thou knowest well,
  Thy only son was he!"

In a ghostly voice the old man spake,
  In a ghostly voice replied:
"He fell in the joyous strength of youth —
  In the ocean-fight he died!

"For the honour of my Lord he fell,
Mangled with sword and shot —
I gladly gave my Lord my all —
My son withheld I not!

"My Lord is dead! — thy Love is dead! —
Like sorrow for us two! —
The world plays now another game
With which we've nought to do! —

"The world turns topsy-turvy now,
And lauds the new as prime:
But we — we have our bitter grief,
And memory of old time! —

"And with us two the play is played: —
Thou art weak, and I am old!" —
The yellow leaves whirled round the house,
The autumn wind blew cold.

Who had been there had wept to hear
The two so sadly speak:
But there was not a single tear
On either woful cheek!

SERENADE.

The moon unclouded walks above;
Upon the rose the dewdrop lingers;
And o'er the lattice of my Love
The woodbine throws her slender fingers.

Leave, dearest, leave thy couch of rest,
And meet me where the fountain gushes;
The star of Love is in the west,
And Night will hide a maiden's blushes.

Our bark shall waft us far away,
Where hearts unkind shall ne'er divide us,
And life be one long summer's day,
In climes where ill can ne'er betide us.

Then heed not, Love, their sordid cry,
But tell them, as of gold they're vaunting,
A loving heart no wealth can buy —
And what are thrones if it be wanting?

W. T.

THE GREAT WILL CAUSE.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

The village of Audley, which, as Mr. George Robins would say, "is delightfully situated within an easy distance of the provincial metropolis of a highly-favoured midland county," continues in almost as primitive simplicity as distinguished it a century ago. No railway runs its narrow length within its vicinity; no mail-coach is whirled through its one street; not even an humble two-horse stage connects it with the county town. Neither has it any trade or peculiar manufacture to distinguish it. A country village it has been, time out of mind; and I do not wish it so ill as to hope that modern improvement may visit and spoil it.

The inhabitants of Audley, few in number, have carefully eschewed politics—save when a contested county election sends canvassers and gay favours among them. The few voters in and near the village—substantial freeholders, who

Ne'er have changed, nor wished to change their place—

have usually given their "sweet voices" to the candidates on the Red interest, because the owners of the Audley property have always supported that interest: besides, at Audley, red ribbons are considered as extremely be-

coming to all complexions and ages. Beyond this, these good people venture not upon the troubled sea of politics. The London newspaper from The Hall descends to the Marston Arms' Inn, the only hostelrie in the village; and, after being duly talked over there, passes into the hands of Mr. Syntax, schoolmaster and sexton, a man who knows Latin and algebra, is suspected of an acquaintance with the characters of the Greek alphabet, and actually paid a visit to London, on which occasion, having seen George the Fourth go in state to open the session of parliament, his majesty did very graciously condescend, when the crowds shouted as the cavalcade passed by, to pay him, the said Syntax, the particular compliment of a low bow, exclusively intended for *him!* Is not Audley proud of the lofty courtesy of the sovereign? Has it not cause to be proud, seeing that the erudite Mr. Syntax is universally considered the sense-carrier of the village?

The Hall — as it is emphatically called, as if it were the only Hall in the world — has always exercised as much influence over the primitive people of Audley as the Court does over the world of fashion. The owners of The Hall "came in with the Conqueror," and have held Audley and its dependencies ever since. Seldom seduced into extravagance; content to reign at Audley rather than ruin their fortune by vain competition with superior rank and wealth elsewhere; satisfied with being able to boast proudly that more than once a peerage was offered and declined; the family of Marston had lived happier, perhaps, than most private families in the kingdom. "Live and let live" was their rule of conduct towards their tenantry, who, holding their farms at low

rents, were able to make their payments with a punctuality which landlords might have envied. Thus, Audley was one of the few places where peace and plenty reigned supreme, where politics were unheeded, where pauperism was unknown.

The Marston Arms' Inn, at Audley, is one of the most picturesque old houses you ever saw. It was built—no one knew when. It had been enlarged and beautified (as was testified by the date graven on a square stone inserted over the ample porch) in the reign of Elizabeth. Those who have seen the curious gateway which leads to the Council House at Shrewsbury will readily understand what manner of house this was. It was a fine specimen of the ancient mode of building, where immense beams of oak traverse the walls, which are carefully painted in black and white, as is the fashion yet in some old houses in the midland counties. Innumerable carvings embellished the building, some grotesque in design, some fancifully and even delicately executed. The roof was crowned with a variety of small, turret-like prominences. The garden side was wholly and the front façade partially covered with ivy and flowering creepers. Within, the walls were wainscoted with oak, dark with age, and polished as marble. Of oak, too, were the transverse beams that supported the low ceilings; the floors were oaken, and so were the stairs. Time had hardened the timber, so that one might almost as easily drive a nail into an iron wall as into one of the massy beams. The windows, consisting of small, diamonded panes, were enriched, here and there, with fragments of painted glass, through which, in other days, a "dim, religious light"

had been cast upon the grave-stones which literally formed the flagging of Audley Abbey, now in ruins.

The hostess was almost as old-fashioned as the house. She was one of the olden school — a maiden who had arrived at the decorous years when spinsters prefix "Mistress" to their surnames. Her guests for the time being were considered by her as part of her own family. On Sundays, she expected them to dine with her, and for that repast would dispense some particularly curious old wine, which (as she loved to boast) neither love nor money could draw from her cellar at any other time. Woe to the guest who spoke of payment for that Sunday dinner!

Mrs. Lee, however, rarely had such opportunities of indulging in her hospitality, for Audley was a place seldom visited by strangers. She was considered a wealthy woman, who could well afford to live without keeping an inn; but custom, trifling as it was, and a liking for the business, kept her in the old house. Besides, if she gave it up, no one else would take it; for the expenses far exceeded the profits; and what would Audley be without its inn?

At length, however, Mrs. Lee was made happy by the arrival of a guest. This was a Mr. Mavor, who, being a disciple of Isaac Walton's, had come to Audley to try his skill in a fine trout-stream running through the estate. There was no difficulty, through his hostess, in getting leave to fish it; and the only mischance was that a severe cold, which had ripened by neglect into a really dangerous illness, compelled him to remain at Audley much longer than he had intended, while it afforded

worthy Mrs. Lee an opportunity of exhibiting her unrivalled powers as a nurse.

The patient had so nearly recovered that, one Sunday afternoon, as he sat enthroned in an easy chair in her own sitting-room, while Mrs. Lee made tea for him, she endeavoured to impress upon his mind the propriety, as soon as he had quite recovered, of returning thanks in person for the kindnesses which, during his illness, had been showered upon him from The Hall.

"Indeed, sir," quoth she, happy at having fallen in with an excellent listener, "'tis not to be mentioned how kind Miss Marston and her mother have been. Every morning, sir, there was a servant down to inquire how you were — and sometimes she called herself, if she came to the village. Then there was fruit from the hothouse and the garden; jellies and cordials from the housekeeper's room; and dainties of all kinds, such as a sick man might fancy or relish. Indeed, sir, you must not leave Audley without going to The Hall, and thanking them."

"Well, Mrs. Lee, I suppose I must; but I am not fond of seeing strangers."

"Perhaps so, Mr. Mavor; but these are ladies, and a mere note of thanks would not be proper for them, as it would for gentlemen."

"Then there is no gentleman at The Hall?"

"Not one, sir. The Squire died three years ago. Miss Marston then came in for the estate, as the next heir, and she and her mother have lived there ever since. Her father died many years ago."

"And had the Squire, as you call him, no son?"

"Why, sir, he had, and he had not. When the Squire was quite a young man, he went abroad on his travels, and remained away several years. Indeed, we heard a report that he had got married abroad; but this could scarcely be true, because, when he returned at last, he brought no wife with him. There was a little boy in arms came with him; but, as his nurse was a French-woman, and returned home very soon after, we could not make out from her who the child's mother was. However, sir, the Squire called him Frank Marston; and, indeed, you had only to look in his face and see, from the great likeness, that he was the Squire's son. When the lad grew up a bit, he used to be everlastingly down in the village. No one could help loving Master Frank. At times, his father would be very fond of him, and at times he would look so mournfully in the lad's face, and then speak to him quite pettishly, (as if he was afraid of getting too fond of the boy) and turn into his library, and not be seen for days. 'Twas thought, sir, that he had something heavy on his mind. At last, when Master Frank was about eleven or twelve, as well as we could guess, he was sent to one of the great public schools, and there he carried every thing before him. 'Twas the same way when he went to College; he had only to try for a prize, and he was sure to get it. The Squire, who knew how fond I was of Master Frank—I told you, sir, that my mother was the Squire's nurse?—used to send for me always when the news came of his getting on so well at College, and read the letters to me. But it was odd that, from the time he left The Hall for school, Master Frank was never sent for to see the Squire.

At last, when he was preparing to study for the bar, the Squire went to see him at London. What passed no one knows; but Master Frank went away to travel on the continent. He used very often to write home; and nothing did the Squire more good than a letter from him. Indeed, I thought it strange that he should grow fonder and fonder of him the longer he was away. But your cup is empty, sir; let me give you a little more toast; it is beautifully crisp."

"Thank you. But the Squire?"

"Ay, sir—a little more cream?—the Squire went off quite suddenly. They found him on the library-floor, in a fit. He was taken up and bled, but did not live long. He spoke a few minutes before he died, and said, 'Every thing for my son Frank.' What this meant no one knew; and, when his papers were searched, there was no will found: so the estate—'tis fully worth twenty thousand a year—went to his niece, Miss Emma Marston, and all the other property besides. She was abroad at the time the Squire died; but it surely was a great thing for her. Try another cup, sir."

"Has there been no whisper of Miss Marston's getting married?"

"At first, sir, every one was spoken of as being likely persons for her to marry; but she gave encouragement to none. Just now, she has trouble enough before her, poor thing! Think, sir, of Master Frank's bringing an action to get the estate from her! It has been quite the talk of the county of late. It comes on, sir, at the next assizes, in March: but I know, if there's law or justice, he cannot win. She has done all the good she could to

every one around her, and the very ground she treads upon is loved by all who know her. It is a hard case, sir, for Mr. Frank to claim the estate."

"Perhaps it may seem so; but, if his claim be good, surely, it would be as hard to deny it?"

"Yes, sir; but how *can* it be good? He says that he is the Squire's lawful son—*who* was his mother, and how came it that we never heard of *her?* To think of Master Frank turning out so!"

"Then you expected better from him?"

"To be sure I did. And there's the young lady—as beautiful as an angel and with a voice like music—not knowing but that the law will take the estate from her. It may be law, sir, but it is not justice. I only wish the jury were picked from this part of the county; they'd be certain to give her the property and transport Master Frank.—The Squire's lawful son, indeed!—I'd like to know how he'd prove it."

Shortly after this conversation, (which we have given in detail, as it exhibits exactly how matters stood) Mr. Mavor proceeded to pay his visit to The Hall. There he was no unwelcome guest; for its fair mistress instantly recognized him as one to whom she owed so essential a service as the preservation of her life. It had happened, four years before, during her visit to Naples, that she formed one of a pleasure party who went upon an excursion on the Bay. The gentlemen who acted as mariners on that occasion contrived to overset the boat, and Miss Marston, with the rest, was precipitated into the water. Mavor, who had the good fortune to be close at hand when the accident occurred, jumped from his own boat

into the water, and succeeded in rescuing Miss Marston, who escaped without any other ill effects than a thorough wetting. The travelling arrangements of her friends compelled her to leave Naples so speedily that her preserver had but few opportunities of seeing her. They were sufficient, however, to interest him greatly in the beauty and grace of the young lady, and to lament that fortune had never again thrown him in her way. He had not the slightest idea, often as he heard of her name, during his recent illness, as the owner of Audley, that she was the same Miss Marston whom he had met at Naples.

What followed may be readily imagined by all who know any thing of the gentle lore of love. The acquaintance thus renewed soon blossomed into friendship, and ripened into mutual affection. For the satisfaction of the prudish, we beg to state that, after all, this process was not so *very* rapid. It was February before Mavor quitted Audley; (where he had been Mrs. Lee's nominal guest, but a daily visitor at The Hall) and assuredly four or five months' constant companionship is sufficient to make a gentleman and lady acquainted with each other.

Mavor left Audley, assured, and with her mother's fullest concurrence, that he was any thing but hateful to Emma Marston. When she frankly informed him of the claim that Frank Marston had set up for the estate, he told her, somewhat to her surprise, that, for his own part, he rather hoped the claimant would be successful; adding, when he saw her astonishment at the remark, that, if she lost the estates, it would give him the oppor-

tunity of showing how very sincerely he loved her for herself alone.

Then they parted. Mavor was summoned to London by urgent business, but promised to return by the time THE GREAT WILL CAUSE, as it was called, was to be decided.

Dwellers in London have no idea of the importance of the Assizes to people in the country. Every thing connected with them is of moment—from the appointment of High Sheriff to the trial of prisoners and causes. Twice a year the Assizes bring the magnates of the county into the principal town, where, if naught else be the result, their ladies have an opportunity of seeing the new fashions; of "cutting a dash" as well as their neighbours; in short, of breaking, for a time, the monotony of a country life.

For the Assizes, too, the inhabitants of the town make ample preparations. The painters are employed to refresh the external appearance of shops, offices of business, and dwelling-houses; the tradesmen then increase their stock, and display it to the best advantage; the professional men are busy in preparing for counsel those lengthy documents called "briefs;" in short, all classes are on the *qui vive* for the Assizes. The very prisoners in the gaol, to whom suspense is often worse than actual suffering, are not sorry to know that the time is come when, if they have good fortune and a good counsel, they may have a chance once more of making acquaintance with

"The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty."

We must now suppose that the time has arrived for holding the Lent Assizes for the county in which Audley is situated. The Judges, "learned in the law," have made their stately entry into the county town, accompanied by the High Sheriff, and escorted by his Javelin men. The Commission has been opened—the Assize sermon has been preached—the Grand Jury have been impanelled—the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immorality has been read — the Judge's Charge to the Grand Jury has been delivered—the petit Jury have been sworn in—bills of indictment have been sent up to the Grand Jury—a "true bill" has been returned—and the arraignment of the accused takes place.

Alas! what anxious moments have the prisoners who await their trials! What a tell-tale is the human countenance when we see it in the dock! There, as the witnesses touch the head of the accused man with the Crier's rod, how sudden the shrinking of the body—how spasmodic the involuntary working of the features! See, how he endeavours to assume an air of indifference; mark how he even affects to smile, as if in pity for the witnesses' mistake—or notice how, conscience-smitten, the recognition actually stupifies him. Suppose that the case is one where the prisoner is accused of Murder. How hushed the silence which precedes the summing-up of the evidence by the Judge! How calmly, how dispassionately, nay, how mercifully, (for the Judge is presumed to be Counsel for the accused) he sifts the testimony of the witnesses, compares conflicting statements, points out where the charge has been rebutted, declares in what particulars it has been proved, and finally desires

the Jury, if they have any doubt, to give the prisoner the benefit of it, and pronounce his acquittal! Then, how awful the interval between the Judge's charge to the Jury and the delivery of their verdict! As we count time, the space may be only a few minutes; but, to the wretched man at the bar,

> "Moments like to these
> Rend men's lives into immortalities."

What a sudden lull—what a holding in of the breath, as the Foreman turns round and hands in the fatal scroll! What a pang, what an agony of despair, thrills through the prisoner's frame, as the word "*Guilty*" is pronounced! It tells him that his days are nigh their close. When the last hour of the rich man approaches, he is carefully prepared for the tidings that his time has nearly run: cautiously, and by degrees, is the intelligence broken to him—friends soothe his dying moments—affection smooths his pillow—the minister of religion gently leads his thoughts to the better land. But that Verdict of the Jury!—it breaks, without alleviation or preparation, on the startled mind. There is no doubt, no soft language, to cheat with hope, even against hope; no sorrowing regret, no gentle consolation—only the one word, "*Guilty*," that tears the husband from the wife, that severs the father from his children, that takes the son from his widowed mother. It would be a pity that the man, guilty though he be, should have such a sudden doom; but lenity to him would be injustice to others.

And then comes the Judge's sentence. The condemned man is asked whether he has any thing to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon

him. There is no reply; or, perhaps, a few wild words, denying the guilt that has been proved, or supplicating the mercy that cannot be extended upon earth. Meanwhile, the fatal black cap has been placed upon the Judge's head. You hear a man—aged it may be, and worn with sickness—solemnly condemning to a sudden and shameful death another man in the bloom of youth, in the full enjoyment of health. If a savage were to be present, he could not understand it. He knows how a man, full of anger, will have "blood for blood;" but to see that aged man, with a stern gravity on his wrinkled brow, with faltering speech, with gasping breath, even with tears gliding down his cheeks, dooming that strong man to die, and the strong man patiently listening to him, without any attempt at escape: *that* is peculiar to Civilization, and, painful though it be, is one of the safeguards of Society.

Hark! as the judge concludes, a shriek rings through the court. It is only a lady, who, having waited until the close of the impressive tragedy, has gone off in hysterics. What, in the name of decency and delicacy, do women want, out of their proper places, in a Court of Law!

It is in the Nisi Prius, and not in the Crown Court, that The Great Will Cause, in which we trust that the reader is interested, is to be tried. It is a special jury case, the only one at these assizes, and has excited a great sensation throughout the county and at the bar. Mr. Lynx and Mr. Lennox, two of the ablest lawyers of the day, have been brought down "special" for the defendant; not that her attorney has any apprehension of the result, but a property such as is at stake must not be perilled

by the want of the best advocacy that can be procured. Knowing also that, to give men an interest in a cause, *their* interest must not be neglected, the shrewd attorney has marked very heavy fees upon Counsel's briefs. On the other hand, no particular preparations have been made on plaintiff's behalf. His counsel are gentlemen belonging to the Circuit, neither of whom has yet had the opportunity of particularly distinguishing himself. What with the general feeling against him, as one who is bringing a vexatious suit against a woman, with the admitted disadvantage of being opposed by two such lawyers as Lynx and Lennox, and with the misfortune of being personally unknown in the county, the plaintiff is considered as a man without any chance of success. Already, bets are freely offered, (not taken), twenty — fifty — a hundred to one against him!

The day of trial has arrived. The Special Jury, taken from among the leading gentry of the county, are duly sworn in. The Court is crowded. Now and then a whisper is heard, as some lady is favoured with a seat near the Judge, "Is that the defendant?" No, Miss Marston and her mother are not in Court. They await the issue at the Royal Oak Inn, and one of them, at least, does not want kind words to cheer her, for Mr. Mavor sits by the side of his affianced.

The junior counsel for the plaintiff in the cause Doe on the demise Marston *v.* Marston opens the pleadings, and states that Francis Marston is plaintiff and that Emma Marston is defendant; that the declaration is in ejectment to recover possession of the manor of Audley, in the county of ....., containing divers messuages and

lands, with the rights and appurtenances thereto belonging: also the manorial rights, tithes of corn, grain, hay, grass, &c. within the said manor; as also the rectory of the parish church of Audley, aforesaid, together with the tithes of corn, grain, &c.; also divers messuages, cottages, and buildings in the county aforesaid, out of all which premises it was alleged that the defendant had ejected the plaintiff, and wrongfully kept him out of possession of the same. To this the defendant pleaded not guilty, and that was the question which the Jury had to try.

The plaintiff's senior Counsel then briefly stated the case to the Jury to the following effect: that, when residing in France, the late Sacheverell Marston married Emilie Latour; that when this marriage took place, his father was alive, and it was therefore deemed prudent to conceal it for a time; that the husband was induced, by circumstances which then seemed "strong as proofs of Holy Writ," to suspect the fidelity of his wife; that she quitted him on hearing these suspicions, and that the plaintiff, Francis Marston, was the legitimate offspring of this marriage.

The examination of witnesses followed. The first was the aged clergyman who, thirty years before, had solemnized the marriage, and whose certificate, dated and given at the time to the plaintiff's mother, he identified. Then were produced two witnesses of the marriage, one of them being the *bonne* or nurse who had brought the plaintiff, when a child, to England. Other evidence was adduced, to prove that the plaintiff was the legitimate son of the late owner of the Audley estates; and not even the ingenuity of Mr. Lynx, unrivalled in cross-examination,

nor the ability of Mr. Lennox, could shake the testimony. Inch by inch, however, they fought to the last, long after the Judge had declared that the plaintiff's case had been fully proved. Without leaving their box, the Jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

Great was the astonishment of every one, when, within three weeks after this important decision, the fashionable department of a London morning paper contained the following announcement:

"We understand that Francis Marston, Esq., of Audley, in the county of ....., will immediately be married to his cousin, Emma, only daughter of the late Rev. F. Marston. Our readers may recollect that the parties in question recently figured at ..... Assizes, as plaintiff and defendant, in The Great Will Cause, Marston *v.* Marston. We are in possession of the romantic incidents which are connected with these coming espousals. The delicacy which invariably actuates us prevents our now entering further into detail than to say, that, 'Truth is strange, stranger than fiction.'"

It was even so! On the evening of the day on which the trial had dispossessed Emma Marston of all her property, and when ninety-nine out of every hundred believed that she was breaking her heart at the loss, that young lady was listening, in excellent spirits, to certain disclosures from Mr. Mavor, whom it is now high time to introduce as Francis Marston, the successful suitor in the Courts of Law and Love.

"My father," said he, "married when he was abroad, and hesitating to communicate this circumstance to his

father, whom he knew to be anxious for his union with the daughter of an old friend in England, determined at length to conceal it altogether. My mother, a gay, lively, attractive Frenchwoman, was unsuited for her husband, a man of grave and retiring disposition. She was of high rank, of high endowments, of high spirit. She constantly complained of the doubtful position in which she was placed by her marriage not being publicly declared. At length, my father suspected her fidelity; she was too proud to condescend to explain or vindicate her conduct. She quitted him, and all search after her was vain: no wonder that it was, for she retired to Italy, where she became the inmate of a convent. There she lingered for many years, and, when on her death-bed, addressed a letter to my father, affording him irresistible proofs that he had wronged her, and earnestly entreating him to do her late justice, by acknowledging their marriage, and, if he had not already done so, by proclaiming my legitimacy. When this letter arrived, my father immediately proceeded to London, where I then was, laid it before me, and entreated me to proceed to Italy, whither his own ill health would not permit him to go, to seek out my mother, to supplicate her pardon for him, to make every endeavour to prevail on her to come to England, where the acknowledgment she sought should be made in the most public manner; or if, as he feared, I should arrive too late, to obtain the fullest proofs of the marriage, for he had quitted France so suddenly that he had not been able to procure them, had he even wished to retain such evidence of what, promising him much happiness, had thrown a blight upon his life.

"I know not what caprice made me determine, while executing my father's commands, to relinquish his name. I believe that, knowing I should have occasion to hold intercourse with my mother's family, I was unwilling to appear before them bearing the name of him who had so deeply wronged her. I assumed the name of Mavor, and made the acquaintance of the Count de Latour, my mother's brother, without his suspecting that I was deeply interested in all that concerned her. When I found myself decidedly a favourite, I mentioned who I was, and what my mission. He informed me that I had arrived too late; my mother had died shortly after writing that letter, which had awakened 'the late remorse of love' in her husband's bosom. But her family were anxious that her fame should be cleared, and the Count and myself proceeded to Italy in search of the proofs of the marriage. We were upon this pursuit when first I saw you at Naples. For a long time we were unsuccessful. In the interim, my father died; died, too, without having made the acknowledgment that he had married Emilie Latour, and that I was their son. To you, as the heir-at-law, the estates descended; and I can only wonder at my not having surmised that you, whom I had met at Naples, were the Miss Marston against whom, when our proofs were all collected, the duty I owed alike to my mother's memory and myself compelled me to take law proceedings.

"Of the success of the suit I never entertained any doubt. I determined to lay the evidence before you, confident that your sense of justice would impel you to admit my claim. With this view, I proceeded to Audley.

There, the kindness you exercised towards a stranger made me more than ever anxious to spare you the suspense and the expense of the trial. I saw you; I recognized you as my Naples acquaintance. I found my heart grow more and more interested in you; and I then resolved, to avoid the worldly imputation of having wooed you for your fortune, to run into the opposite extreme. So I have fully vindicated my mother's fame; I have fulfilled what I believe to be my father's intentions; and I am ready, if I have deprived you of a fortune, to share it with you."

Need we say that the offer was not declined. Shall we prolong our tale, and describe how the marriage was celebrated?—No; let it suffice to know that the cousins lost as little time as possible in returning to Audley; that the nuptials were solemnized amid the good wishes and blessings of all who had been indebted to Miss Marston's kindness, while owner of the estate; that Mrs. Lee could scarcely forgive "Master Frank" for not having told her who he was; and that as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of married mortals is enjoyed by the Plaintiff and Defendant in The Great Will Cause!

TO THE STARS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O, Stars! bright Stars, mysterious lights,
That far above me shine,
In hosts, from yon etherial heights,
Your Maker still is mine.

And while so small a speck I seem,
As ye may scarce discern,
The spark in me on high shall beam
When ye have ceased to burn.

Ye distant Stars, how vast the sum
Of days, of months, and years,
Your holy radiance takes to come
To our dim vale of tears!
But I, when once I burst the shroud
That holds me pinioned here,
More swift than lightning from the cloud
Shall pass your loftiest sphere.

Before the King I then shall stand,
And see him eye to eye,
Who poured you sparkling from his hand,
With gems to set the sky.
Around his throne I still shall see
The heavenly glories pour,
When Earth and Time have done with me,
And ye shall beam no more.

Yet, Stars, bright Stars, while yet I tread
Their darksome, thorny vale,
O, let not o'er my pilgrim head
Your hallowed lustre fail!
By this my spirit lifts her wing,
'Mid damps, and dust, and shade,
And mounts her evening hymn to sing,
Because the Stars were made.

THE KING'S BANDIT.

THE YOUNG BANDIT.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

"La curiosité n'est que vanité; le plus souvent on ne veut savoir que pour en parler; on ne voyagerait pas pour ne jamais en rien dire et pour le seul plaisir de voir, sans espérance de s'en entretenir avec personne."

PASCAL.

What else but "pour en parler" can have taken upon the continent that numerous class of tourists whose strange conduct has rendered the once highly respected title of an English gentleman one of very questionable value? Their principal occupations seem to be, driving hard bargains with voituriers and vetturini; taxing landlords' bills; complaining of impositions; hurrying through galleries of paintings and statues, museums, churches, palaces, and all else that *must* be seen, "pour en parler," as rapidly and cheaply as possible. Without any taste for or knowledge of the fine arts—and, to do them justice, seldom making any such pretensions—and strangely insensible to the sublime and beautiful in nature, they have continued to hurry onward along the beaten tracks of the continent, party after party, in endless succession, till their mere numbers have destroyed the object of their poor ambition. Nobody will listen patiently to prosy accounts of what every body has seen: and, con-

sequently, all who will persevere in the "pour en parler" vanity of relating their travels are very generally and properly rewarded by the title of "insufferable bores."

Such is now the general rule. The exceptions are in favour of those who have had the good fortune to meet with adventures of a perilous kind; and among these Mr. Jonas Jones long stood conspicuous above his fellows. He had crossed the Alps; his eye had rested in apathy upon the storm-girdled peak; he had looked down listlessly upon the deep valley beneath him, as it were, yet far, far away, where the mountain river rushes downward in its might, while the hoarse, angry voice of its struggling waters is lost in the distance; he had gazed, smoked, and yawned, in the presence of the mighty, immoveable "cloud-land," the "everlasting hills," with their dazzling summits of eternal snow; and, instead of being "transported with the view," and "lost in wonder, love, and praise," he merely remarked, "The Alps are only large hills, after all! I shall be heartily glad when we get upon level ground again."

His opinions on works of art were of equal value. "One gallery of pictures," he said, "is just like another, and so are museums; and, as for palaces, they are only large houses, after all." So, on his return home, he spoke lightly of all such matters, when they were alluded to, or merely shrugged his shoulders after a foreign fashion, which he had picked up and practised during his travels. They were not his forte, and he left them to the herd who had roamed from Dan to Beersheba and found all barren; but, when the word banditti was mentioned, all of heroism that he possessed gleamed

in his dull grey eye; for of them he had a tale to tell, in which he himself was the hero. It was quite a mysterious affair; and some, who heard it for the second time after a long interval, were of opinion that the new edition was considerably enlarged.

When a hint of this kind was once ventured in Mr. Jones's presence, he shrugged his shoulders, and observed, "Very likely. One can't tell every thing that happened every time to every body; and really, people are so inquisitive! The fact is, that I was in the hands of a banditti for a considerable length of time. It was in the Abruzzi. Ahem! I had a friend with me, a military man, an officer of rank, and we went into the fields to track Hannibal's....."

"Cannibals!" exclaimed his interlocutor. "Certainly, I never heard of *them* before."

"I said Hannibal's," observed Mr. Jones, warmly—"Hannibal's field of battle, where he thrashed the Romans, near the Lake of Perugia, which they then called Thrashymene."

"Yes," observed the other; "he defeated the consul Flaminius near the lake Thrasymenus. I have read of it."

"Read! Phoo!" said Mr. Jonas; "I have *seen;* and that's better than all your reading.—Well, as I was saying, they came down upon us; and as we were but two, *que voulez vous?*" and he performed the practised shrug.

"How many were they?" asked another inquisitive hearer.

"Why, really," he replied, "that is a question which I cannot exactly answer. I rather think I have been

foolish enough to hazard a guess; but I shall not do it again; for, on reflection, it is impossible to tell exactly. What with the guns I saw moving and pointed from behind the rocks, and the vociferations of those who surrounded us—really—I am not very apt to be nervously affected—but....."

"Well, never mind. What did they do with you?"

"Took us up into the country, of course. But—really—upon my word—if it hadn't been for the recollection of being a prisoner, I should have had no reason to complain. They were hospitable — really hospitable — I must say."

"But how was it you contrived to escape?"

"Ah!—hem!—that's rather a long story. Can't stop to tell you now. 'Woman—lovely woman,' as somebody writes—'ever kind;'" and here he took out his watch and hurried away, as was always his custom whenever he had contrived to gain a few hearers and was satisfied that he had "produced a sensation."

There are various ways of acquiring a name, and story-telling is one. Mr. Jones dealt his story out periodically, in parts, according to the fashion of the day, leaving his audience ever at a point where their curiosity was excited. All believed some part of his disjointed narrative, and some few believed all: so he acquired the name of Banditti Jones; was requested to draw up a "stirring account" of his captivity and escape for a popular magazine; and was, in an evil hour, admitted into the Travellers' Club.

"Vaulting ambition, that o'erleaps itself," was the downfal of Napoleon, as also of Mr. Jonas Jones. Had

he been contented to move and shine in a less orbit, he might still have been a triton among the minnows. Still might he have sate, in pride of place, and eke somewhat of pomp, retailing his banditti scraps between the deals at whist, to the admiration and astonishment of quiet spinsters and respectable stay-at-home matrons, or induced some fair Desdemona to "seriously incline toward one who had undergone such "imminent perils;" but

> "There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we may."

The rumour of Mr. Jones's adventure, like a flourish of trumpets, preceded his admission to the club, and caused him to be a marked man. It was understood that he had been a prisoner for some months in the wildest part of the mountains, and when it was so stated in his presence, he gravely observed, "A considerable time, certainly," and took up a newspaper, as though the subject were rather painful to his feelings. On being pressed for some particulars of his escape, he looked yet more mysterious, shook his head, and spake mystically of "a noble family unhappily connected in some strange way with the Carbonari. Highly improper!—ungrateful to mention names—lovely woman!—ever kind!—never forget!—no never, never!—see her in my dreams. Time *may* come when I may be at liberty to speak more plainly—but while the government of that country remains as it is!—ah! the consequences of an imprudent word from me might be—heigho! Let us talk of something else." And so he managed to keep curiosity alive, and magnified himself accordingly, and went to and fro on his way rejoicing, while, ever and anon, his heart

waxed warm within him, as he caught a whisper of "banditti" from some passer by, and felt proudly conscious of being an object of general interest. And such indeed he was, until.....

It was a cold, wintry, snowy, day, and the club-room was in great request. Every newspaper was engaged, so he sat in placid dignity, contemplating the various groups around, and with much satisfaction detecting occasional glances cast towards himself. It was exceedingly pleasant! He threw himself back in his seat, gazed upon the ceiling, smiled beneficently, and seemed to be "bathed in bliss," when he was suddenly roused by a voice having a foreign accent, exclaiming, "Ah! my friend Monsieur Jones! how are you?"

He started up as though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, and stammered something inaudible. He was evidently much affected by the recognition. "What!" continued the foreigner, "You forget me? not remember your comrade in the field of Hannibal? Ha, ha! La bella at the farm cottage, as give you de milk when you was faintish and tired? Well, how are you? Oh, dear! what is the matter? You seem so pale!"

He did look pale indeed! The stranger had spoken in a loud voice, and, the instant he named the fatal field, all eyes were turned upon them. Mr. Jones, after the first alarm, had caught at an idea, and intended to be another Mr. Jones, and repudiate the claim of acquaintanceship altogether; but, at the mention of Hannibal, the room, and all the ugly peering faces it contained, seemed to whirl round. He clapped his hand to his forehead, the blood rushed back again to his face, he felt

that his popularity was gone for ever, and, summoning all his remaining strength, he staggered off and made a most ignominious retreat through the door, which never opened again to admit him, as, had there been no other reason, he subsequently neglected to pay up his subscription.

In reply to the eager inquiries of all around him, the stranger, who was a Russian officer, said, "Well, I will tell you all about it, in so few words as possible. That Jones, what has run away, was one of four of us, what travelled in a vetturino's carriage, and at my desire, for I am a curious *militaire*, went with me to explore the field. Three of us were armed, and we borrow an old gun for him to make show, because they did talk of robbers. Very shabby dress he had, and so had another who was of your country too; and now I see you all so proper dressed here, I think as there may be some truth in what the French say, as you go abroad to wear out your old clothes. Well, we walk all day in the field and up between the hills, where I am confident as Hannibal debouched, and met a nice little fellow, a peasant boy, ha! ha! I not forget him soon, as he made me laugh so much. He keeped with us for many hours, watching with his little sharp eye all as we did, and shewed us the fine prospect where to overlook the road, till I was feared as he would be fatigued too much, so I gave him something, and told him to go mind his cows, or what it was as he had to do; but he said, 'No, if you please,' and then came close to me, and looking in my face with *espièglerie*, whispered, 'Signor Capitano, I know all the country so well, you will find me of some use. Do pray take me

with you? I want to be one of you.' 'One of us,' I say, 'what you think we are then?' 'Oh!' he say, and put his finger at his nose, 'I know, Signor Capitano! you are what they call banditti.' Ha! ha! ha! That is all! and a shabby set enough we was."

"But did you not meet with real banditti afterwards, Colonel?" inquired a friend who had been mystified by Jones.

"No, not one except that little fellow, and I made him take us to his mother's cottage, and told her to look after her son, as he might not get in worse company, and she and her daughter, a pretty brunette, was very hospitable, and gave us some milk, what Jones drank as a fish. And one of the party, as could draw, took the likeness of the boy at my desire, what I shewed to him after, and told him as he must take care as he is not a bandit, as we have got his picture, and so he will be sure to be catched. There, that is all the history of our adventures at the field of battle. We got safe back into the road, and slept at Passignano. What you all stare for? There is no more to be said."

Such was the foundation on which Mr. Jonas Jones had established his ephemeral renown! He had made no calculations of the possibility of meeting his Russian friend in England. Truly may it be said, that, equally with necessity, "Vanity is the parent of invention."

AUTUMNAL LEAVES.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND,

AUTHORESS OF "THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND."

Leaves that are strewn on the cold lap of earth,
How changed do ye appear,
Since the gay morning of the year,
When from the budding bough
Ye freshly sprang to light!
What are ye now?

The trembling sport of each capricious gust
That in its ruffian play
Doth whirl ye far away;
Then to the reckless tread,
That rudely tramples ye to dust,
Unpitying spread.

Oh, when I think of the first vernal hues
Of that delicious green,
At your unfolding seen,
So fair, but brief of date,
Poor fallen Leaves, I cannot choose
But mourn your fate!

Ye have rejoiced in dews and balmy showers,
And in the sunny pride
Of spring and summer tide,
And wantoned with the breeze,
That murmured through the blossomed bowers,
And waved the trees.

And ye exulted for a little day,
When tinged by autumn skies
With the deceitful dyes
That deck the parting year,
Whose brightness heraldeth decay,
And speaks it near.

Wild winds will chant your requiem a brief space,
And soon the showers will fall
On your funereal pall,
To weep your closing scene,
When, blent with earth, ye'll leave no trace
Ye e'er have been.

How ye resemble the uncertain things
That form earth's transient joys!
Vain and delusive toys,
In fickle charms arrayed,
To which the fond heart madly clings,
E'en while they fade.

They fade, and leave a wintry waste behind,
Too oft in youth's fair prime,
To which revolving time

Can bring no second spring,
But o'er a crushed and blighted mind
Sweeps its dark wing.

Oh, seek the flowers, immortal in their bloom,
Nor gather wreaths to twine
O'er every idol shrine,
To which that love is given,
Assigned to gild earth's dreary gloom
With lights from heaven!

PLEASURES OF LIFE.

BY JOHN CLARE.

In this ash planting, spread beside the stream,
I love to rest me; from the burning sun
To hide me in the leaves, and waking dream
An hour away, watching the wood brook run
Through heaps of leaves, drop dribbling after drop,
Pining for freedom, till it climbs along
In eddying rapture o'er the foamy top,
And then loud laughing sings its whimpling song,
Kissing the misty dewberry by its side
With eager salutations, and in joy
Making the flag-leaves dance with graceful pride,
Giving and finding bliss. Here I employ
An hour right profitably, thus to see
Life may meet joys where few intrusions be.

I mark the flowers about me, how they live
Not for themselves alone, as I may feel,
But the delight which they to others give;
For Nature never will her gifts conceal
From those who love to seek them. Here, amid
The bowering trees, how many unfold their pride,
From the unthinking rustic only hid,
Who never turns him from the world aside
To look for beauties which it heedeth not!
What can compare with Nature's simple joys,
Which meet me in this solemn-suited spot,
Where contemplation my rapt mind employs,
And trains to bear the worst that life prepares,
Finding its sweets as common as its cares!

In every object something lives to please
Or to instruct me: every weed and flower
Heirs beauty as a birthright, by degrees
Of more or less, though Taste alone hath power
To feel and value what the herd pass by.
This common Dandelion-bloom—how fine,
How exquisite, its hue!—The Day's proud eye
Glows not more rich of gold. The Nettle there,
Trod down by careless rustics every hour—
Search but its slighted blooms; kings cannot wear
Robes prankt with half the splendour of its flower,
Pencilled with hues of workmanship divine,
Bestowed on simplest things, denied to power,
And sent to gladden hearts so mean as mine!

MILDRED EGERTON.

BY MRS. WALKER.

The facts narrated in the following brief history occurred in one of the midland counties of England during the early part of the last century. The grave has long since opened its "shadowy portal" for all the participators in them. The innocent and the wicked alike sleep in peace. Even of their descendants, if any yet remain, none are resident near the spot where the events occurred. The recapitulation of those events may not be altogether without interest, as affording another instance—alas! too many are already chronicled—of the tardiness of justice in the detection and punishment of crime, and the mischief and the wrong which result from "judging according to appearance," and accepting presumptive evidence as conclusive testimony of guilt.

Mildred Egerton, the heroine of our "romance of real life," was the only daughter of Mr. Egerton, of Seabrook, a small town in .....shire, of which place he was the sole practising solicitor. The profession, always one of consequence in a district so confined in its dimensions as Seabrook, lost none of its importance or conventional dignity in the hands of Mr. Egerton. He was pompous

by nature, pompous, as the only man of law within a circuit of ten miles, the single arbiter over that space of all the disputed rights and privileges of his too-often quarrelsome neighbours. He had the pride and consciousness of being the only person who drove to church in a britschka of his own; and, above all these considerations, exulted, with pardonable vanity, in being the father of the acknowledged "beauty," not of Seabrook only, but of the whole county; for, at all local *réunions*, it was Mildred Egerton who carried off from every competitor the palm of grace and loveliness.

In truth, Mildred deserved her wide-spread fame for rarest charms of form and feature: eyes, blue and bright as summer skies; a complexion which every passing emotion kindled into tints like those the wild rose boasts; hair, whose soft, rich waves, if left unconfined, enveloped her like a veil; an expression of unstained purity of soul, gentleness, and goodness of nature—all these several attractions made a whole that justified the homage which the eye offered her wherever she turned, and excused the lavish love, amounting almost to idolatry, bestowed on her by her parents and her brother.

It will be readily surmised that, with so many claims to admiration, Mildred Egerton was besieged with matrimonial offers; but her heart appeared to have no community of feeling with any of her adorers. The irrevocable "No" had been the prompt and unchanging answer returned to every solicitation which urged her to quit the home and hearth of her happy infancy and youth; and her fond parents, too contented in having her ever near them, were little disposed to coerce her in-

clinations, when the result would have been the loss of her sweet face, and the deprivation of the joyous laugh, which not only cheered and gladdened every hour of their lives, but was a blessing and delight to the whole household over which she presided.

It was after one refusal only to become a bride that Mildred seemed to pity and sympathize with the chafed spirit and agonized feelings of her disappointed suitor. None had ever seen so deep a shade of sadness and sorrow pass over her brow, as when she dismissed from her presence with the fiat of hopeless rejection Adrian Morton, the medical practitioner of Seabrook, who, from earliest remembrance, had been her companion in every childish sport, and who now, when the boy was merged in the man, eagerly offered that hand which had been so often stretched forth to chastise those who, in infantine struggles, had annoyed her, together with the heart which had so long divided with hers its every care and joy. Yet, even to poor Morton's proposal the irreversible negative was returned. But, when she looked on the writhings of agony which convulsed his face, as he bade her farewell, and left her side to battle with his doom alone, Mildred felt the first pangs of real anguish she had ever known. Her gentle and generous heart almost determined her to summon him again, to revoke her decree, and to sacrifice her own happiness—for she loved him not—to purchase his. But her decision and changeless dismissal were confirmed by reference to her father, who demonstrated that, though in person, endowments, and character, Adrian Morton was unexceptionable, in worldly means he was sadly deficient; his whole

resources depending on the contingent returns of the profession which he followed, and these being already burdened by the support of an aged and beloved parent.

It was not many months after Mildred attained her twenty-first year, that an inflammatory attack, which terminated fatally, deprived her of her father. It is not our purpose, even were space afforded, to delineate the natural grief which such a sudden and heavy bereavement called forth; for the happy few among our readers whose eyes are yet undimmed, whose bosoms are yet unwrung, by the tears and the sighs which gather and force their way when the destroyer, Death, first invades the threshold, and tears the loved and the honoured from the group of affection—we should in vain depict Mildred's suffering. The rugged pathway of care and suffering must be trod, ere the sharpness of the pangs of that "iron which enters the soul" can be felt and understood. Words are but faint symbols to interpret truly either the throes of agony or thrillings of rapture which life, in its variety, appoints to every child of earth, for the purposes of discipline and solace. And for those who have mourned, why should we renew the recollections of a past affliction?

Proceed we, then, to the years which followed Mr. Egerton's death. His widow and daughter, unable to bear the sight of the inanimate yet forcible remembrancers which every moment met their view in their abode at Seabrook, had taken up their residence, the month after his decease, at Meadowbank, a hamlet, containing a few scattered houses, and situated about two miles from their former home; their choice of the spot being influenced by the circumstance of their possessing

there a small estate, to which a house was attached, sufficiently large for the accommodation of Mrs. Egerton's establishment, which now comprised only herself, Mildred, two female servants, and two male domestics, father and son, who had lived in the family for nearly twenty years.

Henry Egerton, who succeeded his father in his legal practice at Seabrook, rented a pretty cottage about half a mile from his mother's house, the direct path to which lay through one of those green, sequestered lanes, abounding in England. His reasons for separate residence will be at once understood, when it is stated that he only waited the expiration of his term of mourning to bring to his home, as a bride, a young lady to whom he had been long affianced.

The longest term which custom prescribes for the outward show of grief having expired, the contemplated alliance was celebrated, and all was peace, harmony, and joy, between the two families. Their proximity of abode proved a source of great comfort to each. Not a day elapsed without an interchange of visits; and the long summer evenings were generally passed by Mildred with her fair sister-in-law, who, from her husband's avocations at Seabrook, was necessarily much alone, and therefore naturally covetous of Mildred's society.

And where was Adrian Morton? Perhaps it was because he fancied that, after the death of Mr. Egerton, Mildred would be more accessible, and that, wanting the protection of a father, she would more readily acquiesce in views which would provide her with a devoted and natural defender; so it was, however, that, the morning

after Henry's marriage, he again renewed his impassioned suit. But no better success than formerly attended that suit. Intreaty, prayers, remonstrance, all failed in combating and overcoming the repulse of Mildred. Almost maddened with rage and defeat, he rushed from the house, muttering threats of vengeance on her and himself. A keener exasperation was given on this occasion to the trial he endured by the frenzied operation of jealousy, for it was reported that Mildred was not indifferent to the love long known to have been entertained for her by the son of the member for the county. Rumour even assigned the ensuing spring as the period determined on for the solemnization of her nuptials. Hence now the unhappy Morton believed that it was not alone indifference to him, but—bitter and poisonous thought! —preference for another, which influenced her decision.

It was noted by all, that from this period a very marked alteration was visible, not only in his person, but in his bearing and manners; all the buoyancy and hopefulness of youth seemed gone for ever. None could recognize, in the dark, stern, morose Adrian Morton, the mild, placid being, who, in his ministration of aid to the sick, had mingled with the office such gentle counsel, such patient endurance, such acute and sympathizing sensibility, that the fierce pangs of disease became lessened in intensity, and modified in extent, not only by the exercise of his professional acquirements and skill, but by the sway of his kindly and generous nature. And now a total want of sympathy with his kind was his dominant characteristic. The operative part of his profession, which formerly nothing but peremptory necessity

had ever compelled him to recur to, was now practised —so many whispered — without the justification of an indisputable fitness or imperative urgency. And the agony he inflicted, so far from being softened by condolence, or compassion, or regret, appeared rather to afford him a certain gratification!

Months rolled on; and, while their progress developed more strongly the painful change in the character of Morton, they seemed to bring increased peace and prosperity to the dwellings of the Egertons.

Autumn had now set in; not, as is so often the boon of our climate, with clear, bracing, sunshiny days and starry nights, but wet and stormy. Indeed, the rains had been so heavy and ceaseless, that a suspension of intercourse between the two families at Meadowbank had been the inevitable consequence. One evening, when the sky seemed to promise that, for a few hours at least, it would be fair, Mildred requested permission of her mother to visit her sister-in-law. Mrs. Egerton the more readily acquiesced in the proposal, from the hope that exercise would bring back the freshness to her beloved child's cheek, which long confinement had robbed of its natural healthful hue, stipulating that, if the weather proved unfavourable at a later period of the evening, Mildred should remain at the "cottage" all night.

She set forth, and passed a few happy hours with her youthful relative. She had commenced preparations for returning homeward, when a report reached the house that a fire, apparently to some extent, had broken out at a neighbouring farmer's. All the male domestics were immediately ordered by their mistress to hasten to the

spot, to lend such aid as they could in the emergency. Mildred, anxious to hear the result, now consented to prolong her visit, and await the arrival of her brother from Seabrook, to escort her home. The timepiece struck eleven, yet neither had Mr. Egerton nor the servants returned from their several destinations. Fearful, as the hour was late, that her mother would be apprehensive, and as the weather was not so determinately bad as to offer an excuse for remaining, Mildred announced her intention of proceeding home unattended. Vainly was her wish combated.

"Nay, my sweet sister, in little more than a quarter of an hour I shall be in my own house again. I have no fear, for how often as late as this have I traversed the lane you so much dread! If any ghost or goblin cross my path, I must have recourse to the undignified expedient of running. Pray do not detain me, I would not for worlds that dear mamma should be kept in suspense." She kissed her sister fondly and affectionately, bade her good night, and departed, smiles on her brow, elasticity in her step.

The chimes from the neighbouring church tolled one, and, Mildred not having arrived, her mother, assuming that she had yielded to the probable entreaties for staying all night, retired to rest.

Was it a hideous dream which startled her into consciousness, when the first grey streaks of dawn struggled into her chamber? Or, was there frightful reality in the wild and eager call which summoned her instantly to rise, and in the staggering announcement, that Mildred, her beloved and beautiful child, had been found mur-

dered, brought home, and now lay below, in death's last agonies? Alas! alas! it was no distorted and distempered vision which brought these horrors. There was truth, fatal, crushing, stunning truth, in the sickening spectacle which met her view. Supported in the arms of her attendants, was the bruised, lifeless form of her adored daughter!

She was laid gently on the sofa, and, need it be said, that whatever care or love could suggest to restore animation was lavished upon her during the time which necessarily elapsed before the professional services of Morton could be procured. She revived, opened her eyes, but there was no "speculation" in them. Morton came with promptest speed, but, as he entered the chamber of death, awe and terror seemed to have paralyzed every faculty of his soul.

Could that be Mildred Egerton who was stretched before him, her garments saturated with mud and damp, the golden masses of hair matted, dirty, wet, the fair cherub-face distorted with the spasms of dissolution, and the eyeballs glaring with a fixed expression of unspeakable horror!

Morton approached the sofa, to examine the injuries she had sustained, but she wildly waved him from her, muttered a few words, but so low and feebly that they reached not even the eager ear of affection, which bent listening to catch her faintest whispered accent, breathed one long and deep-drawn sigh, and fell on her mother's bosom, a corpse. Not a gleam of consciousness had appeared, not a sentence of explanation been given, during the two hours which intervened between the discovery of

her body, and the moment when her young and innocent heart ceased its pulsations for ever.

The barbarity and infrequency of the crime committed, the position in society which the murdered victim had occupied, the blamelessness of her life, the love entertained for her by all classes, the fame, which to a wide extent had gathered round her name for extraordinary beauty, all these points seemed but to invest the circumstance with a deeper and darker atrocity. Dismay and consternation filled the county, through its whole length and breadth.

When the bewilderment caused by its first disclosure had subsided into comparative calm, the following meagre facts were all that, after patient and rigid investigation, could be collected in reference to the event. Some labourers deposed that, in proceeding early to their work, they found the body of the hapless Mildred lying on the margin of a pond, situated in a turning of the lane, which led directly to her mother's house at Meadowbank. What motive she could have had for going out of her way at so late an hour, none could conjecture.

On this fact was based for a moment the report that she had drowned herself. But this was proved to have been impossible from the shallowness of the water, even if her habits, character, and temperament, had not been sufficient in themselves to overrule so monstrous a supposition. The testimony of the surgeon was conclusive as to the cause of death; he demonstrated that it had been accomplished by blows on the head, dealt with some heavy instrument. And as part of the trunk of an old tree, which had recently been rooted up, was found near

the spot, it was surmised that this was the weapon employed to effect the inhuman purpose. It was thought that, believing her dead, the murderer, possibly on some fancied alarm, had flung her into the pond and fled, and that subsequently, with the strong instinct of self-preservation, she had extricated herself from the water, which, as it has been stated, was found to be no where of sufficient depth to destroy life, and then, exhausted by the effort, fallen amongst the weeds and sedges, where she was ultimately found. No money had been taken from her person, neither had outrage been added to outrage. The sacrifice of life seemed to be the one and only object aimed at.

The foregoing evidence established, then came the natural inquiry, what could be the motive, and who the perpetrator, of the deed; and equally impossible was it to supply any solution to either query. If ever there was a being who had lived twenty-one years, without exciting one hostile feeling towards her, all would have concurred in declaring that that being was Mildred Egerton. Ever ready to "weep with those who wept," or to rejoice with those who rejoiced, her warm generous sympathy and unswerving gentleness disarmed even envy of its sting. Her own sex, too often the worst enemies of their lovely or highly gifted sisters, were amongst the most sincere and sorrowing of the countless mourners who followed her early bier; and the streaming eyes, the choked convulsive sobs, which were seen and heard on every side, when the awful words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were pronounced, conclusively attested that her loss was deplored not by any special sex or class, but that grief

had made the whole multitude "kin." Of the wild and passionate woe of her mother, her brother, her relatives, of every domestic belonging to the house, now made lone and desolate, we speak not. It was of that character which "lies too deep for tears," and which the merciful healing from on high and the calming influence of time alone could alleviate.

All attempts to unravel the profound mystery of her murder proved vain. Every person whom circumstance or suspicion pointed out as possibly implicated in the atrocious act was, after rigid and severe examination, declared exculpated and innocent. At length the restless curiosity of the public seemed to find relief in attaching the ban of doubt to Morton. As it was proved that he was professionally engaged on the night of the murder, it was impossible to charge him with the direct perpetration of the act. But the malice of his enemies, and he had many, the desire for some victim as an atonement for the innocent blood shed, fixed on him as in some manner accessory to the deed.

It was known that she had offended him, and all had remarked the singular change which had subsequently taken place in his character. These facts were foundation enough for the populace to whisper the dark and mysterious hint, which should taint with infamy an innocent name, and point the finger of scorn against an upright and honourable man. As is generally the case, the fearful rumour spoken with "bated breath" reached his ear last against whom it was levelled. All Seabrook had rung with the calumny ere Morton caught the hideous echo: he had seen his practice daily diminishing; his

acquaintance keep aloof; his friends return with distant acknowledgment his cordial greeting, without being able to interpret the cause. When a solution was given, and all his senses took in the full enormity and malignity of the libel, his wrath was boundless. He courted and challenged the sternest and most searching scrutiny into all his habits and associates for months previous. It was accorded, and his justification, excepting to the prejudiced —alas! how large a class are these!—was complete.

But, though exonerated from the accusation, or from any participation in the tragedy, by the voice of the law — though, besides this, the majority of the inhabitants of Seabrook held a public meeting to attest their belief in the groundlessness of the charge, Morton owed to that aspersion his ruin and untimely death. Of a keen and highly susceptible temperament, with whom "good name" was paramount to life or fortune, he withered and withered under the consciousness that even the lowliest or most ignorant should believe him capable of murder!—of her, too, the beautiful being whom he had worshipped with a fervour and intensity of love seldom equalled. His mental energies seemed paralyzed, and health soon gave way beneath the strong pressure of corroding cares. You looked in his face, you heard his voice, you watched his languid and indolent gait, and you felt that you stood in the presence of a heart-broken man — one for whom the past had no solace, the present no interest, and the future no hope. Many are the men whose death-blow is dealt when slander affixes reproach to their name. Morton was one of these. For a while he pined and lingered on; but, before two years had elapsed from the murder

of Mildred, his remains were borne to the same churchyard where she slept; his death not, like hers, accomplished by the hand of Violence, but by the slow, destructive poison distilled from the tongue of Calumny.

It will scarcely be credited, but such is the fact, that, after twenty years had passed over the village of Seabrook, justice had yet failed in detecting the murderer of Mildred. Her mother had long been dead, her friends scattered abroad. Even her brother's grief, at the period so profound and intense, had been subdued by the meliorating operation of time. Mr. Egerton was now the father of a large family, and, having acquired a fortune, had retired from his practice as solicitor, and been appointed one of the magistrates of the county. In the execution of his duties at the sessions, he was called to the painful office of presiding with others at the examination of an old domestic of his mother's, who stood charged with sheep-stealing, then a capital offence.

Thomas Harris, the accused, had resided with the late Mrs. Egerton as footman for eighteen years. The son of the coachman and nurse, he had ever been looked on by his employers with especial favour. His fidelity, integrity, and zeal for the interest of those he served were so remarkable, that he was regarded by all the families at Seabrook as a model for servants. It was to his ever-vigilant and judicious care that the beloved Mildred was entrusted when first exercising her pony. It was he who, in her temporary absence, had the feeding and management of her pets, and the culture of her own little flower-garden. His pride at these marks of preference was extreme, and only equalled by the devotion and reverence

displayed towards her who conferred them. Could it be wondered, then, that, when the terrible task of carrying the mangled body of his idolized young mistress from the hall to the parlour devolved on him, his grief was so frenzied and vehement! After her death, he continued to reside with the bereaved mother, till her own dissolution broke up the establishment. He then married a young woman of the village, and settled in a small farm, bestowed on him by Mr. Egerton for his long and faithful services. Yet this was the man, so extolled, so valued, so confided in, who was now accused, on unquestionable evidence, of felony!

Slowly and reluctantly did Mr. Egerton accept the proofs of his guilt: and when, to the unbounded surprise of all, it was shown that for months he had been trespassing against the laws of his country, but with singular dexterity had till the last occasion escaped discovery, it was with an oppressed and quivering heart that he signed with his brother magistrates the legal document which committed him to take his trial at the ensuing assizes. Thomas Harris neither asseverated his innocence nor confessed his guilt, and, after his removal to prison, maintained an obstinate silence on every subject which had reference to his extraordinary lapse from honesty.

It wanted but two days of his trial. His wife, who was known to be devotedly attached to him, and with whom, through the kind efforts of his late master, he had obtained several interviews, was waiting, though morning had scarcely dawned, at the prison-gate, anxious to convey to him some intelligence in reference to his approaching ordeal. The heavy portals swung on their hinges; and the jailor, in spite of his position a compassionate

man, and who had known the wife of Harris from childhood, gave her the admittance she desired. She flew to her husband's cell. It was unlocked; but a piercing shriek, which filled with its echoes the long dreary passages, caused the retiring turnkey hastily to go back. He then discovered the wretched Harris writhing from the effects of poison which he had swallowed, and his unhappy wife bending over his prostrate body. Medical assistance was instantly procured, and availed by its efforts to prolong the life of the prisoner till the following day.

When told he had but a few hours to live, and urged by the chaplain of the prison to make a full confession, to the surprise and horror of all who heard him, he declared himself guilty, not of the deed only for which he was then confined, but of a darker and deadlier crime — of the murder of Mildred Egerton!

It appeared by his confession that he had long entertained a lawless passion for her; but, being by nature cunning and reserved, had suppressed all visible demonstration of it. It was his intent, he avowed, never to have revealed it. On the fatal night of her death, meeting her unexpectedly on his return from a mission on which he had been sent by his mistress, her unprotectedness, the thought that only Heaven could witness against him, aided by the evil promptings of strong, undisciplined passions, overcame all the restraints which his better or more prudential feelings had imposed. He acknowledged his long concealed sentiments. Mildred heard him with natural disgust and indignation, and the scorn and aversion which she expressed caused an instant and savage revulsion in his feelings, changing them from love to fiercest hate.

Under their vindictive sway, the wish to destroy her seized on him. He accomplished his purpose, as it had been surmised, by beating her on the head with a log of wood; then, believing life to be extinct, he flung her into the pond. He had lured her to the lane, where she was found by the plea that the large trees there afforded a better shelter against the rain which was beginning to fall. After the murder, he returned home, and crept up to the little room over one of the out-offices, which he was accustomed to occupy. When his innocent victim was discovered and brought to her mother's, he was actually selected as the fittest person to take her from the arms of the labourers who had found her, and lay her gently down in the sitting-room.

That either during this trial, or at her funeral, or for twenty years after, no touch of remorse should have wrung from him any testimony of his guilt, will appear singular only to those who know not how callous and hardened a thing sin can make the human heart. Fearing the punishment of man more than the judgment of God, he had always kept poison in his possession, determined to avail himself of it if detection of his guilt ever took place. Fearing that, in his trial for sheep-stealing, legal scrutiny might at last elicit some proof of his former atrocity, he resolved to perpetrate suicide, and leave the world without any confession whatever. But Heaven ordained it otherwise: the poison, contrary to his expectation, failed in its operation instantly to destroy life, and the terrors and tortures of a death-bed extorted from him the above important disclosure, together with the names of his confederates in his late acts of depredation.

Mr. Egerton was summoned with the necessary legal authorities, to receive his dying deposition, which he had concluded but a few moments, when the last convulsion passed over his features, and the murderer was a corpse.

His revelation seemed in Seabrook to revive all the interest about the fate of Mildred Egerton, which twenty years before it had so powerfully and painfully provoked. Sympathy from all quarters was offered to Mr. Egerton, execration heaped upon the murderer, and justice—alas, too late!—rendered by all to the memory of Adrian Morton. Bitter, though unavailing, were the regrets of those who felt that they had been auxiliary, by their false, malignant imputations, in bruising that spirit which found peace from their persecution only in the grave.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A Butterfly bask'd on a baby's grave,
Where a Lily had chanced to grow—
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track—
"I was a worm, till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings—
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?"

FILIAL AFFECTION.

A TRADITION OF DEVONSHIRE.

BY JOHN MICHELL, ESQ.

It was a calm evening in the latter part of the month of August, and the rays of the setting sun yet lingered upon the turrets of Glastonbury Abbey. Within the walls of that magnificent edifice, and near the steps of the emblazoned altar, now illumined by the mellow light which streamed through the antique painted windows, stood, apparently engaged in earnest discourse, two stately figures. One was Sir William de Tracy, a redoubted knight, who had acted a conspicuous part in the murder of Thomas à Becket, and the other, King Henry the Second.

"Sir Knight," exclaimed the King, "I will attend thee no longer; my will is irrevocable. Hence to Morthoe, thy place of banishment, and there strive to atone for thy crime by prayer and penitence. Depart; and God speed thee!"

Sir William perceived that all endeavours to procure the reversal of his sentence would prove unavailing; and therefore, after having respectfully bowed to his sovereign, he took his departure. At the outward gate of the abbey his charger awaited him. He mounted, and drew not the rein until he reached his own feudal abode, a castellated building, distant, at the least, forty good

miles from the town and abbey of Glastonbury. He crossed the drawbridge with a gloomy brow and a heart full of bitterness, and in a few moments sate himself down beside his wife.

"Where is my daughter Adeline?" was his first inquiry.

"With her cousins, in Essex," responded the Lady de Tracy.

"Know then," rejoined Sir William, "that my sentence is irrevocable, and compels me forthwith to depart for Morthoe, the spot of my banishment. Wilt *thou* accompany me?"

The lady grasped her husband's hand, and wept; but her looks gave no sign of acquiescence. The question was repeated; and, alas! she murmured forth an indistinct refusal. The knight frowned, and the storm of passion was beginning to rage within his bosom; but pride came to his aid. He regarded his selfish spouse with a contemptuous aspect, and then, without bidding her farewell, he hastily quitted her presence, and sought the bark which was to convey him to the lonely place of his exile.

The voyage proved both speedy and prosperous. Sir William sailed from the port of Bristol, attended by three faithful domestics, and disembarked at the small fishing village of Ilfordcombe, a village which has since risen to considerable opulence, and become one of the most delightful watering-places in the United Kingdom. Thence he proceeded to Morthoe. This was indeed a desolate spot, although by no means destitute of that natural beauty which partially compensates even for entire loneliness. Yet did the warrior's heart sink within him when, from the low door of the cottage which had been

prepared for his reception, he contemplated the waste of waters that rolled beneath him.

Regretful feelings could not, however, now avail; and therefore, summoning resolution, he struggled to submit manfully to a fate which might not be averted, and which condemned him to wear out the residue of his days in this dreary region, far from social festivities, his family and relatives, and his brave companions in arms.

We must now change the scene. Soon after Sir William's departure, his daughter revisited her home. Among the various damsels who graced the court of King Henry the Second, none was more conspicuously beautiful than Adeline de Tracy; and she was not only beautiful, but virtuous and high-minded; for, on being made acquainted with the sad tale of her father's banishment to Morthoe, she instantly decided on following him thither. Vainly, too, did the cold-hearted wife of De Tracy attempt to combat her daughter's fixed resolution.

"What unto me," exclaimed the generous Adeline, "are the gaieties of polished life, now that my father is a banished man! without regret will I resign them."

And she did resign them; for, having bidden adieu to her youthful associates and the towers of her noble ancestry, she departed for Morthoe, to become a sharer in the solitude of her exiled parent.

Time fleeted, and winter was fast approaching, when, upon a lofty promontory nigh the church of Morthoe, which commanded an extensive view of the ocean, stood, but not alone, Sir William de Tracy. Beside him was a damsel in the spring-time of youth. She was above the ordinary stature, and her countenance was so pale and

intellectual, and her figure so sylphlike, that she might easily have been mistaken, in that superstitious age, for some guardian spirit attendant on the steps of the exile. And this was Adeline de Tracy. She had come to prove a blessing unto one whom, in his misfortune, the world had forsaken; and she had brought her harp with her, hoping that, by the power of melody, she might at times be enabled to alleviate the pangs of a remorseful spirit. And doubtless her pious hope was realized, since tradition even now reports that not unfrequently, during the stillness of evening, are the tones of an exquisite voice, accompanying the melody of a harp, heard to issue from the secluded cottage where dwelt the exile and his daughter.

About ten years after the date of his banishment, Sir William died, and was interred in the chancel of the ancient parish church of Morthoe. Moreover, the sword and armour which he wore upon the day when he assisted in the murderous tragedy of Thomas à Becket were, in obedience to his last and especial request, deposited by his side. Subsequently, Adeline erected a monument to his memory, and caused to be inscribed thereon, in the ancient Norman language, a few simple words, which may be thus translated:—

Sir William de Tracy.
May God have mercy upon his soul!

This monument, which bears the shape of a gigantic tomb, remains uninjured to this day; on its being opened some years ago by the curiosity of an antiquarian, it was found to contain the ghastly skeleton of the knight, together with his still unmouldered warlike accoutrements.

I have myself very often lingered beside this relic of a remote age, and, wrapt in fanciful reveries, beheld two forms, one grim and stalwart, and the other of singular beauty. Ay, and I have even imagined that in the rough sea-breeze, as it swept mournfully through the aisles of the decayed church, I heard the tones of a harp and of a voice most pleasingly commingled.

Nearly seven hundred years have now elapsed since the decease of Sir William de Tracy, and thousands, both of the young and the old, of the gay and the grave, have wandered from distant counties to the parish church of Morthoe — and wherefore should we blame them?—for the sole purpose of contemplating the rude monument which was erected to the memory of her father by Adeline de Tracy.

And for me this monument has always possessed a species of the most romantic interest. It is associated in my mind with the idea of a beautiful and devoted woman, and it speaks to my heart in a silent yet impressive language, respecting the depth of that filial affection, which is in its nature at once so pure and so unquenchable.

ON A PORTRAIT.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRICE OF FAME."

O! wond'rous art!—It is himself!—
There's a life-glow on that cheek;
And the sad tear starts to think it can
Do every thing but *speak*.

Is there no magic to give us back
  The merry voices that come but in sleep,
So that our days may pass like dreams,
  From which we awake but to weep?

The dear and laughing eyes are there,
  And they seem to gaze upon mine,
And the dark, bright curls of the glossy hair
  I so loved to sit and twine.
But the voice which once fell on my list'ning ear,
  Like music's far off strain,
Fraught with kind words and counsels sweet,
  Will it never come again?

And yet there's a smile on those glowing lips,
  Half parted they seem to be:
In breathless silence I bend down my head!
  Ah! it was but mockery!
Painting may give us back the lost,
  Till they live and smile once more;
But there is no spell to conjure up
  The *voices* loved of yore!

THE MANOR-HOUSE OF THE WYNDHAMS.

A SCENE FROM THE CIVIL WAR.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It was late on a fine morning in autumn, when the harvest had been gathered in, and the fierce suns of a long summer had left their golden gleam upon the foliage of the forest trees, draping their coming decay in a garment of richer glory, that a small family group were gathered about the capacious hearth of a vast apartment, in one of those old manor-houses, half fortress and half residence, which were so common two or three centuries ago in England, and of which so few are now in existence, even in its most remote counties.

The party consisted of a lady, apparently about forty-five years of age, in a mourning dress of heavy black silk, cut square about the throat, where it was overlaid by a plain band of snow-white lawn; the same simple trimming encircled the wrists; and, for all ornament, two costly pearls clasped together upon the bosom the thick folds of the boddice. Upon her head she wore a square of fine transparent muslin, which, confining the dark braids of her long hair (now slightly mingled with silver) upon her high forehead, was tied in a large knot low in

her neck behind, where it rested upon a mass of raven tresses, that it was easy to see, had they been unwound, would have reached to her knee. Care had evidently touched although it had not yet withered her; and her large deep eyes looked as though they had only recently become acquainted with tears. She held a missal in her hand, but her thoughts were elsewhere at the moment in which she is introduced to the reader; and her eyes were intently, although, as it seemed, unconsciously, fixed upon a lovely girl about five years old, who was seated on a cushion at her feet, with her fair head pillowed upon her mother's lap, and who had fallen asleep amid her sports, to dream those sweet dreams of innocence and beauty which are the especial privilege of sinless childhood.

Beside her, busied at a small embroidery-frame, or at least striving so to seem, although the absence of all steadier light than that afforded by the flickering blaze of the burning logs might well have excused her temporary inaction, was placed a maiden of some sixteen or seventeen years, bearing a striking resemblance to her more matronly companion. There were the same redundant tresses, black as the raven's wing; the same large deep eyes; the same high and placid brow; but the shadow of care had not yet fallen over the beaming countenance, and all was still as joyous as it was beautiful.

Opposite to this fair girl, to whom his glance often wandered only to meet her own, and leaning listlessly against the ponderous blocks of chiselled marble which supported the high mantel, lounged a tall and handsome man in his first spring-tide of strength and hope, clad in

a close-fitting suit of buff-leather, on which might be traced the stains of armour; and with long hair, of a bright auburn, flowing down his neck and resting upon the rich collar of lace which relieved the monotonous and tasteless character of his costume. A sword-belt was passed over his shoulder, and supported a long straight rapier, which, as he stood with one foot negligently, but withal gracefully, flung across the other, he was amusing himself by bending to the very extreme of its endurance, and then suffering to spring back suddenly from the pressure.

The group was completed by a noble boy, whose twelve summers had endowed him with a strength and manliness of appearance seldom attained at that early age, and never, save through the influence of high, proud blood.

We have said that there was no light in the wide chamber except that emitted by the burning logs upon the hearth; but we should have excepted, also, the glorious radiance cast across a portion of the floor by the newly-risen moon, which, streaming through a large square window sunk several feet into the solid wall, threw upon the planking of dark oak an exaggerated outline of "Our Lady of Refuge," whose effigy, curiously and intricately painted upon its small, lozenge-shaped, and lead-framed panes, was flung into broad relief against the flood of light by which it was encircled.

The extent of the apartment was rendered more remarkable by the total absence of all that ponderous and elaborate furniture so much favoured at the time; indeed, with the exception of two high-backed chairs, carved with the armorial bearings of the family, a couple

of long benches of walnut-wood which occupied the sides of the wide chimney, a small antique chest, strongly clamped with brass, and resting upon four twisted legs, and the hangings of faded tapestry that veiled the door, the room was totally empty; and there was a chill aspect of desolation about it which even the merry crackling of the resinous pine-wood could not remove.

"Now, by'r Lady!" at length suddenly exclaimed the young cavalier, breaking the long and dreary silence which had wrapped the party; "to me, fifty fields like that of Worcester would be more welcome than such a watch as this."

"Peace, Edward!" said the matron rebukingly; "an you are doing your duty to your liege lord and sovereign, little can it import whether it be in steel harness on the battle-plain, or in buff jerkin beside your father's hearth."

"Nay, nay, good mother, you mistake me," expostulated the young man. "I do not quarrel with my own fireside nook; for, overlooking all else, I were a false knight to do so with the bright eyes of my sweet cousin Edith shining before me to beguile the time; but I begin to weary for tidings of my father's safety, as well as that of the King; and truly, Charles seems to be ever so spited by that slippery jade, Fortune, that I may well be forgiven if I misdoubt a delay which has outrun all our calculations."

"Surely," murmured the lady, rather giving utterance to her own thoughts than again addressing her son, "his sorrows, which began so early, cannot endure for ever! Alas, alas! they have been wept by England in the blood of her best and bravest. Heaven grant that,

ere they terminate, I may not myself have to mourn over the loss of another gallant boy!"

"Dismiss such dark thoughts, fair mother," said the youth, as he approached and fondly kissed her brow. "All that Charles has now to do is to secure his escape, not to contend against his enemies; for, trust me, Old Noll has wrenched the crown for ever from the brow of the poor prince; and we shall ere long have a Round-head court, with prayers instead of feasting, and psalm-singing in lieu of love-ditties."

"Speak more reverently, my dear boy," said the lady, sadly. "It is such flippancy as this in which you are even now indulging that has given to the hostile party subject of reproach against our own friends. Would that we could conscientiously disclaim their outcry against our licentiousness and excess! We have all too great need of piety in these bloody and troublous times to make a mock of it, even in our enemies."

"Well, well," replied the young man impetuously, "it is at all events certain that, let the echoes of White-hall ring with what sounds they may, they will never more give back the clash of a Wyndham's armour; so my pretty Edith must e'en content herself with the old manor-house for a palace, and her own husband's praise for all homage—though, beshrew me!" he added almost gravely, "an it be not a pity that it must be so; for there would have been few fairer at Charles Stuart's court."

The pretty maiden who hung over the tapestry-frame blushed deeply at her lover-cousin's somewhat selfish panegyric; but she made no reply.

"I will follow the King, Edward, when I am a year or two older," broke in the boy, profiting by the pause in a dialogue to which he had been an attentive listener; "I will follow him, let him wander where he may, and ask him to let me fight by his side, and win my spurs like a brave knight, as my poor brother Ralph did."

"Hush, Dickon, hush!" interposed the young man, aware of the saddening effect which every mention of her dead son produced upon the gentle nature of his mother. "A good soldier, my boy, does not waste his courage in words; he strikes before he talks; and, in your case especially, there will be little cause for boast, be your prowess what it may; for to be a craven were to disgrace your blood, which one of our name has never yet dared to do."

This conversation took place in Dorsetshire, in the year 1651, under the patrimonial roof of the royalist Colonel Wyndham, one of the stanchest adherents to the cause of the unhappy Stuarts who ever perilled life and limb in the service of a persecuted monarch. "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," his three brothers having fallen under the banners of Charles I., and his own eldest and best-loved boy having perished upon the same occasion. To him, therefore, the cause of his prince was holy, hallowed as it was by the best blood of his own ancient race; and, much as he might deplore in silence the follies and vices of the young King, the reverence that he felt for his misfortunes never failed to blot out their memory whenever his services were required. Under these circumstances, it is not matter of marvel that, after the fatal and decisive battle of Wor-

cester—his "crowning mercy," as the Protector Cromwell emphatically called it—when Charles had become a fugitive, hunted from place to place, and driven from hardship to hardship, and when all hope of successful competition with the extraordinary man who now swayed the destinies of England had abandoned him, Colonel Wyndham should pursue him step by step in his wanderings, until he succeeded in offering to the misguided but gallant young monarch the shelter of his roof and the protection of his loyal attachment.

It may well be believed with what grateful readiness the offer was accepted; every friendly word, every proof of devotion, went straight to the heart of the fugitive: his adherents were all fallen or scattered; his resources were exhausted; his authority had become a mock, and his name a gibe; he was worn down with anxiety, and exertion, and disappointment; and at the moment in which, even under the menial disguise that he had been compelled to adopt, he was recognized by Colonel Wyndham, he was beset on all sides, and literally "had not where to lay his head." On his arrival at Bristol, after his notable escape from Bentley, he had found no vessel about to set sail for France or Spain, as he anticipated, and had consequently no means of quitting the country; and in this strait he had almost, for the first time in his life, notwithstanding his buoyancy and recklessness of spirit, abandoned himself to despair. Nor did he for an instant hesitate to comply with the request of his old and tried friend, that his mother, his wife, and his eldest son, together with four trusty servants upon whom he could rely, and whose services might be necessary to the

success of their plans, should be entrusted with the knowledge of his place of concealment.

"As to the poor knaves, sire, for whom I stipulate," said the bluff old soldier, "they have neither eyes nor ears, save at my bidding; while the others whom I have named are all Wyndhams, and the cowardly Roundheads may tear out their hearts more easily than they will pluck out their secret."

This concession made, a trusty messenger was despatched into Dorsetshire to prepare the family for the arrival of the young King; to bid them make ready "the place they wot of" with all speed; and to describe the signal which would announce the advent of the royal fugitive. A second runner had borne to the Manor-house still more definite tidings; the very day, and almost the very hour, had been named, on which the anxious family were taught to expect their compulsory guest; and the group to which we introduced the reader at the commencement of our sketch were at that moment, as may have been gathered from their discourse, impatiently awaiting the promised signal which was to apprize them of his approach.

As the mother glanced from one to the other of her children, and then upon her own mourning robe, which she felt as though she should never have the courage to put off, worn as it was in memory of three brothers and a son, it cannot be doubted that feelings of apprehension grew upon her; for she well knew the penalty incurred by the concealment of the King. But it was not for herself she feared; nor did she for a moment suffer herself to regret that the chivalrous high-heartedness of

her gallant husband should have involved all who were dear to her in the same risk. All that his house had done rendered it only more imperative that none of its members should now shrink from what yet remained to do.

A brief pause had succeeded to the last proud words of Edward Wyndham, when the door of the apartment was thrown open by a waiting-woman; and a tall and venerable lady, richly dressed in a robe of black velvet that fell to her feet, and lay in large and heavy folds upon the oaken floor, and whose silver hair was shrouded beneath a coif of snow-white cambric, over which was cast a hood of the same material as her dress, appeared at the threshold. Ere she could approach, all the party rose from their seats; and then Mistress Mabel Wyndham, her daughter-in law, hastened towards her, and, taking her thin white hand in her own, led her tenderly and respectfully towards the high-backed chair which stood on the right hand of the hearth. The aged lady did not, however, immediately seat herself; but, clasping an arm of the chair with her long fingers as if for support, she glanced over the little group with an expression half proud, half sorrowful, none venturing to break the silence until it should be her pleasure to address them, which she did after the lapse of a moment.

"The children should be at rest, daughter," she said, in a clear, firm voice: "theirs is no age for the spectacle upon which we are so soon to look. Let them to their chambers; there to pray for the fallen majesty of England."

It was evident that the will of their stately ancestress

was a law to the family of the royalist soldier; for, without word or comment, the gentle Mistress Mabel roused the little girl, who, when she had risen to receive her mother-in law, had once more dropped asleep with her head upon the vacant chair; and having implied by a significant gesture to her younger son that he must obey the bidding of his grandame, the boy approached, and, taking his sister by the hand, both the children knelt reverently at her feet to receive her customary blessing.

"Peace and rest be with you, little ones!" she said solemnly, as she laid her outstretched hand on their young heads. "May you live to be worthy of this proud day!—may you follow in the footsteps of your father, and become a shield to the smitten, and a refuge to the desolate! But mark me, urchins," she added more sternly, drawing her dark brows together, as the shrinking children rose from their knees; "let not the name of Charles Stuart pass your lips when the serving-men and wenches are within ken, lest it blister the tongue that utters it!"

No reply was made; nor did she seem to expect one; and the children, having turned timidly away, and then thrown themselves fondly upon the bosom of their mother to give and receive the parting kiss, stole quietly from the room.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed Edward Wyndham, as the sounds of their retreating footsteps died away in the distance: "if my ears do not deceive me, there is my father's signal. I will to the masked door, and see that none of the varlets are in the gallery save those who have been chosen for the trust."

"Now, Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the aged widow, as she sank into her seat; "would that all my four gallant sons had been about me at this hour, to do homage to their lawful sovereign!"

"They could but die in the good cause, madam," murmured Mistress Mabel, whose heart was throbbing painfully.

The excited old gentlewoman did not attempt an answer; but she sat with clasped hands and quivering lips, divided between the anxious exultation of the present and the bitter memories of the past.

The silence was for a time so deep that it might almost be heard; but at length the sound of cautious footsteps broke through the stillness; the tapestry hangings were thrown back; the door revolved upon its heavy hinges; and three figures appeared at the entrance of the apartment.

"The King!" murmured the suppressed voice of Colonel Wyndham, who stood with his son a pace behind the young monarch; and the three ladies bent their knees as Charles rapidly entered, followed by his companions, who carefully closed the door, and replaced the hangings; drawing, as they did so, a long breath, like men who feel sudden relief at the successful issue of a perilous adventure.

"Nay, nay," whispered the royal fugitive, as he made his way without a moment's hesitation to the side of his venerable hostess, and assisted her to rise, with one of those bland beaming smiles which were wont to lend to his somewhat harsh features a temporary beauty; "not so, gracious lady. It is I, rather, who should do homage

alike to your years and to your virtues; but I will e'en ask for more kindness and less ceremony, and crave of you a motherly kiss of welcome: for, alas!" he added with sudden gravity, as the gratified matron obeyed the impulse of his hand, and slowly rose from her deferential attitude, "I am now indeed orphaned, save in the love of those who still cling to my misfortunes!"

"May God grant brighter fortunes to your Grace than you have yet experienced!" said the aged lady, as she solemnly pressed her thin lips to the lofty brow of the prince. "As for myself, I shall now sink joyfully into my grave, for I have lived to see the roof of the Wyndhams become the King's refuge from his enemies! I have lingered on earth long enough; and, although I have followed to the tomb three of my own brave sons and my no less gallant grandson, who each fell, sword in hand, fighting for the good cause, I am now overpaid for all, even in the evening of my years."

Charles was evidently affected; he turned aside for an instant, and swept his hand hurriedly across his eyes: but his was not a nature capable of strong and lasting impressions, and he soon rallied, remarking with a smile of bitter pleasantry to his host, as he glanced over his own mean and travel-soiled attire, "You have played me false, my good friend, and have betrayed me on the very threshold of my enterprise. Truly, this is no garb in which to appear before the eyes of youth and beauty; nor was I prepared for one encounter to which I am thus suddenly subjected." And, as he spoke, his gaze rested upon the beautiful face of Edith, with an intensity which called a burning blush to her young brow.

"In truth, your Grace, I have been to blame in this," said Colonel Wyndham apologetically; not suspecting for an instant that Charles could be guilty of levity at such a moment, and feeling himself considerably confused by the presence of an individual whom he had not prepared the prince to meet beneath his roof; "but I can answer for the loyalty and discretion of our little Edith as for my own soul. She is the child of my dead brother."

"I dare swear she is no traitor," said Charles with a courtly bow; "but there is yet another lady whose welcome I must crave ere I can feel myself to be an acceptable guest even here." And, taking the hand of Mistress Mabel, as he had previously done that of her mother-in-law, he raised her from her knee, and then gracefully touched her forehead with his lips, as he said blandly: "You may readily believe, dear lady, how precious it must be to the heart of Charles Stuart to find himself thus greeted by two noble dames, each willing to play the hostess to a poor wanderer, who has of late seldom known the blessing of even a temporary home."

Then passing on to Edith, who had not ventured to raise her eyes since they last encountered those of the prince, he bent over her for an instant, as he said with mock gravity: "As for you, fair mistress, who have just been convicted by your host and kinsman of a crime which has required apology at his hands, I am willing to extend my clemency even to you, for his sake; and to give you the kiss of pardon. But, by your leave, it must be upon your lips," he added, as the blushing girl instinctively averted her head: "I have been at extremity too long;" and he turned jestingly towards Wyndham and his son

when he withdrew his lips from those of the maiden, as if fearful that he might have gone too far, and was anxious to conciliate them, "to brook half measures with a good grace."

No reply was offered to this sally, save a profound bow from both father and son; but the brow of the latter had become as black as night, and he instinctively strode a few paces nearer to his affianced wife. With the fine tact peculiar to him, Charles at once perceived that he had already given pain, if not offence, to one at least of those who were now risking their lives and fortunes in his behalf; and, although at another moment the evident discomposure of the young soldier would only have afforded subject of additional mirth to the giddy and licentious prince, he was conscious that this was no time or place for indulging in puerile gratifications. He accordingly moved once more to the side of the venerable widow, with whom he soon became involved in a serious and interesting conversation relating to his own reverses and hair-breadth escapes; nor did he suffer even a glance to wander in the direction of the young beauty.

"In fine, dear lady," he concluded, after having told her the tale of his escape from Worcester; his separation from the fifty or sixty friends who fled with him from the field (among whom were her own son and grandson, then present); his concealment in the house of Penderell, by the advice of the Lord Derby; his vigil in the oak; his meeting with the Lord Wilmot, which inspired him with fresh courage; and, finally, his painful pilgrimage on foot to Bentley, and his journey to Bristol, in the garb of a serving-man, with Mrs. Lane on a pillion be-

hind him; his discovery by Pope; and his disappointment in not finding a ship ready to carry him from the country—"in fine, dear lady, I wot not where I should next have turned my steps, had not my faithful Wyndham come like a ray of light across my benighted path, bringing with him a promise of security and rest; for, truly, I began to feel as though I were a world's outcast, and forsaken by all who had witnessed my evil fortunes."

"That can never be, my Liege, while a Wyndham lives," said his frank and chivalrous host: "loyalty to the throne is the heirloom of our race; we inherited it from our sires, and we must bequeathe it to our sons. Well do I remember when, in the year 1636, a few days before his death, my gallant father, Sir Thomas, (beside whose widow your Grace now sits) called to him his five sons—I need not remind any who now hear me that of all those who listened that day mine are now the only ears which are not closed—and, having bestowed a parting embrace on each, 'My children,' said the good man, 'we have hitherto seen serene and quiet times under our last three sovereigns; but I must now warn you to prepare for clouds and storms. Factions arise on every side, and threaten the tranquillity of your native country. But, whatever happen, do you faithfully honour and obey your Prince, and adhere to the Crown. I charge you never to forsake the Crown, though it should hang upon a bush.'[1] It were needless to say that the will of such a father was sacred to his sons; nor can the trials of these troublous times, heavy though they

[1] Hume, vii., 196.

be, efface their impression from the hearts of all his race."

"Well can I believe it!" said Charles affectionately; "for I have already had better proof of their efficacy than even the most loyal assurances; nay, my presence here to-night, could it be witnessed by the spirit of the brave Sir Thomas, would be the best warrant how worthily his injunctions have been obeyed. In good sooth," he continued after a momentary silence, which his grateful auditors felt too much gratified to interrupt, "I have been so adventurous a knight-errant, that my pitiful story well deserves to be sung by every wandering troubadour throughout the realm of England; and I swear that, should I ever come to my own again, I will have it put on record: and, in order not to recur to scenes that, God wot! few of us can look back upon without anguish and regret, I will not even tell the fatal tale of Worcester Field, but commence my narrative with the all-sufficient words—'WHEN THE BATTLE WAS LOST.' And, should Fate continue to make the football of me which she has done since my childhood, methinks it will bid fair to be the saddest romaunt in the English tongue." [2]

As Charles uttered these words, the door was flung violently open, and one of the four servingmen intrusted with the important secret of his presence rushed abruptly into the room.

"Benson has just returned, worshipful sir," he said in great agitation, "having been hard pressed to save him-

[2] This narrative, written from the dictation of Charles by Samuel Pepys, and signed with the royal autograph, is preserved in the Maudlin Library, at Cambridge.

self from discovery by a party of Roundheads, led, as he declares, by some one in authority, who have just crossed the bridge."

"Ha! are the hell-hounds upon me so soon?" exclaimed the persecuted King, springing to his feet. "Am I condemned to be the utter ruin of a race which has already so deeply suffered for me and mine?"

"Away, Mabel!" hurriedly whispered her husband; "gather your children about you as speedily as may be, and return to this chamber with a steady pulse and a calm brow, as becomes the wife of a soldier in so sore a strait. Nay, nay, if they sleep, let them be awakened;" he added still more hurriedly; "'twill look as though there could not be mystery, when the very infants of the house are in the midst of us, while they on their parts cannot betray that of which they are ignorant. And you, dear mother, hie you to your chamber, and help us with your prayers; you, at least, must be spared the forthcoming trial."

The aged woman would have expostulated, but her son was peremptory; and, fearful of injuring the good cause by her pertinacity, she hastily and reverently raised the fingers of the King to her lips, and turned to leave the room. Even amid the alarm and hurry of the moment, however, the chivalrous courtesy of Charles did not forsake him; but, taking the hand of the venerable lady, he conducted her as gracefully and calmly to the door as though he were leading her forth from some banquet at Whitehall, where he sought to do her honour.

It was a noble impulse, nobly followed up. She was the widow and the mother of brave men, who had died for him and his; and in the last prayer that quivered

upon her lips, when she in her turn sank into everlasting rest, the name of Charles Stuart was blent with those of her own hearth and heart.

"And now to action!" exclaimed the royalist colonel, as the last fold of the matron's voluminous drapery disappeared across the threshold. "Your Grace must pardon our lack of ceremony in the exigency of the case. Lend a hand, Roger, with the trap; we shall yet cheat the cowardly Roundheads, and spoil their hallelujahs for to-night at least."

So saying, the colonel approached the centre of the room, just where the dark figure of Our Lady of Refuge flung her shadow across the floor; and, having touched a secret spring with his foot, assisted by his son and the man whom he had summoned, he raised a heavy door wrought in the oak planking, and discovered a dark pit, with a strong cord fastened to an iron ring suspended from the opening.

"This must be your Grace's lodging for the present," he said, as he glanced down into the vault; "and I will share it with you. Be calm, Edward, and all will go well. Should the villanous Roundheads discover the entrance of the pit, I will lead the King through the panel of the west chamber into the gallery, and so out by the masked door into the forest. Benson and the other tried men have their tasks by heart, and I have no fear of their permitting any intruders upon our path. My Liege, I lead the way." So saying, the old soldier seized the rope, and having retained his hold for an instant, to shout, as a last effort of loyalty ere he disappeared, "God and the King!" he was suddenly lost in the darkness.

"God and my country!" responded Charles, as he in his turn grasped the rope. "Fare you well, young sir," he added kindly, extending his disengaged hand towards Edward Wyndham; "it may be that we never meet again, for who shall tell the issue even of to-night? In any case, repent not, I pray you, all that you and yours have done for the house of Stuart; and remember that, had we not had eighty thousand traitors in arms against us, we had never lost the day at Worcester."

Having uttered these gallant words, the prince withdrew his hand from the lips of his young follower, and, springing into the vault, the trap was closed above his head.

The breathless suspense which ensued was broken by the entrance of Mistress Mabel, with her fair niece and the two wondering children; who, roused from their first sleep, and bewildered by every thing about them, clung silently to their mother, as if satisfied that there must be safety in her presence. The cheek of the gentle matron was very pale, but her look was calm and grave, and her step steady, as she slowly traversed the chamber, and once more took possession of the high-backed chair, in which we first introduced her to the reader. Having called Roger to her side, and bidden him rake together the scattered fuel upon the hearth and throw fresh logs upon the fire, she took her little girl upon her knee, while the boy, full of a curiosity which he dared not put into words, hung fondly about her neck: and thus she waited with a beating and prayerful heart the issue of the night.

She waited not long. A vehement attack upon the door of the great hall summoned the servants to the

portal; and, having received no orders to the contrary, they threw open the wide battants, and gave ingress to a party of Cromwell's Ironsides, commanded by Bend-the-Knee True-Text, a favourite subaltern of the Captain-General.

"So, so!" exclaimed the latter, as he strode into the hall; "we have at last got into the scorpion's nest—the refuge of the man Charles Stuart. Lead on, fellows: we have a word to say to him from those who wrestled with the Lord in his father's time, and ridded the land of a tyrant and a malignant. Where is the wanton chamberer?—the man of Belial?"

Most of those whom he addressed listened in astonishment, tinctured with no slight portion of alarm; but Benson, who had so well played the scout, and whose iron nerves were equal to every exigency, apprized by a signal from his comrade Roger that all was safe in the Oak Chamber, without the hesitation of a moment answered calmly, "I know nothing of him of whom you ask, fair sir, nor is my worshipful master in the house; but Captain Edward Wyndham, his son, is here, and is now with my gracious lady, to whom I will lead you, an such be your will."

"And such is in fact my will," was the abrupt reply, as Bend-the-knee True-Text prepared to follow the domestic through the gallery.

The parliamentarian officer failed not, as he passed along, to cast quick and searching glances both to the right and left, pausing for a second at the threshold of each door opening into the corridor, in order to listen for the sound of voices within, and followed closely by the six men who had accompanied him. Arrived at the Oak

Chamber, Benson threw open the door, drew aside the hangings, and then stood back to let the strangers pass—a movement of which True-Text and his followers availed themselves without the slightest ceremony. As they came clattering into the room, their heavy weapons dragging noisily along the floor, Mrs. Mabel Wyndham rose from her seat with a heightened colour and a flashing eye, and placed her little daughter upon the low cushion on which her feet had been lately resting; while her son, advancing hastily to the centre of the apartment, exclaimed haughtily: "How now, sirs! have you no name, that you thus enter unannounced?"

"We come on the Lord's errand, and have no time to waste in bandying words with rebels and malignants!" was the insolent reply. "Where is the fugitive, Charles Stuart?"

"Do you seek the King here, gentlemen?" asked the sweet voice of the lady. "Alas! for the poor prince! Would that I knew him to be in a place of safety!"

"We shall soon be able to give you that satisfaction," said the Roundhead with a sarcastic smile, as he turned towards the sergeant of his party: "and verily, you may yourself assist in the good work, by at once leading us to the presence of your guest. We have tracked him hither, and we are not men to be thrown off the scent when such game is afoot."

"Carnally worded, by St. George!" said young Wyndham with a bitter sneer; "but it is easy to talk of horn and hound, without boasting much forest-craft. If, as you say, the King be indeed here, and you are so apt at your honourable work, find him, and do your errand."

"The ass rebuked Balaam," said True-Text, as the colour rose in his cheek; "and even so in the present day do the sons of Belial reproach the Lord's chosen servants. But be less loose of speech, Edward Wyndham, and less proud of temper, for we are better versed than ye believe in the secret treasons of your house. The flesh-pots of Egypt cannot corrupt all alike; and ye have had one among you who set at defiance the naughtiness of your empty devices. Your taunt may pass, for it is pointless. To shew that we can dispense with your reluctant guidance, I will at once tell you that we desire not to enter another chamber under your roof, for we are advised that Charles is here—here, beneath our feet!" and as he spoke he stamped violently with his armed heel, while a hollow echo swept through the vast apartment; "and it is here only that we shall seek him!"

Captain Wyndham instinctively laid his hand upon his sword, but his better reason prevailed; and, turning haughtily aside, he affected not to remark the scrutinizing glance of Cromwell's officer, which was wandering slowly over the floor, and evidently in search of the hidden spring. The heart of the young royalist swelled within him. There had indeed been treason beneath his father's roof; and it was hard to be compelled to stand supinely there, in his paternal home, amid the halls which had now, by the death of his elder brother, become his birthright; and to bear this insult and its effects in silence, lest he should peril a life for which he and his would willingly have died a thousand deaths.

A sudden exclamation of triumph assured him that the hidden spring of the trap had been discovered; and,

unable longer to contend with his exasperation, he drew his sword from its scabbard, and advanced towards the parliamentarians.

"You are right, my son," said Mistress Mabel, in a quiet and dignified accent; "these brave men, who have taken possession of a chamber tenanted by an unresisting woman and her helpless children, and who have borne themselves beneath the roof of a gallant soldier as though they were thief-catchers in some felon's lurking-place, will need protection against the followers of your father while they are engaged in their unmannerly pursuit. Keep the door, Edward, that no useless brawl may disturb the slumbers of your grandame."

Rebuked by the self-possession of his mother, whose meaning and reproach he instantly understood, the young and impetuous soldier moved slowly to the entrance of the room, and drew the tapestry sufficiently aside to enable him to distinguish in the distance the forms of the King and his father when they emerged from the panel to cross the gallery towards the masked door; while his position gave him at the same time an opportunity of detecting the presence of any intruder who might mar their purpose. Mistress Mabel, meanwhile—satisfied that she had been understood, and that, should the echo of a distant footstep arouse the jealousy of the Roundheads, her son was between them and the object of their pursuit, and would rather die upon the threshold than suffer them to pass—calmly took her little ones by the hand, and, followed by Edith, who trembled so violently that she was compelled to cling to her stronger-minded companion for support, advanced to the edge of

the vault, and looked on, while the soldiers were discussing the best method of accomplishing their descent.

The riding-cap of Captain Wyndham, and the damask cloth which protected the tapestry-work of Edith, had, in the confusion of the moment, been flung upon the chest to which allusion has been already made, and both were dragged thence by True-Text, who suggested that one of the party might be introduced into the vault with the assistance of the latter; when, just as the expedient was on the point of adoption, a keener eye discovered the rope which was still fastened to the iron ring. The cloth was accordingly cast aside; but, ignorant of the depth of the subterranean, no individual could be found among them who would venture a spring into the darkness; and the lieutenant, as the cord was affixing to one of his men, asked scoffingly of the lady, "Can you tell us the purpose of this friendly rope, to which the cause of the covenant is about to be so much indebted?"

"Readily," said Mistress Wyndham, whose voice never trembled, though her limbs shook with anxiety and suspense; "it is fixed there to aid the descent of the cellarer, and to raise the wine to the surface, when my husband feasts in this apartment."

In another second one of the soldiers, with his drawn sword still in his hand, dropped into the chasm, where he found footing upon a transverse beam, and stood prepared to succour his comrade either from beneath or above; while the more hardy individual who had volunteered the descent disappeared more slowly, the end of the rope being held by the two remaining soldiers. True-Text, at the same instant, deceived by the flickering of the

moonlight through the boughs of an old elm which grew outside the window, called to him the sergeant of the party, and pointed out the object of his suspicion; while Mistress Mabel, whose eyes were fixed upon her son, saw him suddenly clasp his hands tightly, as if to still some violent emotion. She read the truth at once: Charles was at that moment crossing the gallery. Her heart grew sick, her brain dizzy; but she neither spoke nor moved. All was silence for a brief interval. The light carried by the soldier in the vault was no longer visible; and while her little girl clung to her in terror, her youngest boy gazed down into the abyss, with a look of wondering curiosity.

The subterranean search was soon terminated; there was neither King nor Commoner in the vault, nor the vestige of any living thing. A goodly range of barrels, which returned a sullen echo as the Roundhead struck against them with the pommel of his sword, gave evidence at once of the purpose to which the place was applied, and the impossibility of any person being secreted there at that moment; and, with something which savoured greatly of an angry oath, the man was withdrawn from the vault by his comrades.

A general search then took place throughout the building, but the fugitive monarch and his zealous guide were already safe in the forest; and, just as day began to dawn, the baffled troopers and their leader True-Text once more mounted their horses, and departed for the head-quarters of the Captain-General.

At the Restoration, Colonel Wyndham was one of the most favoured officers of Charles; but his gallant son did

not live to welcome back the young monarch to his throne and country. He fell at the unfortunate attack on Chester, under the brave but imprudent Sir George Booth; leaving his younger brother, Dickon, to inherit the ancient name and honourable qualities of his family.

SONG.

BY MISS POWER.

Vive l'Amour! — In Life's bright morning,
What can gild our youth like Love?
The roughest paths with flowers adorning,
Bright'ning all below — above;
Wakening heart, and soul, and sense,
With its blessed influence.
Let the song of rich and poor
Be now and ever — Vive l'Amour!

Vive l'Amour! — When Life's declining,
What like Heavenly Love e'er gave
The peace whose gentle radiance shining
Lights the pathway to the grave?
Love can half dispel the gloom
That shrouds the dreary, dreaded tomb.
Let the song of rich and poor
Be now and ever — Vive l'Amour!

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Night fell in peace on Bethlehem's hill,
And calm and cool the breeze flowed by,
And Labour's weary limb was still,
And Slumber sat on Labour's eye.

But in one chamber shone a blaze,
Where in his sleep an infant smiled:
And there was fixed an Angel's gaze,
In wonder, on the glorious child.

No sudden earthquake shook the ground,
Pealed on the heaven no thunder-roll;
But, like a silver trumpet's sound,
The Angels' accents pierced the soul.

"Joseph, thou man of God, arise,
For thou art in the lion's den;
Who flees shall live; who lingers, dies!
Flee far from Judah and from men!"

He rose: through vale and mountain wild,
Submissive to the high command,
He led the Mother and the Child
To Egypt's far and fiery strand.

But, as they sent their farewell prayer
Where Judah's long-loved hills arise,
They saw the midnight torches' glare,
Heard matrons' yells and murderers' cries.

For there in slaughter raged the sword,
There infant corpse on corpse was piled;
There, by the self-same arrow gored,
Died the pale mother and the child.

Again, on Egypt's sheltering shore,
At midnight came the Angel-tone—
"Return; the tyrant is no more!
Messiah, claim thy native throne!"

Νομος.

OLD SIR MARMADUKE AND HIS THREE GODSONS.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

Old Sir Marmaduke was sitting in his own old oak chair, over his own old fireside, in his own old study, in his own Old Hall; and he was exercising that peculiar privilege which might by ignorant people be considered the distinctive mark of his species, though naturalists have decided against its being so—he was thinking.

And of what thought Sir Marmaduke, as he thus sate musing over the deep-red, grotesquely-shaped, flashing, flickering, crackling, blazing embers of the wood logs that were lying on his own old hearthstone? Why, thus thought he: "It seems to me but yesterday that I was young—and now I am old. I remember me planting the sapling which now stands a huge tree and darkens the little stained panes of that very window. My playmates and companions are gone, and their very children are grey-headed men and wrinkled women, and their grandchildren are buxom boys and flirty, flighty girls. That turret, which my father built when I was a stripling, is now moss-grown and time-stained. That portrait, so daintily painted, of the maiden Deborah, with

her long golden hair, her white boddice, and blue ribbons, requireth to be certified by witnesses that it ever belonged to the lean, lanky, wrinkled Dame Deborah Darch. Ah, well-a-day! and I am getting old, too! How can I stand still when all things else go on! Ay; now's the time that one might feel it to be a pleasant thing to have boys and girls about one bearing the same name as one's own. It is a pleasanter thing to be loved as a natural right rather than a purchased favour. I wonder if any body will miss me when I'm gone!"

Thus mused Sir Marmaduke, as he sat leaning against the velvet back, embroidered with the arms of his family, of his own richly-carved old oak chair, the red light of the wood fire flickering over the dark panellings of the large old room, and flashing on the windows, in their deep embrasures, composed of small panes of painted glass, interlaced and intersected with ribbons of lead, and looking out on a fine country of hill and dale, of wood and water.

"Would now," said Sir Marmaduke, "that I had a boy of mine own to love me; one who might some day be *old* Sir Marmaduke too, and have known and loved every stone and tree in the Old Hall and the old grounds, as his father did before him! Well-a-day! I wonder who will miss me most when I'm gone! Truly, my heart doth yearn to be loved for something better than lucre. Father Paul chideth me for these thoughts, and telleth me that it is sinful for our affections to be resting below, and that, having no near ties of blood, my heart ought the readier to be lifted above; but it seemeth not to me how one's earthly affections can ever be fit for heaven,

seeing that they were made so meet for bodily objects; and, thinking thus, I have gathered these youths around me—these, my three godsons—and I would fain know which of them loveth me the best. Bertram and Alexander never say nay to my yea; but Lionel is a rough, ill-favoured boy. I think me of sending him abroad into the world, to take his own wilful way: they know how to submit themselves to my riper experience; but he, the wayward youth! willeth and nilleth just at his pleasure. Ay, there they come, riding over the hill; I could fancy I hear them hallooing. Well, after all, it is a pleasant thing to make people happy! How forlorn would my plight be if I could pleasure nobody! Old Gilberdike, where art thou? Hither man, hither! Nay, hurry not thyself after that fashion, neither. I be not in such over-haste. Thou seest, old Gilberdike, that, because we were young together, thou and I must needs grow old together, too!"

"Ay, ay, Sir Marmaduke; but, though youth be a pleasant, jaunty, spring-time enough, yet methinks I would rather choose me to have been young with you, and old with you, than young with the giddy-pated youths of now-à-days."

"Ay, indeed, old Gilberdike! And prithee, why?"

"Things get worse-like, Sir Marmaduke. Why, the sun doth not shine so brightly, and the flowers smell not so sweetly, and the birds sing not so blithely, and the ale doth not smack in the mouth so well-flavoured as they all usen to do when we were young. Ah, Sir Marmaduke, the world is worse-like! It is worse-like!"

"Ah, old Gilberdike, it is we who be getting old! It

may be that our eyes be dim, and not the old sun, and our palate dull, rather than the good old ale."

"Ah, Sir Marmaduke!"

"Ah, old Gilberdike!"

"And I reckon of a certainty that there be no such masters now-a-days as you usen to be; no, not a youngster of them all!"

"What, not even among mine own godsons!—Ah, and that doth put me in mind wherefore I called thee in such piping haste. The lads will be a-famished; and here be they coming. Out, Gilberdike, quickly, with a venison pasty and a flask of wine."

"Tantivy! tantivity!" rang through the Old Hall, as the three youths rushed in. "Tantivy! tantivy!"

"Ah," said Sir Marmaduke, "what a pleasant thing it is to hear merry voices and see happy faces! I hope mine eyes and mine ears may never be too old for that."

"What sport, lads?" cried Sir Marmaduke, as they came boisterously in, accompanied by a train of merry, yelping dogs. "What sport, my lads?"

"A fat buck, goddad," replied Bertram, a tall youth, in the old English hunting-dress—"a fat buck, to tempt your appetite with, dear goddad."

"Ah," said Sir Marmaduke, with a sigh and a shake of the head, "I am not such a good trencher-man as I was wont to be at thy age, lad, when I could follow the hounds right merrily first, and eat like a hunter afterwards. Which of ye had the luck to-day?"

"I started the fellow," answered Bertram; "so I think the boast was mine."

"Nay," said Alexander, "that is sheer unfairness.

An my gun had not missed fire, I never took surer aim in my life."

"Thy aim sure!" exclaimed Bertram, bitterly; "why, I doubt me if thou couldst hit a barn-door fowl, even though it were good-willed enough to stand to be shot at!"

"I could hit thee!" muttered Alexander, between his teeth.

"Braggart!" exclaimed Bertram.

"It is well for thee to boast thyself," retorted Alexander; "an it were my luck to miss, it was not thine to hit."

"If neither of ye twain hit the fat buck, whose was the shot to bring it down?" asked Sir Marmaduke, looking towards Lionel. "Hast thou never a tongue, Lionel?"

"Not one to brag with," answered Lionel.

"Dost thou speak to our dear goddad so like a churl! Thou canst love him but little."

"And darest thou to name bragging and me in the same breath!"

"Goddad, will you let him spite us so? I should have hit the fellow full in the eye an my gun had not served me such a cowardly trick. Dear goddad, don't let me be flouted so! Will you give me a new gun? I would have nobody to shoot for you but me. Good now, goddad, give me a new gun."

"Well, boy, well!"

"And let it be silver-mounted and chased, goddad. I like that brave foreign filagree-work."

"Well, boy, well!"

"Goddad," said Bertram, "if it was the fault of his

gun that he missed the fat buck, it was the fault of my horse that I was not up in time with my knife. If you give him a new gun, you ought to give me a new horse. I'm sure I love you as well as he does."

"Well, boy, well!"

"A blood, goddad, a blood!"

"Well, well. And thou, Lionel, hast thou nothing to wish?"

"Both my horse and my gun serve me well enough," said Lionel.

"Thou art proud, boy," said Sir Marmaduke, with a shake of the head.

"Ay, that is he!" exclaimed Bertram.

"Do ye wish to drive the foul fiend into me!" exclaimed Lionel.

"We would wish to drive him out of thee," said Alexander. "Thou art so full of vain-glory that thou hast no room left for love to thy goddad."

"Nay, I want not his love," said Sir Marmaduke.

Lionel darted out of the room; a moment more, and the old oaken door of the Old Hall was dashed to, with a reverberation that shook the time-honoured dwelling; and in a very little further space Lionel was to be seen from the old window rushing over the hill.

"My son," said Father Paul, a happy, young-looking man, to Sir Marmaduke, the wrinkled old white-headed man—"son, it is my duty to point out to thee the natural infirmities of thy temper."

"I know that I am an impatient and irritable old man," said Sir Marmaduke.

"There, son, is an instance how thy impatience overleapeth the mark," replied Father Paul.

"The youth is a surly, churlish, unloving youth," said Sir Marmaduke.

"His honesty may be somewhat rugged," said Father Paul; "but I believe me he is honest."

"He is morose."

"Thou shouldst say he is truth-loving, son."

"He quarrelleth with his mates."

"Might it not be said that the discord ariseth with them?"

"He vaunteth him above even mine own self."

"He is at least free from the charge of flattery. But in what way doth he peer himself above thee, son?"

"Nay," said Sir Marmaduke; "it matters not: I am old, and my hand is unsteady, and the lad might have the right of the matter. Howbeit, one loveth not to be flaunted. It is the love of the matter upon which I stand. Had the youth loved me, his affection would have over-mastered his pride."

"Son," said Father Paul, "we may over-love love."

"It is mine infirmity," said old Sir Marmaduke.

"The value of affection," said Father Paul, "consisteth much in the worth of the heart from which it springeth."

"I know that those other lads of mine love me somewhat unwisely. Some way, they see not the wrong of what I do, but mistake it all for right."

"Methinks, son, that smacketh of flattery rather than honest love."

"Ah, Father, it is a way of mine own! The lads are

like me. I never could find out the faults of any thing that I loved."

"Son," said Father Paul, "thou hast one fault peculiar to thyself—thy heart is over-warm."

"Ah, Father, I wish it not to grow cold."

"Nay; but thou dost open a road by which even a child may deceive thee, son. It seemeth to me that these, thy two eldest godsons, make a fair show of love to mask their own selfish purposes. Bethink thee of all the gifts thou hast lavished upon them since Candlemas."

"Nay, father, I begrudge not mine own gifts."

"I said not that thou didst, son, or I should have wronged thy generous nature; but now, reckon thee, what hast thou bestowed upon the younger?"

"Nay, I wot not. He is too churlish to have aught from me. A generous nature, Father, is as willing to receive as to bestow from a loving heart."

"Ay, from a loving heart, son; but hath not thine been shut against him?"

"He is a churl, Father! he is a churl!"

"Son, beware of the sin of obstinacy."

"We be but talking as friend to friend," said Sir Marmaduke.

"I trust thou wilt think better of these things before thou comest to confessional," said Father Paul.

"I submit me to Mother Church like a true son," said Sir Marmaduke; "but, if I be a son, I am not a slave."

"Son," said Father Paul, "I fear me thou art in a frame of mind that will need the sacrament of penance. I will not now chafe thee further by opposing mine own

honest will to thine, lest I provoke thee into sin. Benedicite, my son, benedicite!"

"Old Gilberdike!" exclaimed Sir Marmaduke; "old Gilberdike, come hither. Is the priest gone?"

"Father Paul is even now ambling over the hill. The Father stirreth him briskly, and is somewhat red in the face. Hath he tasted the old wine which was got in for the merry-making when you came of age, Sir Marmaduke? Ah, we were boys then! but we thought ourselves men, Sir Marmaduke. I brought the flask from the cellar but an hour agone, Sir Marmaduke."

"Old Gilberdike, where are the lads?"

"Master Bertram and Master Alexander are at their cups."

"And Lionel?"

"Poor youth, he hath eaten nothing since he broke his fast at cock-crowing, when they rode so lustily out to the chace. He hath gone a-rambling like one that was dement."

"The cross-grained youth! But come thou hither, old Gilberdike. Draw the bolts of the door; I have something to say unto thee."

"Ay, ay, Sir Marmaduke."

Father Paul, after the first spur, suffered his mule to drop into its usual quiet amble. "*Contra bono mores*," said the priest to himself; "it was against good manners as well as good morals that old Sir Marmaduke got so hot. My *argumentum ad hominem* had very little effect upon him; but the vessel was hot—it would cool in good time. *Re infecta;* another time he will humble himself before the humble servant of Mother Church. As for

shooting, I must be wide enough of the mark if those two youths be not two knaves! and for the other, why he might don a cap and bells. But, hark ye, brother Paul, art thou not talking mightily coolly now; but wert thou not waxing warm thyself awhile agone? Ah, thou that reprovest others, thou shalt have penance thyself! Thou art the man! But whom have we here, sitting in disconsolation? Verily, it is the youth, the young simpleton himself, who would not perforce declare that poor, dear, old Sir Marmaduke, whom, notwithstanding all things, I love passing well, with his trembling fingers could hit a mark more surely than himself, with his ready hand and his steady eye. Now, though he be wayward and headstrong, I must not see my brother in need and pass by on the other side."

The priest alighted, and, hanging his bridle over a branch, advanced towards the youth. Lionel was sitting dejectedly, his eyes fixed mournfully on the stack of buildings known over the country as the Old Hall. Father Paul laid his hand upon the youth's shoulder.

"Benedicite, my son. Thou lookest woe-begone. Tell me thy trouble."

"Your ears would be weary, holy Father, of hearkening to all the fractious complainings of your flock."

"If they sorrow, I am sad; if they be merry, I rejoice. Repose thy trouble in the bosom of a son of the Mother Church. So, haply, thou mayst find consolation."

"Father, they drive the foul fiend into me!"

"Santa Maria!" said the priest, crossing himself. "Evil may stand at the door and knock, but thou must open to it ere it can enter."

"Father," said Lionel, "they drive me mad with their jibes and their jeers, and they poison good old Sir Marmaduke's heart against me. All else I could have borne; but I see that he loveth me not."

"It is thy passions make thee mad," said the priest.

"It is a bitter thing to be doubted; and I will endure it no longer!"

"What art thou about to do?"

"I will tell thee, Father. I was looking on mine own old home for the last time, when I felt thine hand upon my shoulder, and watching the smoke curl up from the very fire by which I know that dear old Sir Marmaduke is sitting, and thinking that I should never look in his kind face or hear his cheery voice again. I am going into the world to make mine own way. I but lingered here because my sight chained me to this spot. Haply, when night cometh, and mine eyes can trace out its old walls no more, I may drag myself away from what is no more mine home! It is wet—it raineth—dew falleth—think not that it was a tear! *He* said that he wished for nothing from me! *He* thinketh that I love him not! Father! Father! my heart will rend!"

"Calm thyself, Lionel. Be thou a man, and listen to me. Old Sir Marmaduke's generous and loving nature requireth love paid back in kind. Hast thou ever showed him of thy deep affection?"

"What could I do for him, surrounded as he be by all good things? He doubted me; and I could not make professions. Even an I would serve him, *they* come between us, and there is naught left for me to do."

"Lionel, thy love is concealed under thy rugged ho-

nesty. If thou doest naught, and sayest naught, who can guess thy heart?"

Lionel was silent.

"Now, hearken thee. Thou hast erred. It is love only that winneth love. So hath it been ordained. Thou hast borne thee something after the manner of a churl. Thou wouldst have thy love taken on faith; but thou must show it by thy works. Hie thee back to Sir Marmaduke, and let him see thine heart."

"Father, when I have done something in the world, and can be clear of all thought of self-loving, then will I return, and throw myself at good old Sir Marmaduke's feet, and acknowledge my sins right gladly."

"Son, this is the sin of pride. Thou art under its dominion. To-day may be thine; but whose shall be the morrow? Thou mayst go forth in thy pride, and fail in all thy projects; or, thou mayst go forth and prosper; and thou mayst haply return a wealthy lord; but thou mayst find Sir Marmaduke in his grave."

A sob from the youth was the only answer.

"What sayst thou, son? Wilt thou be wise in time, or wise when it shall be too late?"

"Father, I submit me. I will go and throw myself at Sir Marmaduke's feet."

"*Benedicite*, my son Lionel. Go in peace."

All was confusion in the Old Hall. Sir Marmaduke was missing, and most terrible apprehensions were entertained for his fate. He had gone out to ride, with a single servitor behind him: they had reached the bank of the river, when the old knight discovered that he had

left a gift behind which he designed for Father Paul, probably as a peace-offering; and, having sent back his attendant for it, he was not afterwards to be found. But what gave rise to the most serious alarm was that his horse had been caught wet and foaming on the banks; that his whip and hat, and a torn piece of his laced cravat, had been picked up near; and that there had evidently been signs of a scrambling on the wooden bridge, the indentations of a horse-shoe, and other symptoms of a fearful catastrophe, marking the spot. The certainty that poor old Sir Marmaduke had fallen into the river, in attempting to pass over it, seemed almost established.

Here was the test of what his godsons' hearts were made of, and now might be seen who among his retainers had really loved the old knight, and who had only pretended. At first there was the wildest commotion in the Old Hall: men flying hither and thither, without forethought or purpose, and doing nothing but confuse each other; then came recollections of presentiments that would never have been thought of but for the after evil. At first, the sorrowful event seemed only imaginary; men could not so suddenly understand what had befallen them. Could there be death without the sad paraphernalia of the sick chamber, the leech, and the priest? An hour agone, the good old knight had been among them; they had heard his voice; he had spoken to them; and could it be that they should hear and behold him no more—the dear, frank, cheery, kind-hearted old man! There glimmered the embers on the hearth that had so recently lent warmth to his frame; there stood the velvet-

backed, old oak chair, on which he had sat; there rested the flagon from which he had drunk. Alas, for the transientness of all earthly things!

Hither and thither ran every body. The confusion was terrible. But, as excitement cannot, from its very nature, long exist, it began to subside at last. The wanderers gathered into the Old Hall from every side, each disappointed himself, but each wishing to know if another had been more successful.

"Have ye found aught? Have ye heard aught?" asked Lionel, breathlessly.

"Not a scrap nor a clue," said Bertram. "We have ransacked the river's side till we are worn and famished. Old Gilberdike, find us some cheer, old hearty — the huge venison pasty and a flagon of wine. Sorrow needeth not to be dry."

"Then," said old Gilberdike, surlily, "an ye will eat, eat! Crave, an ye will!"

"Hark ye, old Surlysides," said Alexander; "keep thou a civil tongue in thine old crazy head, else art thou like to have another service to seek."

"Not of ye, youngsters, not of ye!"

"Marry, thou wilt find a new master not quite so easily led about by a string as the old."

"Thou wilt never be my master," said the old servitor, indignantly.

"I am thy master now," resumed Bertram, imperiously. "So, old laggard, go and fetch us more wine."

"I budge not for thee!" said old Gilberdike.

"Bertram — old man! — can ye strive," said Lionel, "when *he*....."

"Well, Master Lionel, I meant not to strive," said old Gilberdike.

"So, thou art playing the mourner, art thou!" said Alexander, addressing Lionel. "Thou wilt be chief weeper, wilt thou!—thou that wert ever backward in deed, and surly of heart, and rude of tongue, to our poor old goddad!"

"Alas! alas!" said Lionel.

"Ay, it is well for thee to pretend love for the dead, who never showed it to the living."

"Woe is me that I did not!" exclaimed Lionel.

"Ah, dost think thou wouldst have gotten something by it?"

"Out on thee, vile heart!"

"Ah, dost thou prate?"

"Nay, nay. I thought but for a moment of myself, when I should have been thinking of him. Oh, that I had but seen him once more! Oh, that we had not parted in anger! If I could but have thrown myself at his feet, and heard him say: 'Lionel, I forgive thee!' I might better have borne this grief."

"Thou dost but mock us with thy pretended sorrow. Thou wert ever a rude churl to our old goddad."

"I was an ingrate, and a grievous injurer! Oh, that I could but wipe away the memory of my own unkindness! that I could but see him once more!"

"I see not why thou shouldst pretend to such grief," said Bertram. "I know not how thou canst profit by it."

"Where is the good of grieving, when the deed's done?" said Alexander.

"If thou hadst a heart, thou couldst not choose!" exclaimed Lionel.

"Master Lionel, thou hast not broken thy fast since sun-rising," said old Gilberdike. "Wilt thou not eat? Here, too, is a cup of the old wine that I fetched from the cellar for Sir Marmaduke this very morn: it was got in for the merry-making when he came of age, many's the year agone. It is choice. Will ye not drink it?"

"Away with it, old man!"

"Nay," said old Gilberdike; "where be the good of a-grieving until thou hast dried up the very marrow from thy bones? Eat, man, eat!"

"Ay; and drink, man, drink!" said Bertram.

"Are ye all heartless!" exclaimed Lionel.

"Why, Master Lionel," exclaimed old Gilberdike, "'tis what we must all come to! Where's the use of fretting for what can't be helped? What's done's done, and can't be undone."

"What, thou, of all others!" exclaimed Lionel. "Thou, who didst eat of his bread and drink of his cup! Thou, who wert with him daily from youth to age! What, *thou* to be as heartless as the rest!"

"I have my faults," said old Gilberdike; "and so, mayhap, had he."

"He was only too open-hearted and too open-handed. He thought no evil of any human being."

"Why, as to that, Master Lionel, he thought rather hardly of you sometimes. Perhaps that may help to cure your grief."

"It deepens it a thousandfold; because I only too well deserved it!"

"And as to his having no faults," said Alexander, "that's more than I would say."

"Or I," added Bertram.

"Oh, vile ingrates that ye are!" exclaimed Lionel, with bitter vehemence. "And thou, old hoary-headed, deceitful hypocrite, who didst pretend to love him, I could rend thee limb from limb!"

"I will not chafe thee more," said old Gilberdike.

"I was wont to think well of thee; nay, I had almost a love for thee; for thou seemedst to me to belong to *him!* But now I despise and scorn thee! Out on thy ingratitude, base knave!"

"Ay, thou ratest him well because he be old," said Alexander. "But I vow he hath better sense than I ever dreamed of."

"Good now, Master Lionel....." began old Gilberdike.

"Silence, and away!" exclaimed Lionel.

"Marry, thou art in haste to lord it here!" interposed Bertram; "thou hast no pre-eminence! thou art not master! It is time that some one should assume his place. This is mine by right;" and Bertram threw himself into old Sir Marmaduke's old oak chair."

"Thou shalt not sit there in that seat!" said Lionel fiercely.

"Shalt not! Take thou a *will* for thy *shall*."

"Thou shalt not assume *his* place. I will tear thee out, rather than witness such profanation!"

Bertram folded his arms, leaned back, and looked dis-

dainfully upon him. "I am like to be master in this house, fair sir."

"*Thou!*"

"I am old Sir Marmaduke's next of kin! canst thou say nay to that?"

Lionel staggered like a wounded man.

"I go hence if this be so," said he; and he dragged his faltering footsteps from the apartment.

"Good youth—" expostulated old Gilberdike, following—"good youth! I always had a love for thee..."

"Out upon thee!" exclaimed Lionel fiercely.

"Well-a-day now! master Lionel..."

"I will not hear thee! I will leave ye all to your base ingratitude! I will not breathe the same pestilential air with thee. I will soon put many a broad mile between us! Nay, take away thine hand, lest I forget thy hoary head, and spurn thee from me! Oh, thou vile old man! thou pattern of false love and base ingratitude, I could..."

"Good, now! I *do* love thee, master Lionel!"

"Love *me*, when thou didst not even love thy good old master! Oh, rare!"

"Promise me that thou wilt not go hence."

"I promise thee that I will."

"Wilt thou go before the body of our old master be found? Wilt thou not stay for a last look?"

Lionel hid his face in his hands.

"Thou *wilt* stay?" resumed old Gilberdike.

"Ay, for a last look," replied the youth, "and then..."

Days passed, and, in spite of every endeavour, the body of the poor old knight was not found. It was surmised

that the tide of the river had carried it out into the sea; and, as the time passed on, the melancholy hope of its restoration became fainter and fainter, and the desire to afford it funeral honours less and less likely of being accomplished. And now came the test of men's affections. It was marvellous to see how those who had been nearest, and, it might have been thought, should have loved best, seemed most heartless. His two eldest godsons, on whom he had lavished gifts and favours with a prodigal hand, so far from appearing sorrow-stricken, seemed to run riot in their new liberty. Bertram assumed old Sir Marmaduke's position. It was at once *my* Old Hall, my table, my cellar, my stud, my estate; and, because even the worthless are obliged to be social in their enjoyments, he associated Alexander with him in all his wassailing; and Alexander, feeling that it was the only tenable position in which he could keep his footing in the riotous establishment, at once fell very naturally into the post of a toady to Bertram. Thus these two went on in high glee together. Lionel spent his time in moody broodings upon the river's side, sometimes actively assisting the search after poor Sir Marmaduke's body, and, on finding it unsuccessful, sinking into a moody and sullen silence.

But, alack for the ingratitude of the world! Old Gilberdike furnished the most thorough specimen of its utter selfishness and heartlessness! The old man looked as fresh and happy as if nothing had gone wrong; and his endeavours to appear sorrowful furnished only matter of amusement to the two riotous youths, and of loathing to Lionel, who never met him without a scowl, nor spoke to him without some expression of in-

dignant contempt. But if this old and long-favoured domestic manifested such base ingratitude, the tide of lamenting affection flowed strong in the feelings of the other retainers and tenants of the old knight. Men associated themselves into companies, and were untiring in their search after some further clue or remnant which might lead to the certainty of his fate, but that seemed too well assured: and Bertram and Alexander began to gather round them a host of dissolute companions, and to make the walls of the Old Hall ring with their riotings.

"Old Gilberdike, thou niggardly knave, more wine!" shouted Bertram.

"Ye have drunken deep enough already," replied the old servitor.

"Dost thou parley with thy master! Hence, and fetch it!"

"Thou, master of mine!" said old Gilberdike, doggedly.

"Ay, thy master, as thou shalt find! And now I bethink me, open thou that closet! thou hast befooled me with excuses long enough! I will see what's in it. I believe me it holdeth old goddad's treasures."

"Ye have rummaged over all else," said old Gilberdike. "There is nought there that could pleasure ye."

"That I will see to with mine own eyes. How canst thou know aught concerning my pleasure? Out with thy keys! I am lord here!"

"Ye have ransacked both cabinet and drawer, and lumber-room, and cellar, and corner cupboard, and have dragged out every silver flagon and piece of plate in the

Old Hall, and have even searched the pockets of old Sir Marmaduke's doublets, and what would ye more?"

"Why, this more, that I will see what thou hidest in that closet! Wilt thou open?"

"Ye have had over-much wine."

"Wilt thou open, old knave!"

"Ye are over-rampagious! Let me alone! I will cry out for help!"

"The key! the key! Help me with him, Alexander! There, wrench it away!"

"Help! murder! help!" shouted old Gilberdike.

"Silence! or I'll brain thee, knave!"

"Fire! murder! help!"

Alarmed by these cries, Lionel rushed into the chamber, and was followed almost as hastily by Father Paul.

"Would ye murder the old man?" exclaimed Lionel, as he threw himself between them.

"Shame, sons!" said Father Paul. "What unseemly strife is this in the house of sorrow?"

"Father Paul," answered Bertram, "this Old Hall is mine own, and that old knave is my servant. I will to enter that closet, and he opposeth me. Shall the servitor gainsay his master?"

"Thou takest upon thee then to play the master! Verily, thou art in somewhat over-haste. Having given all due space for the recovery of the poor knight's mortal part, I have judged it well to bring ye his last testament."

Bertram instantly turned sober, pale, and faint.

"The document which I hold in mine hand maketh Master Lionel his heir — Son Lionel, I greet thee. Use thy prosperity well."

"Good now, Master Lionel, I always had a love for thee. I wish thee joy," said old Gilberdike.

"Thou knewest of this, and therefore thy fawning! Out on thee! I scorn thee!"

"He hath gotten well paid for his sorrow, but now he will sorrow no more," said Alexander.

"Here be trickery! Here be treachery!" exclaimed Bertram. "I yield not up mine inheritance thus!"

"Thou seest, son Lionel, that old Sir Marmaduke did hold thee in his heart. Thou oughtest never to have doubted thee of his love."

"Oh, Father Paul, Father Paul, that this should have been so!"

"Shouldst thou not rejoice in the prosperity which is the proof of his love and favour?"

"Father, it maketh my ingratitude but the deeper, the baser."

"Son, thou wilt revel in luxury. Thou wilt have no man's beck and call to follow. Thou wilt sit at thine own board, and thine own retainers will obey thy hest."

"Father, tell me not of these things. Oh! if he loved me thus, how must my ungraciousness have entered like an arrow into his soul!"

"This Old Hall is counted a fair one, and is it nothing to call it thine? The broad acres of thy land spread out into a goodly heritage — is this nothing? Men will doff their caps to thee as thou ridest thy good steed, and greet thee with fair wishes; and dames and maidens will smile graciously upon thee, and speak thee softly. And these are pleasant things to the heart of man. Son Lionel, thou didst sorrow sorely for good old Sir Marmaduke when thou didst

gain nothing by his loss, but surely thou wilt now comfort thee when it gives thee all things of this world's good."

"He shall not grasp them from me without a heart's tug!" said Bertram.

"Nay, but if they are his by right I see not how thou canst contend with him," said Alexander. "Cousin Lionel, let thee and me be friends. If I have ever been crossgrained and wayward with thee, it was Bertram that put me to it, it was Bertram that set me on. Try me again, and I will follow thy beck and do thy bidding."

"What! dost thou turn, too? Dost thou bow down to the rising sun? Dost thou worship stocks and stones? Thou hind! Thou churl!"

"Thou seest, son, already how the tide turns, and the wind sets in thy favour. Truly, prosperity is sweet, but it is dangerous to the soul. Be thou ware, son Lionel."

"Father," said Lionel, warmly, "believe me or not as you will, these costly gifts but weigh me down with a deeper grief than I could have known before, because they make me feel tenfold my unlovingness and ingratitude to their generous donor. Oh, Father, as there is truth in Heaven, I wish he were here, that I might surrender every doit of them back again, and that I might throw myself at his feet, and beseech him to pardon all my sullen churlishness!"

"And could'st thou render back all thy new honours and these goodly possessions without a sigh?"

"With such joy, Father, as my heart never, never knew before! Oh, that he were sitting in his own old chair, that I might show thee!"

As he spoke, there was a slight shuffling of feet and the

withdrawal of a bolt; and then — ah, odd things happen sometimes, in fact as well as fiction—out of the very closet about which old Gilberdike and Bertram had been quarrelling there walked out, looking uncommonly warm and stout and well, in his own identical velvet doublet and customary habiliments—who?—why, old Sir Marmaduke himself!

Bertram and Alexander uttered a discordant cry: old Gilberdike, the varlet! laughed: Father Paul, seemingly not a whit surprised, look searchingly on Lionel. The old knight sat down in his old oak chair; Lionel threw himself at his feet with an exclamation of ecstatic delight, and old Sir Marmaduke laid his hand lovingly on his head.

"Lionel, my boy," said the old knight, "thou seest that I am not dead yet. Thou must wait a while for thine inheritance. Nay, not a word: I know of old that thou art not good at professions, and I was wrong to look for them from thee. Thou art too honest for many pratings. But I know thy very heart now. I have seen and heard ye all from the beginning. I had me a pallet in that closet, and old Gilberdike supplied me with needful food in the night, so that I have marked your very words, and noted your very looks. For you, ungrateful youths! ye shall have a purse of gold, and go hence and seek your own way in the world. For thee, Lionel, thou art my heir; and now art thou not friends with old Gilberdike?"

"I had ever a love for thee, master Lionel," said old Gilberdike.

"Pardon my roughness of speech to thee," said Lionel.

"Nay, master Lionel, I loved thee the better for it."

"Oh, happy day!" said Lionel.

"*Benedicite*, my children," said Father Paul.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF LORD BYRON'S TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.[1]

[COMMUNICATED BY DELTA.]

13, Terrace, Piccadilly,
March 1st, 1816.

Dear Sir,

I never was offended with you, and never had cause. At the time I received your last letters, I was "marrying, and being given in marriage," and since that period have been occupied or indolent; and am at best a very ungracious or ungrateful correspondent—hardly ever writing letters but by fits and starts.

At this moment my conscience smites me with an unanswered letter of Mr. W. Scott's, on a subject which may seem to him to require an answer—as it was on something relative to a friend of his, for whose talents I have a sincere admiration.[2]

My family, about three months ago, was increased by a little girl, who is reckoned a fine child, I believe, though I feel loth to trust to my own partialities. She is now in the country.

1 This letter, with two other letters of the Noble Bard's to Hogg, was lost at the time of the publication of Mr. Moore's Journals and Correspondence of Lord Byron. The original is now in my possession, and was last year presented to me by a lady, who had found it among the papers of her brother, the late Major A——n, an intimate acquaintance of the Shepherd.—Δ.

2 This probably related to the Rev. Mr. Maturin, in whose fortunes Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott was deeply interested, and to his dramas; Lord Byron having been one of the Drury Lane Committee.—Δ.

I will mention your wishes on the score of collection and publication to Murray, but I have not much weight with him; what I have I will use. As far as my approval of your intention may please you, you have it; and I should think Mr. Scott's liking to your plan very ominous of its success.[3]

The objections you mention to the two things of mine lately published[4] are very just and true; not only with regard to them, but to all their predecessors, some more and some less. With regard to the quarter from which you anticipate a probable and public censure, on such points I can only say, that I am very sure there will be no severity but what is deserved: and, were there ever so much, it could not obliterate a particle of the obligation which I am already too much under to that journal and its conductors, (as the grocer says to his customers) "for past favours."

And so you want to come to London? It is a d—d place, to be sure, but the only one in the world, (at least in the English world,) for fun. Though I have seen parts of the globe that I like better, still, upon the whole, it is the completest either to help one in feeling one's self alive—or forgetting that one is so.

I am interrupted, but will write you again soon.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

PS. I forgot to thank you for liking, &c. &c.—but am much obliged to you, as well as for a former compliment in the inscription of your "Pilgrims of the Sun."

3 This referred to the Poetic Mirror, which Hogg originally intended to consist of contributions by the Living Poets; but, being disappointed, he wrote imitations of them himself.—Δ.

4 Probably "Lara," and the "Hebrew Melodies."—Δ.

F. Shoberl, Jun., Printer to H.R.H. Prince Albert, 51, Rupert Street, Haymarket.